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“Mademoiselle l’Anglaise”

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IN the new Latin Quarter beyond Montparnasse you may, if you like, be very respectable. You leave the Boule’ Miche’, cut up the Boulevard Raspail, and cross by the lion—a large and rather lumpy lion—at the top of the Boulevard Arago.

The plane-trees, in splendid rows of four, sweep down to high iron gateways, behind which lie the gardens. Long before the boulevard becomes the working-quarter and out of sight of the farther haunts of the *Apache*, a little to the left of the big gray jail, you may enjoy every consideration, including a garden and a studio as private as the Faubourg St.-Germain.

It seemed exactly the place for Lucia Dale, for she intended to be very private indeed. She was alone and beautiful and young, so that it was discreet to be pri-

vate; and then she wanted to work. She wanted to work from the earliest light to the latest; she wanted to be strenuous, to achieve, and not to become in the least French while she was doing it.

She did not like the French; she was sure that they were an insincere, light, and unreliable nation. She admitted that they could paint; she even acknowledged that, as far as art went, France went with her, the rest of Europe some way behind, and the British Isles hardly in the order of the “also ran.”

Lucia admired a little grudgingly the Latin sense of form. She had crossed the channel for it, and accepted Paris for it,—accepted, that is to say, what she had to accept of Paris,—and taken for a year the little house beyond the iron doors for nothing else but to acquire this lacking attribute. When once she had got the sense

of form, she meant to hurry back to England with it under her arm, and keep it forever upon those inhospitable and shapeless shores.

Meanwhile she talked French very well, but did not encourage conversation. Society is mixed in the gardens. It is mixed as to race: there are Russians, Greeks,—there were Austrians and a German once,—Poles, Americans, and the French themselves; but the mixture of race is as nothing compared with the inequality of social position.

The Russians don't know the Poles, the Austrians and the German cultivated a deep mutual distaste, the French don't know one another. They only know that they would rather not. The Americans alone, with their kindly, unintimate heartiness, were accepted by every one.

They had lived for years in Paris, the husbands—there were three sets of Americans, and they were all emphatically married—were hail fellow well met with all the quarter. The wives, equally kind, but perhaps more guardedly innocent, accepted with admirable tolerance a bowing acquaintance even with the Poles, who were not at all clean, and with the Russians, who talked all night.

The American ladies did not talk any language but their own, which made it simpler. Even in their own language it was wonderful what they failed to understand. The concierge, with whom they were great favorites, told them what she thought was good for them. She told them of the arrival of Lucia Dale.

"This one," she explained, "is quite alone. She is English. One would say she is too young and too pretty to be alone by herself, but one would be wrong. She has an eye of ice and of iron; she inspires fear. And the questions she asks about drains! One would suppose

the English slept in them, they are so particular."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Herbert P. Birdseye. "I'll run right across and ask her if I can help her settle."



The concierge barred the way; she crossed her arms over her high and shelf-like bosom, emphatically shaking her head.

"You are kindness itself, Madame," she asserted, "but the Englishwoman is of a coldness inconceivable; she has already said that she does not like Americans."

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Birdseye, "but that's dreadful! How in the world am I to help her?"

"For that!" said madame. "She does not need help; she is of a competence. Also, a *bonne* is to come in by the day. She has made her own arrangements. No one from the quarter! It appears she has an uncle who resides across the river, an English curé. The *drôle*, he has, I am told, a wife! I said, 'Hein! we have all sorts in this garden, but not a curé with a wife! They place themselves elsewhere.' She said, 'I do not think he will come here at all, but I give him to you as a reference!' A fine reference that! But she has a good banker. She is indeed something of the solid, that little one. And on one side of her live the Russians, and on the other, that bad subject Monsieur Gervase!"

Here the concierge smiled broadly, for if there was a soft spot in her capacious, but iron-clad, bosom, it contained as sole lodger that bad subject Gervase-St. Anne-Marie de Martel, commonly known in the quarter as "M'sieur Gervase."

Monsieur Gervase was a sculptor, but that was only one of the things he was. He was all the things he should n't be, and, most surprisingly, many of the things he should. As a son he was immaculate; but he was a son only on Sundays. The



rest of the week he was occupied in leading at least nine lives with intense zest and some confusion as to the twenty-four hours and the ten commandments. On Sunday he crossed the river and went to mass with the Comtesse de Martel, kissed the hands of his aunts, and behaved with a propriety to touch the hearts of several otherwise amusing young cousins.

The Comtesse de Martel was a woman with a great deal of religion and a certain amount of tact. She was perfectly satisfied with the Sundays of Monsieur Gervase, and once in a blue moon, after a carefully given warning, she descended upon the gardens.

The day before she arrived the quarter arose and came to the assistance of Monsieur Gervase, especially Fanchette and Loulou, his favorite models; they cleaned out the studio for madame and placed in a row a charming series of statuettes, borrowed for the purpose from the delighted Americans. The real work of Monsieur Gervase bore not the least resemblance to these pious heads of pretty infants, and room was made for it in the studios round the gardens.

Fanchette or Loulou, as the case may be, would knock upon one of the studio doors and say: "Madame La Comtesse de Martel calls upon Monsieur Gervase on Sunday. Would you be so kind as to permit 'Woman at Dawn' or 'The Drinking Lady' or the 'End of Pleasure' to spend the day with you?"

After the departure of madame, Monsieur Gervase would give a great entertainment, and "Woman at Dawn," "The Drinking Lady," and the "End of Pleasure" would return to him with their accommodating hosts. The concierge would shut her ears to late pianos, errant voices, and steps infirmly returning to curiously inaccessible front doors. "After all," she would say to the Americans next day, "*le bon Dieu* made youth. When one

opens a bottle of champagne, if it is good, a little spills, is it not so?"

Monsieur Gervase was hard at work smoking a cigarette upon his door-step. It was a lovely morning in April, 1914. The purple iris round the fountain was blooming gaily, the little red daisies were open wide-eyed to the sun, across the court a pink almond blossom flung its delicate tracery against a pale-gray wall, the birds

sang in a tumult of excitement over the unfolding spring. Lucia Dale came to the door and shook off the crumbs from a snowy white table-cloth.

She herself was very like the early spring. Her figure was slender,—a little too slender, almost spare,—but Gervase forgave her her slenderness for the grace of her sloping shoulders and the line of her exquisite throat; it was like a slim column in

a sun-haunted cloister. Her hair was very fine and silky, with a dozen different lights in it; her face in repose was only a promise, an unkindled, delicate promise. She had particularly cold gray eyes, as the concierge had discovered, but above them was a sweep of dark lashes, and fine arched eyebrows a shade darker than her hair.

Gervase thought she had an admirable way of whipping crumbs from a table-cloth. He was inspired by a desire to help her. He said, taking his cigarette out of his mouth and bowing—he had no hat on: "*Bonjour, Mademoiselle. We are, I presume, to be neighbors?*"

She folded the table-cloth methodically; over it she regarded Monsieur Gervase with her fine cold eyes.

"Certainly you presume, Monsieur," she replied. Then she shut the door.

Gervase's face burned like fire; it was as if she had struck him. He could not remember such a thing ever happening in the gardens before. He could not believe any woman would do such a cruel thing on such a day, least of all to him, Gervase.



It was not gracious, it was not kind; it was essentially English. His mother was right: the English were a race of barbarians like the Germans, whom they pretended to dislike. He would not presume again. Probably she had not even noticed how his tie, his pocket-handkerchief, his socks were in themselves a study in how to please her. He had made it on purpose for her. For her and for her alone he had appeared smart upon his door-step at the unnatural hour of eight o'clock in the morning! Well, it was a mistake; such a nationality was not worthy of such a sacrifice.

He retired into his studio, dragged on his apron, and worked extremely badly for several hours.

For a fortnight he sedulously avoided Mademoiselle l'Anglaise. This is not to say he did not notice her. You cannot very well help noticing your next-door neighbor when your door-steps touch; and if she was disagreeable to speak to, she was beautiful to notice. She moved easily and lightly about the gardens like a goddess off a frieze. Her coats and skirts, the only things the English mind has ever mastered in the service of woman, were of the best that mind could accomplish.

She went out only in the early mornings for about half an hour and again when the light failed toward the close of the long golden afternoons, but she was always in by seven o'clock, and she was always alone. Sometimes, perhaps twice a week, a middle-aged, gray-haired lady came to tea. Gervase approved of this.

She had snubbed him, and it gave him a sense of security to think she had included the whole masculine universe in her snub.

The concierge for the first time in her career was unable to give him any further information on the subject of Mademoiselle l'Anglaise.

"*Voyez-vous,*" she exclaimed, "as a rule, when they don't speak, the *bonne* expounds. This one has a

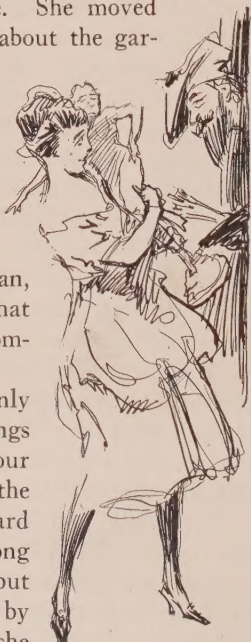
bonne very elderly and thin—thin to a degree that suggests a perpetual Lent, out of whom one extracts nothing. Monsieur Gervase, I tell you this for your good: avoid thin women! There is nothing to them—nothing

but the severity of the thing blighted. What others have left alone should never be sought. It is a pear with a wasp in it that tastes sweetest. Of mademoiselle herself I say nothing. She pays her rent regularly and makes no complaints. How can I tell you where she goes in the afternoons? Paris is free. But I should strongly advise you not to follow her."

"Certainly I shall not follow her," said Gervase, with some audacity, curling his short mustache. "By and by I shall accompany her. I do not follow women."

"*Méchant!*" exclaimed the concierge with delight. Still, she did not believe he would ever accompany Mademoiselle l'Anglaise. "Ice melts," said madame to herself; "but iron and ice never."

Then one cold April day when all the almond blossoms had been drenched and blinded and flung madly to and fro about the garden there was a hurried, frightened knock at Monsieur Gervase's door. It was a shrinking, timid, ineffectual knock, and Monsieur Gervase flew to the door to answer it. It is only a woman who knocks like that, and of women only one who is superlatively shy. As far as Gervase knew, and in this direction he knew very far, there was only one very shy woman in the garden.



He flung open the door, to find his next-door neighbor standing bareheaded in the rain.

"O Monsieur!" she cried, "I cannot find the concierge, and the stove is exploding!"

Gervase followed her with delight, while she explained and apologized, into her little front door. He blessed those seldom endearing stoves of the gardens! He knew their ways, the crumpled rose-leaves of the artist's life. This one was not exploding,—they never really did explode,—but it was thinking seriously of doing something very tiresome, and meanwhile it roared splendidly like a lion, and sent up terrifying small spurts of flame.

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise hovered courageously about him while with a knowing touch or two, a practised eye, and a sculptor's sure, effectual hand, Monsieur Gervase calmed down the *crise* that was afflicting the stove.

"My servant is out," mademoiselle stammered. "How kind, how clever of you, Monsieur! I regret so to have troubled you, but I—I cannot talk Russian, and besides—it is *quite* all right now, is n't it?"

Gervase concealed a smile.

"Should I incommode you, Mademoiselle," he asked gravely, "if I remained five minutes just to see if it continues all right?"

"Oh, thank you; must I really bother you?" she said regretfully. Monsieur Gervase looked at her; he had singularly expressive eyes. The severity of Mademoiselle l'Anglaise shook a little.

"But of course," she said quickly, "please stay. I should like it. It has been very wet all day."

"Personally, I like wet weather," said Monsieur Gervase, firmly. "There is something in it—how shall I say—responsive?"

Mademoiselle turned away, but it did

not appear that she was offended; on the contrary, she crossed to a little table and returned with a box of cigarettes.

"It cannot be that you smoke!" cried Gervase in horror. "Or that distinguished, gray-haired lady who calls here for tea? It would be sacrilege."

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise laughed. It was a bubbling, happy little laugh, and when it happened, every promise of her face found its fulfilment; there was even a dimple.

"It is quite true my aunt does n't smoke," she admitted; "but I have cousins."

"I have not seen them," said Gervase, sternly.

"They come," said mademoiselle, with the dimple still lurking in her cheek, "on Sunday afternoons, when you are out."

This might have been a mortal blow for Gervase, but something had saved it: she had noticed when he was out.

He glanced about the studio with speculative, delighted eyes. It was like no studio that he had ever seen before. It reminded him of his mother's garden in Brittany. Madame de Martel had a passion for neat parterres, tidy hedges, and rows of delicate sweet-peas.

There was a great deal of space in the studio, and there was perfect order, and then there were pictures. Great Heavens! He had n't supposed she could paint like this! There were water-colors, pastels, oils, all very small and very fine, with delicate, firm lines, and a bloom about them like the freshness of youth. As a rule they were landscapes worked up from old sketches, carried in her eye or in her heart, perhaps. Her sense of color seized upon his senses. This slim, austere little person rioted in color! He felt like seizing her by the hands and dancing with her round the studio.

"Parbleu!" he cried, "you can work!"



She looked quickly at him, with a sudden letting down of barriers.

"You think so?" she asked with a little catch in her breath. "You think I can do something good one day? For that it would be worth while having had to come to France."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," cried Gervase, with a little gesture of ironic despair, "poor France!"

For a Frenchman, to hate France is as if you hated his mother. Mademoiselle l'Anglaise flushed a little.

"Forgive me!" she said. "I should not have said that. Do you really think I can paint?"

Gervase looked away from her, at the canvases before him; he pulled them about with practised hands. It was some time before he answered her directly. The stove sank into brooding normality. It would n't exactly burn, and the idea of going out had not yet occurred to it.

"Yes," he said at last, "you can paint. One sees that, but your figures are bad. Where have you studied?"

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise sat down in an old, black oak chair; against it her hair looked like sunshine above pine-trees.

"I don't like drawing from the life," she asserted calmly.

Gervase flung enraged hands above his head.

"Mademoiselle," he cried, "it is an infamy! You have no business here at all; you should reside in a convent on the top of a mountain, where nothing passes but the sunset and the dawn. This is an outrage to art. You do not love the figure! You do not wish to draw from life! What, then, do you wish to draw from? You are not, one sees, a Futurist or an Imagist; what, then, are you? Do you not know that life is as big as the sky, as crushing as a volcano, as hot as fire, and as good as the sunshine? What are you doing here at all? Why are you alive? Of what use is it to have meals, to sleep, to be beautiful and young! You

make me feel sick. You deprive me of force. I could cry aloud when I look at you, and you have no excuse; for God gave you everything, including an artist's eye! *Mon Dieu!* what waste!"

She sat looking at him. Gravity dawned into amusement in her eyes, and then swept back to a deeper seriousness.

At the end of his speech Gervase flung himself back into an arm-chair, shivering. For a moment she really thought he was worse than the stove. She was not in the least afraid of him, however.

"You see," she said, "I don't agree with you at all. I do not like life very much, not what you mean by it; but I do love style. I would make great sacrifices for it. You are an artist yourself, I know, and I am sure you are telling me the truth; so that, if you really think it necessary, I will study in a studio from models. I shall not like it at all. I am very much afraid of people I don't know, and I dislike them awfully."

"All the better for those you do know," said Gervase. He was calm again now, and eyed her with some friendliness and more amusement. "But, yes, if you want to be an artist, you must work from the life," he continued. "What you have done here is good. It shows more than promise, it is to some extent even achievement; but it is a little achievement,—how does one say it?—it is not up to the measure of your capacity. For that you must get rid of fear. Fear, dislike of life, these are shabby things, silly, prudent little obstacles that all artists must overcome." He leaned forward, and held her with his audacious, sparkling eyes. "Mademoiselle, don't be afraid; like life a little.

It is sad, it is bad, but it can be very amusing. And, after all, it is what we have got. Let us make the best of it. Permit me, Mademoiselle, to assist you to like life a little?"

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise met his eyes; she looked into them for a long time, and



she did not tell him that he had presumed again. She knew quite well that she could trust him, and also what she could trust him for; and she made up her mind then and there to trust him to that extent and never any further.

Gervase had no idea what was passing in her mind. He saw only that she was in some queer woman's way testing him, and that in her eyes the test had succeeded. She rose tranquilly and held out her hand to him.

"Monsieur," she said, "I thank you very much for your assistance, and I think the stove is quite safe now."

THE gardens watched with intense amusement the approaches of Monsieur Gervase. It was admitted that Mademoiselle l'Anglaise had yielded a little of her rigor, but there was a division of opinion in the gardens as to how much further she would yield it. Monsieur Gervase himself shared this uncertainty.

He had known many women, and he had respected only one. He paid his tribute to the sanctity of women in the person of Madame de Martel. For her he had idealism and a fastidious homage. The rest of her sex simply amused him. They amused him very much; they were, in fact, his chief diversion, and for a time he included in their ranks Mademoiselle l'Anglaise. She was different from any of the others, and the amusement she afforded him had a peculiar flavor; but it was some time before he became aware that she had ceased to amuse him at all.

The change began perhaps when the guarded coldness of her eyes softened to meet his, and when her quiet welcome, always a little austere and grave, began to give him the sensation of awe. She was not really stern; she was very gentle and kind, and she was so sincere that she

brought the tears to his eyes. It seemed to him that she walked about in the world of shams and dupes, as immaculate as a blue-eyed Madonna out of a Tuscan picture. She had that starry innocence that undermined celestial faith, which goes with flowers and angels, and it was in Paris that she walked about, not heralded or guarded by any angel, a little, graceful, unprotected English girl. Gervase ceased to think of how far he could go with her or how soon he could break down her delicate barriers. A new idea occurred to him. He became very much absorbed in taking care of Mademoiselle l'Anglaise; he took care of her even against himself!

For one thing, he would not let her walk back alone from the life schools through the grands boulevards at five o'clock in the afternoon. The first and the second day he met her at the door of the schools, and she accepted his escort with her sweet, shy friendliness; but on the third day she eluded him and returned earlier.

And then Gervase knew that he was n't amused at all. He was n't even angry; he was simply abjectly afraid. It actually meant more to him that she should be safe than that he should get his way. Frightened, he dashed back to the gardens.

"Has Mademoiselle l'Anglaise returned?" he asked the concierge, fiercely.

"But of course," said the concierge with great tranquillity. "Why should she not return?"

Gervase dismissed the question angrily. "She has no business to be out alone," he muttered. For a moment it seemed as if he would knock down one of the Poles for standing on his own door-step and looking across to the house of mademoiselle. Gervase knocked sharply at her door. Mademoiselle l'Anglaise was flushed a little, too, and she seemed relieved to see him.



"Oh, it 's you!" she said quickly. "You 'll come in, won't you?" She had previously told Gervase she could not receive him unless her aunt was present.

He came in and stood before her, angry as the French alone are angry, with the gentlest sharpness, as fine and cutting as a knife-blade.

"Mademoiselle," he said formally, "I shall not intrude long upon your kindness. I have come to make a little assertion. I do not find you generous."

"O Monsieur!" she murmured, as if for the first time she was a little frightened of him. She had never seen his eyes look cold before. "What is it? What do you mean?"

He moved away from her a little.

"You have twice placed me in a position that I find unbearable. I cannot permit it to occur again." He was very pale and spoke with intense calm. "Why do you refuse my company? Is it that I am personally distasteful to you?"

"Oh!" cried Lucia. "Why, you are my only friend in Paris. You know you are not distasteful to me, Monsieur."

"It is true I had that idea," he said more gently; "but then, Mademoiselle, if I am not distasteful to you, if we are friends, why do you contrive to rebuff me? You do not only hurt my pride, which is a serious wrong to a Frenchman, but you frighten me."

"Oh, but how can I frighten you?" she asked nervously. "I—I have n't even tried."

He was still firm, though the softness of her voice shook him more than his own anger.

"You have quite succeeded without trying," he said quietly. "You are alone in Paris, and Paris is up to a certain point safe; but I, who know and love her, wish her never to offend you. By declining to accept my care of you, I fear greatly that you may be offended."

Lucia met his eyes with her direct simplicity.

"Yes," she agreed, "sometimes I am offended; but I was thinking of getting a big dog."

Gervase laughed helplessly.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he said, "what a precaution! And now are you still thinking of getting that big dog, Mademoiselle?" He came nearer to her, and laid his hand very gently on her shoulder. She did not draw it away from him, as he had half expected.

"But it means every day," she said, her voice shaking a little, "and I *can* take care of myself, I really can. I would n't let—any of my cousins come for me."

"Please do not speak of care," said Gervase in quite a different voice, "but say to yourself, 'Every day I will give my friend a pleasure.'"

Lucia drew back a little. She still hesitated; she wanted to be wise and kind and, above all, to be just. She was very frightened of the boulevards at five o'clock in the afternoon, and she was not frightened of Gervase at all. She had a peculiar feeling about Gervase. It seemed as if she were safer with him than she had ever been with any one else in her life, and yet he was a Frenchman.

"I don't know," she said, "if you really—" She left this sentence unfinished, and began another: "And if you 'll promise to do anything else you 'd rather do, and come for me only when you 're perfectly free?"

"Willingly," said Gervase. "There could be no promise easier for me to make than that."

Lucia looked relieved. "Well, then," she said, "thank you. I won't get the big dog. Will you stay to tea?"

Gervase shook his head.

"No, I—I don't think so," he said. He did n't give any reason why he could n't stay to tea; he did not even seem to see her hand. He went very quickly to the door, and turned then to laugh back at her. "The place for the big dog," he



explained, "is on the door-step—*n'est-ce pas?*"

AND all the brilliant, sunny months of May and June Gervase was good!

"He is like a little boy on the eve of his first communion," the concierge remarked to the friendly Americans. "It is a goodness so spotless that one wonders if even the good God is not a little relieved when a smut falls. It is like this weather that never breaks—a peace before a storm."

It was a hot night in July when the storm broke. The moon rose early and flooded all the quarter; it flooded the studio of Monsieur Gervase and made him as mad as his light heart.

That very day he had called Mademoiselle l'Anglaise "Lucia." It had slipped from him, as they stood in the garden together, like some lovely dropped flower into a trembling stillness. He had waited for a rebuke, but no rebuke had come; only the delicate color of her face had grown deeper under his gaze, and because he was young and in love as he had never been before, curiously, deeply, with the very best that was in him, he had a terrible moment of intoxication.

He could not stay in the gardens alone; the world and all that was in it could hardly contain his joy. He rushed out into the quarter and searched for Fanchette and Loulou. He found them and a dozen of his most intimate friends, and dragged them back with him into the studio. They danced in the moonlight, and their cries and their laughter shook the gardens broad awake, and Gervase, a little, a very little, drunk with wine, and a great deal with some fiercer, subtler fluid, forgot everything but his joy.

He went out in the lightest of costumes,—it was even breathed that he wore no costume at all!—he curled up like a

faun on the stone fountain, and with a mandolin under his arm he lifted up his clear, light baritone voice under the window of Mademoiselle l'Anglaise—the window which, in the English manner, was invariably open to any air—and sang

"Santa Lucia" very loudly three times over, and his friends—most regrettably,

for they were drunker than Gervase—joined in the chorus. Even the concierge observed next morning that it was out of place.

Lucia laid her burning cheek on the pillow and cried. She thought he meant to insult her. She remembered how light Frenchmen were, and also she heard, though it was four o'clock in the morning, the voices of Loulou and Fanchette. Somebody kissed somebody else just under her window. There were a good many of them, and the kisses may have had nothing at all to do with Gervase. On the other hand, they may have had a good deal. Gervase was in the mood for vicarious kisses. He would, if there had been nothing else to kiss, have embraced the dirtiest of the Poles.

Lucia was barely dressed next morning when she heard his voice under her window,

ardent and terribly assertive. "Lucia! Lucia!" he cried impatiently. Then she knew she had cheapened herself to him, and she grew very cold. Her eyes were like the Atlantic in an autumn gale, slate-gray and angry.

She opened the door, but stood in front of it.

"Whom are you calling?" she asked. "I cannot suppose it is myself; but there is no one here

but me. My servant's name is Josephine, and she has gone out."

Gervase should have stopped then, but he was in a torrent of feeling that seemed strong enough to carry him over any obstacles.



"No, no, it was you," he said urgently. "It is always you that I am calling. Do you not know it? Speak to me. I could not wait; I have not slept all night—Lucia!"

"I also have not slept very well," she said. "You and your friends made sleep impossible."

He saw then; but he had gone too far to stop, and it still seemed to him that if he went further she must understand.

"Don't! Don't!" he said quickly. "I cannot bear it now. I will explain everything. Do not stand there between me and my happiness. Give me your hand! I cannot live without it. Give me your hand!"

Lucia did not move. She looked at him with exactly the same eyes with which three months before she had regarded him across the table-cloth.

"Monsieur Gervase," she said, "I do not know whether you are drunk or sober. There can be no doubt of what you were last night. You ask me to give you my hand. Am I to suppose that you wish to marry me?"

Gervase gazed helplessly at her.

"But, yes," he muttered; "what else? Only you are wrong; it is not a wish; it is a fire."

Her eyes never wavered.

"I am sorry," she said, "very sorry; but I am afraid you made a great mistake."

"Ah," he said, "you do not love me!"

Something in Lucia winced suddenly under his words. She could not have told what it was, but it cried out like a creature mortally touched. She controlled it before she answered him.

"Monsieur, you are three things I do not like: you are a Catholic, you are—*méchant*, you are a Frenchman."

Gervase drew himself together, and flung his bad head back defiantly.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," he said, "and I was all these three things yesterday."

"Then the mistake is mine," said Lucia, coldly.

Gervase turned without speaking and walked away a little unsteadily into the sunshine, as if he were going blind.

Afterward Lucia remembered how she had sent him away from her, stumbling as if he had met darkness face to face.

Monsieur Gervase did not reappear in the gardens. It was a triumph for Mademoiselle l'Anglaise. Her rigor had not yielded; but the quarter did not like her any the better for that. Rigor was not its favorite quality in women.

Day followed brilliant, breathless summer day, and no one spoke to Mademoiselle l'Anglaise. They spoke among themselves, however, gathering by the concierge's door night and morning; they spoke about Serbia and Austria and what Russia might be going to do; and then they paused and looked at one another, for they knew that what Russia did must mean France. Every now and then they looked anxiously

up the street as if they saw something coming.

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise did not notice any of these things. Methodically and carefully she worked from the first light to the last. She read only the English newspapers, because she thought the French ones were improper. The English papers were full of Home Rule and coal-strikes. She thought the Liberal Government very wrong indeed and that strikes ought to be stopped. She could not have said why, but it seemed to her as if Home Rule and strikes were rather like the way Gervase had behaved in the garden. She did not go to the life schools any more.



Then one night she could not sleep. There was a strange sound in the streets, as if Paris was awake, as if Paris might conceivably never go to sleep again. All night long there was movement, heavy, ceaseless movement. Paris tossed to and fro like a sick man, feverishly, incessantly, till the dawn.

The Boulevard Arago shook under the passing of huge wagons and rumbling motors; sometimes with a scream a flying taxi rattled and clamored through the heavier sounds. Sometimes a mail-van shot past with a noise like thunder, and always continuously, interminably, there were voices in the streets—wandering, returning voices, never very loud, but ceaseless, and strangely intent, as if some subject had taken hold of the night, and could not be dismissed.

In the morning the concierge forgot the milk, and Josephine never came. Mademoiselle l'Anglaise made herself a hasty breakfast and then went out into the garden. There was no one in the garden; every one was at the gate. The concierge was there, and the Austrians appeared to be having an altercation with the Russians.

From time to time the concierge intervened, and by and by two gendarmes appeared; and the Austrians marched off with them. The Russians went on talking fiercely and loudly; the Poles, in tears, kept asking for a taxi. It ought to have been very easy to get them one at that hour of the morning; but it appeared that there were no taxis. It is true that taxis flashed by, hundreds of them, like a flight of birds in a storm, but nobody seemed able to stop them. Mademoiselle l'Anglaise stood there for a moment or two before any one observed her. Then she asked a question.

"Madame," she said to the concierge, "what is the matter?"

Every one stared at her as if she had flung a bomb among them. One of the Russians laughed, and observed in an undertone:

"They will know one day, those islanders, what is the matter; but we shall know it first, God save us!"

Madame turned her competent small eyes sharply upon Lucia Dale.

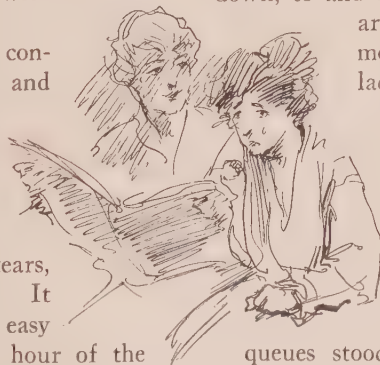
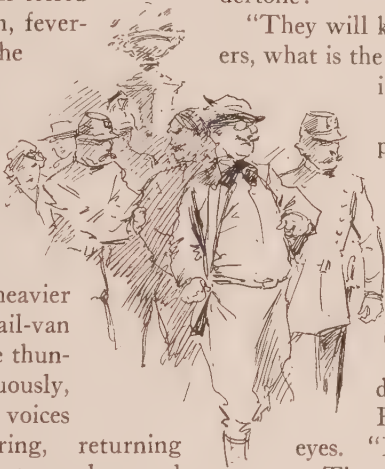
"It is a little thing you may have heard of, Mademoiselle," she observed quietly, "called war. France moves."

"Et l'Angleterre?" demanded a pretty little Frenchwoman, with red eyes. "Marchera-t-elle?"

Then Lucia bought a newspaper, and read it through very carefully. No one told her what had happened to Gervase-St. Anne-Marie de Martel, but she knew.

Every one supposed she would go back to her country; there was still time. And day by day France moved. There were four unforgettable days when Paris shot to and fro like a piece of complicated machinery let loose from control. Up and down, to and fro, tore the motors—gray army motors, civil-service motors, interminable, heavy-laden stores; and regiments, red-tunicked, blue-coated, white with dust, streamed interminably toward an unknown goal.

People stretched along the pavements in serried ranks, and jostled death in the streets. Endless queues stood for hours and days in front of railway stations and consulates under the brazen sky. Women fainted, children cried, men groaned, but there had ceased to be anything impressive about personal pain; it was swallowed up in one prolonged implacable effort to get ready, to get ready, to be in time.



The houses were mere gateways for the ceaseless, passionate movement of the throng. There was no noise and no excitement beyond the ominous, terrible speed of the state itself.

In the midst of this appalling larger movement homes fell apart, and were torn up by the roots; hearts broke, and hopes turned sick as quietly, as gently as leaves fall from the late summer trees.

Wives, mothers, sisters parted from their men forever, and no one said goodbye. "Au revoir!" always "Au revoir!" piteously, with tears under the quiet voice. "Au revoir, Pierre! Au revoir, Jacques! Au revoir, mon brave!" There was no time for panic or for tears.

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise watched them. She could not help them, but she made no attempt to go away. Day by day, hour by hour, the question stabbed at her aching heart.

"Mademoiselle," they asked her, "l'Angleterre marchera-t-elle?" And every day mademoiselle put her heart into the answer.

"I know that my country will fight."

And on the fifth of August the concierge came to her door, and cried with tears and laughter:

"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, you belong to us now! England is with us!" And then mademoiselle said to her: "I—I also am with you!" and they cried together over the morning milk.

Paris was still now. There was no movement any more. The grands boulevards were empty; the big shops had their heavy shutters down; the huge *hôtels* were changing suddenly and secretly into hospitals. The Champs-Élysées was as empty as a desert.

The Americans—not the beloved inhabitants, but the tourist Americans—with cries for lost suitcases, with passion-

ate insistence upon checks without value, with incredulous assertions of personal rights, had vanished, shrieking to the last, into merciful oblivion. The Paris Americans moved unwillingly, considerably, slowly; they left their hearts behind them, but they moved. The Russians left, the Poles left, unwashed to the last.

There was no one in the garden but the French themselves and Mademoiselle l'Anglaise, and it was then she found that she belonged to them.

She found it because the laundress refused to accept money for the washing.

"*Tiens*," she explained, "it will be difficult for you to get money just now. I will take the washing just the same. What difference does it make? We are all of one family here."

The concierge's daughter came in and said:

"Since Josephine has not come back, it is I who will assist mademoiselle in the house. We cannot permit her to suffer."

The little Frenchwoman with red eyes crossed the gardens every morning with her paper and with letters, unstamped, precious letters that came very slowly from *là-bas*.

"No," she exclaimed frankly, "*he*" was not exactly her husband. If they had had time before he went—but they had not had time." And Mademoiselle l'Anglaise took her English papers across to her and translated for her what England was doing, and they talked about the navy just as if madame were as

much married as Lucia's aunt, who had gone away long ago, thoroughly annoyed with Lucia for desiring to remain.

It cheered the people in the garden to talk about the navy. It was always referred to as mademoiselle's navy, and respected very much.

Then one day the concierge said apolo-



getically to Lucia, "Fanchette and Loulou—it appears they starve." Mademoiselle l'Anglaise said nothing, but in twenty-four hours' time she had started a work-room in her studio to provide the Red Cross with bandages, splints, and swabs. She taught Loulou and Fanchette and a dozen other women of the quarter—poor light women blown here and there from a life of work to a life of sin and back again, but quite like other women, and desiring with all their hearts to serve their men. They were very happy in the studio of Mademoiselle l'Anglaise. She paid them well, and every day before they left she sat among them and told them all she knew, all she could find out, in those secret, breathless August days, of what was happening *là-bas*.

And when they knew that all France and the little band of undaunted, beaten, unbeatable English were falling back, horribly, swiftly, menaced and shaken, toward Paris, no one in the quarter stood more firmly in front of fear than Mademoiselle l'Anglaise.

"You will see," she said proudly, "they cannot get to Paris. Your men are there and mine—between us. It is enough. Do you doubt them?" No memories of 1870 quelled her, no reports shook her, and when bombs dropped at the corner of the street, she said, "This is the mentality of the Germans. It does not do to give them the satisfaction of noticing them. I shall go out and get the evening paper. Do not let us be afraid." And she went out and bought the evening paper and came back with it, laughing; for in her heart, and always before her

eyes, France stood as one man, gallant and gay, audacious and tender, whose only fear was lest she might be offended. She knew he had no other fear but that. She had no news of him, she asked for none, and no one spoke his name to her.

The concierge went once to see Madame de Martel, who would not leave her house in Paris; but Madame la Comtesse knew no more than the laundress across the way, who had four sons and a husband somewhere at the front. They got occasional post-cards, and when post-cards failed they

waited. Usually they waited.

Then perhaps a terrible day arrived with a letter from the ministry of war, and then never any more at all. The laundress had three of these final communications, and went on washing, and at last Madame la Comtesse de Martel got one, too. It was a shade less terrible at first, for it merely said that Gervase St. Anne-Marie was severely wounded, and had been specially recommended for the military cross, for conspicuous gallantry.

As a special privilege, he was sent back as soon as he could travel to Paris. The American hospital took him, that hospital where all that science, passionate sympathy, money poured out like water, and skill flung without price for the service of France can do to lessen the tide of suffering is done daily and hourly by the untiring friends of France.

It was late October now; the Germans had been rolled back. Paris was breathing again a little, very lightly, with long pauses.

The Champs-Élysées was still quite empty except for the autumn leaves; they blew about like the light young lives, a



golden crowd, resistless, gay, with only death to guide them.

It was Loulou who told Mademoiselle l'Anglaise.

Lucia found her weeping pitifully under the trees outside the iron gates. It was long after sunset, but the light had lingered to meet the stars.

"Loulou, you are in trouble. Tell me, is it your brother?" Lucia asked tenderly. Loulou shook her head.

"I kissed him," she sobbed—"I kissed him here under the trees before he went. It was a little thing to do for him; but he liked it—he liked kisses."

Lucia's face whitened. She said nothing, but her eyes held the girl's; she knew quite well who it was that liked kisses.

"Ah, but you—you knew him also!" cried Loulou. "I saw him with you myself one day, and you laughed. I remembered, for I had not heard you laugh before. They say he is blind."

Lucia put her hand up before her eyes.

"Yes," she said stiffly, "blind."

"And he has but one arm, the poor young man," Loulou continued, "and he will never be able to model again! Ah, the things he did of us! The artist! and one never got tired with him. Always he had his joke. He made us laugh. That keeps one going, you know, Mademoiselle. And his poor mother! They say when she was told, she asked the good God to let him die, and she is his mother."

The door shot open, and the concierge joined them. She did not even listen to Loulou; she put her arms around Mademoiselle l'Anglaise and said:

"My little one, my little one, cry, then!"

But Mademoiselle l'Anglaise did not cry. She clung for a moment to the concierge, and shivered all over as if she were in a cold wind, and then drawing herself away, she ran past her back into the garden.

"Idiot!" said the concierge, dispassionately, to Loulou. "Stop your tears!

One would think you were not a Frenchwoman. Where is it that they have taken him? *Bon!* Now return, animal, to thy bed. It is not for thee to cry; of the two he preferred Fanchette."

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise put on her hat and coat and her gloves.

It was long past visiting hours, but the matron re-

ceived her.

"Yes," she said doubtfully, "you can see him. By the by," she added, "did he ever call you Mademoiselle l'Anglaise?"

"Yes," said Lucia. The matron's face cleared.

"Then it is you he asks for," she said. "Certainly you may go to him; but be prepared. He cannot see you."

"Will he live?" Lucia asked, looking straight before her. The matron hesitated, then she said:

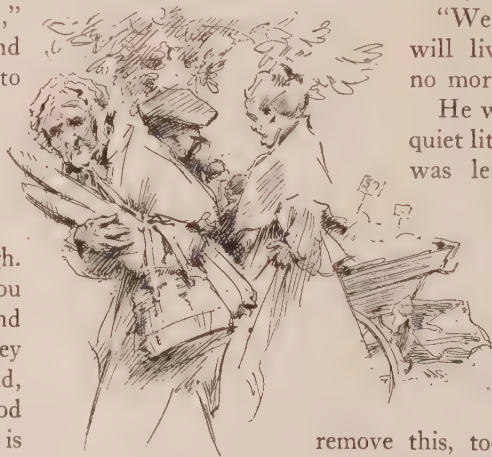
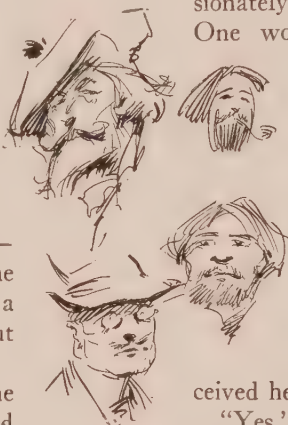
"We are afraid that he will live." Lucia asked no more questions.

He was by himself in a quiet little cubicle, all that was left of Gervase-St.

Anne-Marie. His eyes and his head were bandaged, one arm had been amputated, and one leg was crushed. They had wished to

remove this, too, but he had refused his consent.

"I prefer being one-sided," he murmured to the surgeon. "I have never cared for uniformity." And the surgeon, hoping death for him, had left it. But Gervase was very strong; he had not died.



Lucia knelt down by his side, and very gently bending over him she kissed his lips. She said his name, "Gervase!" He lifted his hand tremblingly toward his sightless, bandaged eyes; she caught it in her own and murmured:

"You know me?" Gervase smiled.

"No," he whispered; "you have kissed me. I do not think I know you—Mademoiselle l'Anglaise."

She came to him daily after that, and every day she kissed him. He could not see that, as she sat by him, she cried, because she kept so very still. For a long while he hardly spoke to her, but he always knew her. He knew her footsteps across the floor, he counted the hours between her visits. It was like some strange and glorious dream.

He knew the dream must end. Very gently he ceased to seek her rare caresses: when her hand lay on his he did not press it; he no longer moved his head, as some one thirsty, for her light, swift kiss. He said to himself: "The first day I sit up I will send her away. She must not come any more."

They noticed that he seemed to dread the first time for getting up. His mother came daily; sometimes she talked to him of Lucia, of whom she had heard from the concierge. She told him of her work-room for the models, and of how she had lighted the quarter by her serenity, her courage. "She was worth a regiment," Madame la Comtesse told him. "One wonders a little why she stayed in France."

Gervase said nothing; he was waiting for her to come. She always came at six, when her day's work was over.

His mother looked at him questioningly.

"You are tired to-day," she said. "Next week I am going to take you to Brittany."

Gervase winced; he was not used to being taken about by others. His mother's eyes filled with tears. She could not give him her eyes; that was what she was always thinking.

He was alone when Lucia came at six. For the first time she did not kiss him.

The bandages were off his head, and she could see what they had done to him. She moved a chair near him, and put her hand over his.

"To-day," she said, "I told them—your old friends in the gardens—that you were to sit up. They were so glad. When you can drive, Gervase, I want you to—to come to tea with me in the garden."

"Mademoiselle," he said, clearing his throat, "your visits have been like those of an angel. I cannot express to you very well what they have been to me. And now, and now,"—his voice shook, but he

went on relentlessly,—
"I am to tell you—I am to ask you—not to come any more, Mademoiselle."

"Yes," she said calmly, but without withdrawing her small, firm hand.

He leaned back in his chair.

"It is," he explained after a pause, "you see, because I am strong now, quite strong, and do not need visitors. I myself go away next week."

She sat astonishingly still, saying nothing,—at least for a moment she sat still,—and then he heard the soft movement of her dress, and knew that she had moved. She was close to him now, kneeling beside his chair.



"Gervase," she whispered, "would you know the truth if you heard it? You would not think I was lying to you? You would believe me? I did tell you the truth at least always, did n't I?"

He drew a quick, deep breath.

"Ah, don't make it hard for me!" he muttered. "I am—a coward, Mademoiselle! I was not afraid of the Germans, but of you I am afraid!" She laughed again, close against him now, with such a gentle, happy laugh. He had a quick ear

for truth, and he knew it was a happy laugh.

"I love you!" she said. "I stayed for you, I worked for you, I waited for you. I love France. I thought that they would tell me you were dead. You are not dead."

Her arms were round his neck, her head upon his shoulder. He could feel her slender, light form pressed against his side; her heart beat with his heart.

He knew he was not dead.





Charles F. Shuman



Our Prison Problem

By CHARLES SEYMOUR WHITMAN

Governor of the State of New York

THE humane administration of penal institutions, with emphasis placed upon reformation and reclamation rather than upon punishment and retribution, is the dictate of common sense as well as of decency. Any system that sends hate-filled, despairing men back into the world is a crime against the tax-payer and a menace to the society that it is presumed to protect.

In comparison with advance along other lines, the progress of the United States in the science of penology has been slow and even grudging. We do not burn witches to-day, nor are insane persons whipped in order that devils may be driven out, but the harsh ignorances of early days still find reflection in the American attitude toward the convict.

In ten States the law permits the leasing of prisoners to private persons, an evil that entails all the injustices and degradations of peonage. In eighteen others the contract-labor system is in vogue, and in eleven there is continued maintenance of the whipping-post, chains, and dungeons. In the majority of States the buildings themselves are gloomy, insanitary inheritances from a distant past, presided over by political henchmen who have no larger vision than the salary that is the reward of their partizanship. In view of these conditions, the wonder is not that our prison population shows a steady annual increase, but that the increase is not more rapid.

Prison reform, rightly conceived and administered, is social insurance in its very essence. In this work, however, as in every other forward movement, there are as many varieties of reform as there are

reformers, and not the least drawback to intelligent progress has been the revulsion against well-meaning theorists who have tried to proceed through sentiment instead of through system. For purposes of definition as well as of illustration, I choose to cite the work at Great Meadow Prison, Comstock, New York, as the standard of prison reform to which I hold personally and officially, and to which I feel that every State in the Union can be invited.

In this institution there are a thousand inmates, comprising every type of criminal from pickpockets to murderers, and every length of sentence from one year to life. About it, however, there is no wall patrolled by armed guards. Every man is at work in the sun and air, often miles away from the prison, and since the officials carry neither guns nor clubs, they are no more than overseers. The one safeguard against escape is the word of honor that every prisoner pledges to Warden William J. Homer. The effectiveness of this promise is attested by the fact that there has been only one escape attempted in the last two years.

These are changes that have been brought about in a comparatively brief period. When Warden Homer went to Great Meadow in 1911, he found a yelling, ribald population locked in cells, sharpening knives in the hope of killing a keeper, and braving solitary confinement and starvation in order to express hatred and rebellion. One by one he opened the doors, providing wholesome, helpful labor in the woods, the fields, the quarries, the dairies, and on the roads. Against this toil he balanced recreation on the ball-field, moving-picture shows, concerts, and

wise aid in education and vocational guidance.

The solid rock of any system of prison reform is discipline, and there are as great dangers in a foolish sentimentalism as in a brutal tyranny. The average convict is one whose life has been lacking in discipline, and his need is to learn the habits of obedience, order, and respect for authority. When I say that the atmosphere at Great Meadow is that of a school rather than of a place of punishment, I am trying to say that Warden Homer has found the firm ground that permits warm personal interest without sacrifice of control and mastery.

The results of the Great Meadow idea can be shown in plain, understandable figures. During the four years of the Homer régime, over eighteen hundred men have been released on parole, and of this number fewer than one hundred have relapsed into a life of crime. Under the old system, seventy-five per cent. of discharged convicts invariably committed crimes that sent them back to the penitentiary for longer terms.

The "honor and trust" method also saves money as well as men. It is economical as well as humane. Great Meadow receives an annual appropriation of \$150,000, but when the labor of the inmates is measured in dollars and cents, it will be found that the institution is more than self-supporting. In the products of the farm and the dairy, in the four million young trees turned out of the nurseries for the use of the Conservation Commission, in the manufacture of concrete and the erection of buildings, in the sale of crushed stone, in the matter of live stock, poultry, and swine, in the building of roads and sewers and bridges, in the making of their own clothing, shoes, and hosiery, may be found a return to the taxpayer that shows profit without competition with free labor.

Before Warden Homer took charge, the one item of "preliminary improvement of grounds" cost the State \$75,000. Three times the amount of work has since been done by the inmates without a cent of cost

to the State. A dam, for which contractors asked \$30,000, was completed by the men for \$473, and a \$30,000 water system is being installed for no more than the \$10,000 necessary for materials.

The results achieved at Great Meadow are not due to physical advantages, for a less favorable laboratory for social experiment could not well be imagined. While the farm has 1080 acres in it, only 440 acres lend themselves to tillage, and the heavy clay soil cakes greasily in wet weather and bakes hard in hot. The summers are short, the winters long and hard, and Comstock's inaccessibility makes it almost impossible for the relatives of the poorer inmates to visit them.

I know that many kindly, honest people are convinced that prison reform is a mere cloak for molycoddling the convict, but when the dividends in lives mended and dollars made are counted up, I feel sure that even the most prejudiced must gain some glimpse of the values that can be induced to flow from these sane adventures in reclamation.

Not only from my observations of the Great Meadow experiment, but from my study of the results obtained in Colorado, I am unalterably of the opinion that prisoners must be taken away from high walls and stone pavements and put upon the land. Even were it not the case that the majority of criminals are sick of mind or body, needing the wholesome corrective of outdoor labor, there would still be the fact that the wide, clean spaces of a farm are best adapted to the work of character-building.

As governor, I have followed the various reforms at Sing Sing with deepest interest and keenest sympathy, but, I must confess, with little hope of any great permanent betterment under existing physical conditions. The institution, to my mind, is one of those ugly, impossible things that call for destruction rather than for a program of improvement.

Huddled down on the damp, river level of the Hudson, the ancient cell block is cut up into cubbyholes measuring seven feet long, three feet four inches wide, and

six and a half feet high. Each one allows only 168.67 cubic feet of air, although the tenement-house law requires 400 cubic feet for rooms; yet even to-day the repulsive spectacle is witnessed of two human beings cooped in these stifling little torture-chambers. Without plumbing, without toilets, the men in them drag through days and nights that are filled with dangers of sickness, disease, and moral degeneracy.

Sing Sing was condemned as unfit as far back as 1848, and in 1905 general indignation culminated in legislative action providing for the purchase of a new site. That a new and finer Sing Sing has not yet arisen may be construed as an indictment of bungling administrative machinery rather than a proof of public indifference. In the State of New York the prison problem is committed to the jurisdiction of seventeen separate boards and officials, creating such confusion that anything approaching intelligent, united effort is almost impossible. The crying need is for one central department with full powers of control, so that a program, when agreed upon, can be presented effectively and fought through to success.

An end to the pull and haul of conflicting boards and officials, and a new, wholesome Sing Sing on a farm site, are tasks to which I have addressed myself as governor; for I hold that social advance is as much measured by the condition of prisons as by schools, hospitals, and libraries.

Larger importance must be attached to the selection of wardens; and I look for the day when experts in this great work will be made the object of competitive bidding by the various States, just as German cities now bid for the services of municipal experts. It is unthinkable that the lives and hopes of the erring and unfortunate should continue to be cheap stakes in the game of partizan politics. The dawn of this new conception of a wardenship as a man's-size job is attested by the fact that I have been able to place Sing Sing in charge of Professor George W. Kirchwey, formerly dean of the Columbia Law School, who is continuing the work un-

selfishly begun and carried on by Warden Osborne.

During my work as district attorney in the City of New York, called upon daily to prosecute the sad hundreds caught in the net of the law, the truth was brought home to me that while certain men are congenitally evil, the majority of criminals are transgressors by reason of mental or physical defects or by lack of some advantage that life should have afforded them. Out of these observations I have gained the conviction that every State should provide a species of anteroom for its penitentiary, a receiving-station where sentenced men could be subjected to inspection and study.

This winnowing process would discover those of feeble mind, and set apart the diseased, the depraved, and the irreclaimable. As it is to-day, half-wits, degenerates, habitual criminals, first offenders, evil old age, and impressionable youth are all herded together in one ghastly jumble, and the sorting out is left to time and the vigilance of wardens. Sing Sing, with its ancient cell block torn down, and certain improvements made, might well serve as this clearing-house.

Education is another principal plank in any sound platform of prison betterment, for illiteracy plays no little part in the manufacture of criminals. Of the one thousand inmates of Great Meadow, for instance, 248 were unable to read and write, and an equal number possessed only the most elementary knowledge. Warden Homer employs one head teacher, and this man, with eight assistants drawn from the inmates, conducts thirteen daily classes for the instruction of 637 prisoners. The opening of this door, so long closed to them, has done as much as any other one thing to arouse hope and ambition in the men. The educational facilities of prisons should be bettered and broadened, for the State commits a crime against itself as well as against the individual person when it sends unenlightened ignorance back into the world.

In presenting Great Meadow as an example of sane and successful experimenta-

tion with the prison problem, I have no desire to set it down as the last word in reform. While Warden Homer has done all that is humanly possible under existing conditions, much remains to be done, and in the doing there will be the imperative need of an *open mind* on the part of people as well as of lawmakers. Change for the excitement of change is no more stupid than the standpattism that is based on traditions and prejudices. Extreme age must not be permitted to perpetuate evils, and every suggested reform, no matter what the source, must have its fair hearing.

New York stands with the most advanced States in the matter of indeterminate sentences, but the question is one that still calls for sincere and intelligent thought. For instance, some method must be found for insuring equality of punishment, so that two men, convicted of precisely identical crimes, will not enter a prison with widely different sentences.

Study must also be given to the day when the prisoner, released at last, steps out of the penitentiary gates to take his place in the world once more. It is at this point that the efforts for reform have stopped in the past, yet it must be clear that the very finest reformatory work may be wasted on these men if they are to be turned adrift without money and without prospects. The majority of States give the discharged prisoner five dollars, but New York is more generous in that it allows him ten. This amount is too narrow a margin for safety, since the man's one recourse is to vagrancy and crime unless he finds a job before his money goes. It must be remembered, too, that the hunt for work is complicated by the tyrannies of policemen and the suspicions of employers.

In this connection, warm praise must be given to the individual wardens and the various volunteer agencies that have grappled splendidly with this task of providing work for the released convict; but the duty is too imperative to be left to unofficial and haphazard hands. I feel that an employment bureau should be created in the department of correction so that

the securing of work for these wards of the State may be made a matter of administrative routine.

With regard to the question of money, there are many and conflicting views, but I am confident that some measure of compensation for the labor that convicts perform in prison provides a safe way past the difficulties.

I do not by any means go to the length of putting the convict on a par with free labor, but I do feel that a certain percentage of his earnings should be allotted to him, either to go to the support of his family, or for his own use on the day of release.

At the outset of this article I employed social insurance as the term best fitted to convey my idea of the purpose of prison reform. Surely even the most prejudiced opponent of the new penology must agree that the honor and trust system at Great Meadow, with its ninety-six per cent. of reclamation, carries more safety to society than the Bastille method, which plunges seventy-five per cent. of discharged convicts into darker ways of crime.

The punitive theory of imprisonment has proved a tragic failure at every point. Europe, as recently as one hundred years ago, persisted in the torture-chamber, with its thumb-screw, iron boots, spiked chair, lash and water torment, but crime increased by leaps and bounds.

The theory of deterrence has fared little better. In England, in 1780, there were two hundred and forty crimes punishable by death, and every highway had its line of gibbets; but crime was fanned only to a more furious blaze. During the reign of Henry VIII, seventy thousand thieves were hung; but it was found that more pockets were picked during the hangings than at any other time.

To-day, when the maintenance of penal institutions is one of the principal items in every state budget, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to give careful, patient trial to the theory that prisons are not society's revenge or society's threat, but society's effort to correct and reclaim.

Wherever tried, the record is one of

success. New York, with its Great Meadow; Colorado, Arizona, Oregon, and Illinois join in the presentation of figures that show the well-nigh miraculous results obtained by humane methods.

But even were these proofs lacking, and

though the experiment loomed darkly ahead under a cloud of doubt and fear, the adventure would still be worth while, for in the struggle there is appeal to pity, to charity, to justice, and to every other generous instinct in human nature.



Poison

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

"COME, we 'll set traps and poison for the mice,
And we 'll put salt down the ants' holes, and see
How many we can kill; and if you help,
You may go fishing in the afternoon.
Father will teach you how to bait the hook
With angleworms which you and I will dig,
Or grasshoppers; and you will catch, perhaps,
A minnow or two. That will be fun, my boy."

His little boy with troubled eyes looked up.
What father said must all be right and fine;
He was ashamed when he remembered how
He had thought mice were cunning little things,—
Like fairy squirrels, only their tails were bald,—
And how he had been watching ants at work
The day before, and thought them quaint and wise,
Digging their little houses underground,
And making tiny sandpiles round their doors.
Fishing was manly sport, and he would try
His hardest to forget how the worm strove
To get away from the sharp, curly hook
That cut it so; and how the minnows gasped
On the hot grass.

A woman, listening,
Said to herself, "Alas! poor little boy,
That it should be your father setting traps
To strangle all your childhood chivalry,
And poison fellow-feeling in your heart!"



Caste in Criticism. By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

IT is one of the sardonic conclusions of modern research that an aristocracy's prejudices against certain vocations and means of livelihood are prejudices that have come down from the early days of savagery, when manual labor and industrial occupations were left to women and slaves, and the free males of the tribe were properly engaged only in war and hunting, government and priestcraft. So the younger son of an English governing family, still, like an Iroquois brave, is unable to seek a career outside of the army, politics, or the church, although amateur sport now carries some of the honors of tribal hunting, and learning, which used to be a part of priestcraft, is as respectable as holy orders. As a further extension of these caste prejudices, a gentleman is a man who does not work for his living, and an occupation is degraded that is pursued for gain.

In America, with a democratic ideal and a wholly industrial basis for society, such prejudices are not yet very strong. Our leisure class is not large enough to impose them on us, although it has imported them in some degree for its own edification. We have little of the feeling that a gentleman must be a gentleman of leisure or engage only in pursuits that are not mercenary. We are more inclined to consider idleness a disgrace and to despise an occupation that is merely ornamental. There is with us a sneer in the word *amateur*,—one who practises an art for the love of it,—and the professional is the man whom we admire, because of his greater skill. We share somewhat, with the British, their dislike of professionalism in sport and politics, those traditional occupations of the leisure classes; but we scarcely share at all their suspicion of professionalism in art, and we have little of their reverence for ornamental culture or for erudition that has no useful end. We compel our arts and our sciences to serve us, and to earn their livings, or be slighted.

Thus poetry, the highest form of literary art traditionally, is humorously regarded by our people, and the poet is a common butt in our theater and our press. The painter, unless he is a portrait-painter, is not highly considered, but the illustrator is popular and much admired. The sculptor shares in the honors of the architect if he makes expensive public monuments. The musician and the singer have been recently established in general regard by grand-opera salaries and fabulous concert fees. The playwright has to make his fortune to be noted. The actor has to be a star or nothing. In fact, although academic criticism still rates our arts in the order of comparative honor that they hold abroad, our popular approval seems to rate them according to their utility and their earning power.

That may be not an unmixed evil. The past is full of proof that the popular art of one generation is the classical art of the next, and the verdict of the jury, in the lowest court of public approval, has a

way of being unexpectedly sustained on appeal to the supreme critical tribunals of posterity. The museums are full of dead pictures by forgotten artists who were acclaimed immortal in their day because they were classical, traditional, of the aristocracy of art. The books that live in all libraries are the books that were democratically vital to the readers of their time. It is notorious that no dramatic art that was unsuccessful with its own audience has ever found an audience in posterity. It is equally notorious that the judgments of academic criticism have been almost invariably wrong when the judgment was delivered on its contemporary art.

Such considerations need not deceive us into believing that what is popular in American art is therefore good. But they may console us for much of the foreign condemnation of what is popular. As foreign art, as British art particularly, is an entertainment for the leisure classes, so foreign criticism, and particularly British criticism, forms its judgments according to the prejudices of the leisure classes. These prejudices are apt to rule against anything in art that is not classic, traditional, stylish, and leisurely in form and high bred, philosophical, and aristocratic in matter. Ruskin was such a critic when he described George Eliot's "Middlemarch" as "the sweepings of a Pentonville bus." James Stephens is such a critic when he declares that we cannot have a literature in America because "without a social order there can be no literature; for that the house must be in order."

Stephens seems to repeat the prejudice when he says "the secret of good writing is to be found in the words used by the writer and the way he uses these words; but before any American writer I know of can escape from mediocrity he or she must jettison their present vocabularies and provide themselves with new ones." (And in this case the critic exalts diction in a sentence the syntax of which is disgraceful, as a snob will see only the good manners of a behavior that is morally bad.) There was a time when Latin was the language of aristocratic literature, and Dante had to defend himself for writing his poetry in his native, but vulgar, tongue; and even Edmund Spenser was criticized for refusing to use Latin meters in his English verse. The same tradition of aristocratic expression in literature has animated academic criticism at all times. American literature will have to endure its condemnation. If we produce a literature that bears the same relation to American life that American plumbing does, for example, we shall be doing a sane thing, but a thing that will surely be anathematized by all the high priests of art. And they will anathematize it, although literature has to be vital to be anything at all; although it has to serve life, not esthetics; although the religion of "art for art's sake" is a religion that ministers to its idol, but not to humanity; although such religions are dying everywhere, and the religion of social service is taking their place; and although the priests of art also, in their turn, will have to come down out of their temples, to serve among the people, or be mocked.



"He had taken her little white-garbed figure in his arms and kissed her and kissed her "

Playing the Game

By ETHEL M. KELLEY

Author of "Making Over Mary," etc.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

BILLY SEARS covered his gleaming shoulders with the "father and mother of all bath-towels," a huge bath-mat that he insisted on appropriating for the acceleration of his morning massage, and stuck his head suddenly into the corridor.

"Will you bring my mail here, Mrs. G.?" he called. "I 'm expecting some important letters. Thank you. I 'm an

incorrigible creature, and I ought to be spoken to about it."

"And I don't know who 'll be after doing it if I don't," Mrs. Gregory, the rosy housekeeper, grumbled as she teetered heavily past the bath-room door, rubbing her immaculate hands down the sides of her immaculate apron. Once in the kitchen, however, she smiled broadly to herself.

"The tike," she said, "sticking his head and shoulders up out of his steaming bath just to get a couple o' duns and a letter from his father! And that other—him"—shenodded contemptuously toward the left-hand suite, the most luxurious portion of the apartment—"he won't be after reading one o' them billydoos I've stacked up by his plate until ivery hair is in place, and he's ate out a section o' grape-fruit. And he calls himself a man"—she turned the flame a bit higher under the oatmeal, and measured a gill of cold water to settle the coffee with—"and wears pants!" she concluded explosively.

Meantime the subjects of her criticism, each in his separate way, were getting ready for breakfast. Billy had crumpled the two damp duns in his big fist, and thrown them on his dressing-table. He was reading his father's letter as he brushed his hair.

James Kennedy was shaving in a way that would have made Billy writhe in mingled admiration and contempt if he had been a witness of the operation. It was never Kennedy who delayed the prompt service of breakfast at half-past eight. Punctuality was one of his passions. It was not even an attribute of any of the other men in the establishment. "Kid" Kennedy, his younger brother, and Brander Kellogg, the fourth of the quartet of good-looking young bachelors under Mrs. Gregory's charge, were obliged to be at their respective offices at eight, and they were already up and out of the house before that efficient guardian so much as tapped upon the doors of the later risers.

By making the supreme effort of his existence anew every morning, Billy was able to respond to Mrs. Gregory's summons and approximate the breakfast-hour; that is, he pulled out his chair ten minutes later than the appointed time with almost clock-like regularity.

Billy's father always added one line of good advice as a postscript to his letters. Sometimes it was, "Wear off your extra fat if you've got an ounce of it"; sometimes it was, "Don't make any investment without asking your dad first." To-day

it was, "Go slow with women," and Billy read the paternal admonition gravely for perhaps the first time in his life. He was not whistling when he took his seat at the table a few minutes later. To Kennedy, who never whistled after the period of his morning ablutions, this did not appear as extraordinary as it actually was.

"Good morning, Billy," he said affably—he was always affable—as that person pulled at his chair with something very like a scowl when it caught in the rug; but he answered with his usual cheerfulness:

"Good morning, old horse. Feeling fit?"

"Surest thing you know."

"Staff all well?" Billy indicated the letters.

"I have n't opened them yet."

Mrs. Gregory, entering with the eggs, cast her eyes supplicatingly toward heaven at this.

"A bit of a hang-over, Mrs. G.?" Billy inquired sympathetically. "Let me advise black coffee and bromo-seltzer for that, after a pick-me-up of some kind, of course."

"Get away with you!"

"Will you go out to the Evans's to-night?" Kennedy asked. "It'll be hot, and we can all pile into the machine and go somewhere. Out to Egglestone's, perhaps, for coffee and sandwiches later."

"Thank you, I don't think I'll go to-night," Billy said.

"You won't? I thought you told Evelyn you would."

"I did n't say for sure."

"She expects you."

"I'll 'phone."

"Brander'll be going. Guess we'd better take the kid along. He's doing too many movies lately."

"Too many movies? At his age he could n't be."

"For his eyes, I mean. Don't you notice how he's been blinking?"

Kennedy was beginning on his letters. He opened them with his bread-and-butter knife.

"Sorry I have n't a hair-pin to loan you," Billy murmured, dodging the an-

swering missile, an egg-shell. "Look here, that was all egg!"

"Strange!" Kennedy said, "when it's never had anything but an egg in it. Dinner at the Wilsons' next Thursday, must put that down. Dance on Friday; can't go; hooked up to the boss's daughter. Cards to a tea-party. Can't go to tea-parties. The rest are all letters."

"I don't know how you do it," Billy complained—"write to 'em. I can't. What in the name of Goshen do you say?"

"Oh, I don't know. Anything interests them—business, theaters, last time you saw them, then one or two local touches. You know what they expect."

"Yes, I know what they expect," Billy said unexpectedly; "but tell me, Jimmie, for future reference, and because I know a feller that would like to know—a friend of mine." He winked solemnly. "How much of what they expect have we got a right to give 'em?"

"You mean if we have n't arrived at that stage where we propose to give 'em what they want."

"Well, dang it all! none of us wants to get married yet awhile."

"No," Kennedy said, "we don't. If they do, in a way, that's their lookout. As long as we remember we are gent—"

"Don't say it, Jimmie! Don't say it!" Billy begged him. "If that word is still in the language, I don't want to know it."

"It's a good word," Kennedy insisted stoutly. It was often a little difficult for him to understand the strange places in the conversation at which the others drew the line. Sometimes in the midst of a serious conversation to which he had contributed no confidences a degree warmer than those of the other men, and he was unquestionably the lady's man among them, when he was talking quite gravely of his experiences, he would either get "the laugh" at some inexplicable moment, or be shut up good-naturedly. It seemed strange to him that the others should n't have more respect for his dignity.

"Boob!" said Billy to his back as they separated at the street corner. Then he turned to wave good-bye to Mrs. Gregory,

who, he had discovered some months before, always watched them out of her sight.

He did n't go to the Evans's that night or for many nights after; and the reason was that the last time he had been there, alone with Evelyn in the garden, on a misty, humid evening, he had taken her little white-garbed figure in his arms and kissed her and kissed her. He had not an idea he was going to do it, and when he was through with it, and tried to make some kind of an apology for the monstrous thing he had done, little Evelyn Evans had put her two confiding arms about his neck and called him by his name, over and over again, in a queer, throaty little voice that he could n't get out of his memory. He was not in love with Evelyn. They were too young to think of being married. He was twenty-five, to be sure, and she was four years younger, but that was too young nowadays. The reason he had kissed her was that she expected to be kissed. That could n't have been plainer to any man who knew anything about it; she expected it, and wanted it. She had been waiting for him to do it, and he had done it. Of course he had kissed a good many other girls in his time, but that was different; all good-looking and healthy young people did a certain amount of spooning, but this was n't spooning exactly; it was love-making; it was pretty close to being engaged to a girl. In fact, it was the way you got engaged to them.

Billy thought if he stayed away for a while, if he went back again in a week or two very coolly and casually, that Evelyn would know without any talking or without getting her feelings really hurt. If you discussed a thing like that with a girl, he knew you were likely to get "in Dutch." He had decided not to discuss it.

All that day at the office his father's postscript kept recurring to him—"Go slow with women." He wondered exactly what his father considered going slow. He knew his father for the most honorable and upright of men, and yet he knew a great deal about women; even his mother admitted that. How had he come

by his knowledge, Billy wondered, if that had been his slogan, "Go slow with women"? How could you go slow with them when they were willing to go so fast? For the first time in his healthy young life he began wondering about other men's relations with women—with nice women. He knew pretty well how things were with the men who were n't "straight." All that was a matter of taste; to him personally it was disgusting. You could marry only one woman,—one woman at once, anyway, he thought, grinning to himself,—but how the deuce was it that you got your experience of a whole world of women, even enough experience to pick and choose among them, without trying them out more or less? What was the happy medium? How could you find out?

"Brander," he asked that evening, when in the comfortable litter of their sitting-room they smoked their companionable pipes together, "what *do* you know about girls?"

The Kennedys were out together, James having, as Brander put it, "grafted a meal-ticket in finger-bowl row for the kid," and borrowed Billy's evening clothes for him.

"Girls?" Brander was only mildly interested. "Oh, I don't know. What do you want me to know about them? Squabs, broilers, and hens. Go slow with the squabs, careful with the broilers, and run like sixty from the hens. That 's all I know, but between you and me and the roller-towel, Billy, it 's a Hades of a lot."

"I dessay," said Billy. "How the deuce did you get to be such a shining example of a *boint* child, then?"

"By the Homeric method, 'An' what I thought I might require, I went and took the same as he.'"

"I wonder if you did," said Billy.

Kellogg cocked an eye. "I wonder," he said.

Mrs. Gregory hearing the commotion, and the dull thud of Brander's big frame as he fell, left her dishes and flew to the scene of the fray. Brander wrenched Billy's hand away from his mouth.

"What do you know about—" Billy

gently, but firmly, cut off his wind; but he freed himself—"the Wars of the Roses, Mrs. G.?" he concluded suavely as he rose and shook himself.

Whereupon, with Billy at the piano, he instructed Mrs. Gregory, though not a step she took was any fault of her own, in the intricacies of the *Lame Duck*.

"The mountain is coming to Mohammed, Billy," Kennedy announced the next morning as he opened his mail. "Evelyn is coming to see you this evening, if you 're well enough to sit up and take notice. I told the girls any night this week, and Edith said she did n't think you and Evelyn were on speaking terms; but if she could work it, they 'd come to-night. By this brief communication"—he indicated the half-dozen closely written pages in his hand—"I learn she has worked it."

"Fine!" said Billy. "Fine!" He was not sorry. He wanted to see Evelyn again. He had missed her more than he was willing to admit. If she was coming to see him, she had forgiven him. The incident was closed. Billy was twenty-five, and he actually believed this.

"What 'll we have, ginger-ale, cheese—"

"It 's too hot," said Billy, "sandwiches and cake and ice-cream—cool things."

"Ice-cream is such a fuss," Kennedy objected.

"Oh, I 'll open it up and dig it out," Billy said. "Evelyn likes it."

The party was fairly successful except from Billy's point of view; perhaps it was very successful indeed. He and Evelyn met without embarrassment, but she did n't look well. She was pale, with big shadows under her eyes. She avoided looking at him when they shook hands, and told him she would n't have come if Edith had n't been so very much disappointed when she refused.

Mrs. Gregory was in her element. They danced and sang. Billy did some glee-club songs, and Kennedy sang "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes." Later in the evening Billy saw him kiss Edith in the butler's-pantry as they were ostensibly making a tour of inspection of the premises. Edith was n't at all interested in the

housekeeping, either, Billy could see. Her hand touched Kennedy's as they passed through the door, and it pressed and clung to his. Kennedy kept as close to her as the law allowed all the rest of the evening. Brander Kellogg had his arm around Lucy Kingston, the other girl of the party, all the way home in the automobile. It was a rotten world. By the time he had shaken Evelyn's cold little hand in parting Billy was almost ready to forswear it for good. What did these fellows think they were doing, anyway? Trifling with the big things of life as if they were so many candy toys, playing at love-making as unconcernedly as if they were eating ice-cream. What did they mean by it?

His father's next letter closed with the poignant advice to "play the game." Whatever the game was, or however he happened to find himself sitting in, "play the game." That evening he went to see Evelyn.

He found her in the summer-house in the garden, framed in frilly vines and soft green leaves, her head buried in her hands, crying as if her heart would break; and when he saw her, he put out his arms without a word, and she put her head down on his shoulder, and finished her weeping there.

"Will you marry me, Evelyn?" That was what he ought to say. "Evelyn, will you marry me? I've got you into this. I started something, and now I've got to see it through. Evelyn, will you marry me?" It droned through his mind as he put his lips to her hair, as he pressed her tender little form closer to him, as he patted and comforted and soothed her, as he sought her lips, and made them yield to him; but he did not say it. Instead, he found himself beseeching her to tell him that she loved him, that she had been lonely without him, that she was glad he had come back to her; and she told him with adorable sweetness that she did, that she had, that she was, and then he gathered her in his arms again, and told her how lovely she was, and how much she meant to him—and that was all. If he

left her radiant with happiness, it was because she did n't yet understand what a pup he was, what a cur he was trying to be. He spent a sleepless night—comparatively sleepless, that is; it was at least an hour before he took more than a cat-nap.

In the morning he looked at Kennedy's pile of letters with a snarl of disgust. The only reason that he did n't tell Brander that he was a little yellow dog, and try to prove it to him scientifically, was that Brander was n't there at the time. He felt a great rage at Brander. He knew instinctively that Brander's affairs with the girls were conducted much like his own. Brander was dangerous; one could see that. Any woman that would fall for Kennedy deserved what she got, and no real girl could stand him. As a matter of fact, Kennedy was the one of the trio who did the most harm. He was a natural-born philanderer, and he worked up all his affairs with instinctive artistry; but no virile youngster of Billy's kind understands this.

He went back to his room and waited till he heard Kennedy slam the front door before he began his own breakfast. He would be late to the office for once. Serve him right if he got fired. There was punishment coming to him. He might as well help it along from all directions at once.

"Were you happily married, Mrs. G.?" he asked suddenly.

"I was." Mrs. Gregory folded her arms, two clean forks projecting from her hand. "I was, and thin ag'in I was n't."

"Is it so?" Billy murmured. "You were twice married?"

"No, it was the same one all the time. He was irregular in the habits he had. But I 'm not finding fault with him; there 's bad in us all, to be sure."

"There 's so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it ill behooves the rest of us—how the deuce does that thing go? Do you remember the er—occasion on which he proposed to you, Mrs. G.?" Billy was collecting data unscrupulously against his inmost



"At sight of her his heart swelled. Poor baby! poor darling! poor little girl "

need. He wanted to know how these things happened.

"Sure, I do. He sang 'Kathleen Mavourneen' to me, and thin he said would I be the pride of his heart forever, and I agreed to it."

"Do the young people in Ireland do much spooning, Mrs. G.? I mean regular sweethearting, before they 're engaged or anything."

"They do and thin ag'in they don't."

"You surprise me," said Billy. "Whin do they, an' whin don't they?"

"The byes an' the gurrils has a bit of a flutter together till the time o' the mating, an' thin—"

"Oh, I know all about *thin*. It 's be-fore *thin* that I am collecting statistics."

"Oh, they do the right thing by each other in Ireland," Mrs. Gregory said.

"Well, how in the name of Jehoshaphat is anybody ever going to find out what the right thing is?" Billy cried from the depths of his being. Then he rose, stretched himself, and chucked the house-keeper under her triple chin. "Oh, wisha, wurra!" he cried. "God be with me, a lone old creature on a stick! And likewise damn! I am now going to the office and explain that you set the house afire, and I was detained putting it out for you."

He knew now that he must n't stay away from Evelyn. He must take her out, do things with her, not seem to be avoiding her. He must play the game, and not shirk. If he got in too deep, he must marry her. He must do the honorable thing; but how deep was too deep, and how did you know when you got there? What did the other fellows do in such circumstances? He worked through the office routine, dictating letters, attending conferences, making estimates, with his eye on his associates. How did these men live their lives? What was the code they had evolved, and how in the deuce had they evolved it? Not every man married every girl he kissed. There must be a large proportion of men among the men he knew that had made love to a good many girls, and yet they all seemed, or

they seemed in the main, self-respecting; he knew they were respected.

The heat increased, and the apartment got rather stuffy as the season advanced. He had a revulsion of feeling about the boys as his soul worked on through its new-found torture. Mrs. Gregory and the dear old flat, the boys and their evenings together, meant more to him; even his breakfasts with Kennedy were lingered over feverishly, though the whole atmosphere was less comfortable in midsummer. He had money enough to support a wife "gingerly." They could live out in the "young married people's quarter and have a maid." If women's clothes did n't cost too darn much they could have a run-about.

He managed to see Evelyn mostly in public. He took her about a good deal, and when they were alone together he kissed her and held her hand. He figured it out that if they could get it on a "spooning basis" he might taper it off until they were nicely Platonic, though he had n't much hopes of this. "Play the game," was his motto. He was going to play it carefully if he could; but, anyhow, he was going to stay in. That much he had decided. Evelyn was a puzzle to him. She was n't as demonstrative as she had been at first, but she was very, very sweet and very docile. She seemed to have lost weight and color. That was his fault,—he was making her unhappy,—but, maybe—he hoped against hope that she would get over it.

It was after two months of this backing and filling on his part that the climax was precipitated. Edith telephoned him that Evelyn had typhoid fever, and was going to be taken to the hospital. She wanted to see him before she went.

He was alone in the dining-room—the telephone was there—when he got this message. Mrs. Gregory found him there, his elbows on the table, and his hands buried in them.

"What is it, m' darlint?" she said, with a motherly arm on his shoulder. "Is it trouble you 're in? Is it trouble?"

"It 's trouble I 'm in, and it 's joy, too,"

he said. "I 'm goin' to be married. That 's joy, of course, but the girl I 'm going to marry is going to be taken to the hospital this afternoon."

"An' that sure is trouble. The gurr! you 're going to marry now; she 'll get better all right, she 'll get better. And sure and I hope she 's a sweet one, and worthy of a nice boy like you."

"I 'm sure I hope so, too," said Billy, earnestly and rather forlornly. He was still thinking of himself, he noted, and a man who could think of himself at such a crisis was certainly not fit to live. Still, he hoped she was worthy of him, just as Mrs. Gregory had said.

He found Evelyn in a pale-blue house-dress, all ruffles and lacework. At sight of her his heart swelled. Poor baby! poor darling! poor little girl! How she had suffered! Of course you could n't actually get typhoid from neglect or even from heartbreak, but there was such a thing as getting run down, and getting yourself in a susceptible condition. Play the game. That meant, accept your responsibilities as they came. This was his responsibility; he had n't been sure of that before, but now he was sure.

"Evelyn," he said as he held her hand in his—"Evelyn, will you marry me?"

"Billy," she said, "that was what I sent for you for. I 've been nearly crazy. You will have to forgive me. The doctor says I 've got a very light case, but you never can tell. If I died, and you did n't know how I felt, it would be cheating you terribly. I 'm not really in love with you, Billy, in the way that makes marriage. I thought I was at first, it was all so new and so beautiful; but we are n't close enough to each other. If we have any of the same thoughts, we don't have them together. It 's all been a mistake and a failure. If you had been one of the other boys, I would n't have been so sure that you meant it; but I knew that you were n't like the rest, that you meant it, that all this while you 've been expecting me to marry you. I can't, Billy; I can't."

"Why did n't you tell me before?" he asked her.

"I wanted to be sure."

"Bless you for telling me now," Billy said, "for your courage and your strength and your sweetness!"

"It does n't hurt you too much?"

"It hurts a good deal," he said truthfully. "I thought that you cared."

"I tried to care, and then I found that I could n't. I—tried to—to play the game out, you know, as you 're always saying one ought to."

"Am I?" said Billy. Then he smiled. "There are some games," he said, "where a show-down is really quite a shock to one. There are lots of things," he went on after a moment, "that I should like to give myself the luxury of saying to you. I 'd like to explain at great length and in detail what a compound, seven-ringed, prize-worm kind of two-spot I feel like, and what a beauty I think you are, and how I respect and admire you from the depths of my moth-eaten soul; but time is pressing, and you 've got to go and have your typhoid fever, and I 've got to go and possess my soul in patience while you 're having it, and pray to whatever gods there be for your quick recovery and my ultimate regeneration. I must n't tire you any longer. Would you kiss me once before you go, dear?"

She kissed him.

"And there 's a question I want to ask you, the time-honored question that always comes along about now in the magazine stories—is there anybody else?"

"Oh, no, Billy dear! No, there is n't."

"That 's all right, then. Now, don't you worry; you 'll never have to think of all this truck again—unless, you know, sometime—"

"I 'd thought of that," she said. "Of course we might come to care; but I don't have to think about it now, Billy, do I?"

"You certainly don't," Billy said; "but I do, and God knows I consider myself lucky to have the chance. Good-by, dear."

It was two days later before Mrs. Gregory found him alone again. He was spending his Saturday half-holiday in the

house, smoking and reading, but mostly doing accounts, or figuring on something that evidently interested him deeply.

"I hope that your swateheart is after getting better, Mr. Billy," she said.

"She is that," said Billy. "In fact, they don't think she has typhoid at all. They 'll be able to tell in a day or so, but now she 's merely under suspicion, and resting up. If she 's got it, why, it 's so light they can't tell it."

"Will you be after being married when she 's out, Mr. Billy?"

"Well, not as soon as that, Mrs. G. There are several little formalities to be gone through with before that: event—mere technicalities, you know."

"But you think it 'll be soon?"

"It 'll be soon, Mrs. G., or my name is n't Yours Hectically."

"You 're that terrible in love?"

"Your diagnosis is a credit to you."

"Sure, you 're the nice steady young fellow, with his heart in the right place, not like thim other two. Sure, did n't you think I saw them, on the night o' the party, sparking them girls that was here, and Hiven only knowing their intentions."

"Well, if Heaven does, it 's all right," Billy said; "besides, you can trust 'em. Almost any man will play the game decently whether he intends to or not. It just depends on the way things turn, and whether you 're a skunk or not—and—

well, several things. I guess almost everybody is pretty decent about those things when you come right down to it. There is probably only one real worm in this apartment, and I sha'n't tell you his name, because from now on he 's going to be a genuine caterpillar butterfly. Besides, I need your good opinion to carry me through, so I shall not undeceive you in your estimate of my character; but there is one thing I should like to put myself on record as conveying to you. You asked me if the young lady of my choice was worthy of me. "I 've discovered she is. Now, is n't that gratifying?"

"It sure is, Mr. Billy." She hesitated at the door, the miniature feather-duster that she had been brandishing tickling her triple chin unheedingly. "I 'll be after losing you, thin, from the flat here. I 'll be missing you with your jokes and your goings-on. I 'll be missing you."

"Mrs. G."—Billy looked up from his figuring solemnly—"did you imagine for one little minute that I 'd leave you here alone with two unscrupulous characters like Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Kellogg? I would n't think of such a thing. When I 'm married, you go with me. There 's only one little drawback to that plan, but that will, I think, be easily overcome—"

"And what is that, sor?"

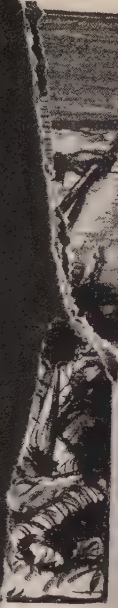
"The girl does n't realize yet that we 're going to be married."

The Frozen Brook

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

THE robe and hush of death on everything.
No voice of bird, no whisper of the breeze;
All shrouded white the hollow and the trees;
And, underneath, the brook, a captive part
Of this white spell, still holding in its heart
The ripple and the laughter of the spring.







The Japanese Menace

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

Editor of "The China Press," Shanghai; Author of "The New Far East,"
"America and the Far Eastern Question," etc.

What Japan has now to do is to keep perfectly quiet, to lull the suspicions that have arisen against her, and to wait, meanwhile strengthening the foundations of her national power, watching and waiting for the opportunity which must one day surely come in the Orient. When that day arrives, she will be able to follow her own course; not only able to put meddling Powers in their places, but even, as necessity arises, to meddle with the affairs of other Powers. Then truly she will be able to reap advantage for herself.—From the "Secret Memoirs of Count Hayashi," former Japanese minister for foreign affairs.

FEW important issues between two major nations affect those nations exclusively or can nowadays be adjusted by those nations exclusively. This axiom expresses a condition of modern world progress which the great war has strikingly demonstrated. Issues between Japan and the United States, contacts which create these issues, and relations dependent on them cannot therefore be entirely separated from interests and policies of other nations in any comprehensive discussion. This is the broader view necessary to perspective.

Restricted to the Pacific basin, where its major elements must be worked out, the problem of the relations of Japan and the United States comprises two principal factors—direct contacts of the two governments and peoples, and conditions involved with the fate of China. Both factors are surcharged with forces making for international friction and war, yet I am amazed to find American public opinion little concerned about them. Americans are so engrossed with the terrific spectacle

presented in Europe that they seem to be blind or indifferent to a more sinister and more imminent menace to our peace and security that is creeping upon us from the opposite side.

A fact which this war must have driven into all strata of popular thought in America is the fallacy of assuming that even generous motives and good intentions of one people will always be understood and accepted by another people or nation as they are meant. As to Oriental peoples, and Japan in particular, Americans themselves know that collectively and individually we wish them well, and that neither as people or nation do we harbor any hostile thoughts or invidious designs against them. What most Americans do not comprehend is that this sincere attitude of ours means little to the Japanese, who doubt its sincerity, and do not reciprocate. To most Americans, talk of war between Japan and the United States seems foolish, because most Americans do not perceive anything to fight about; and if the purposes of Japan as a nation, and the ideals

of the Japanese as a people, vis-à-vis America, complemented the sentiments of Americans, then talk about war between these nations would be foolish. It is evident, then, that whatever elements of doubt now exist about this matter lie chiefly, with Americans, in ignorance about the real motives, ambitions, and purposes of Japan. Americans understand themselves well enough, and know that nationally we have no rancor and no designs for aggression; but how about the other fellow? It takes two to make a quarrel, but one can start a fight.

It may be as well to present my conclusions about some of these questions before my premises and argument, and I will summarize them as follows:

(a) Japan is making deliberate preparations in anticipation, if not actually in expectation, of a collision with the United States.

(b) Japanese popular thought and feeling have been deliberately prepared for this eventuality by the Government, and now are extremely hostile toward the United States.

(c) While Japanese statesmen have stimulated and formulated such a sentiment in Japan, a Japanese propaganda operating by various processes in America has almost succeeded in lulling our nation into a false security, and has prevented and retarded measures to prepare our nation against a clash.

(d) The fate of China, the stability of the Monroe Doctrine (now embracing the new ideal of Pan-Americanism), the balance of power in the Pacific Ocean, and whether a Yellow Peril ever will become a reality, are questions included in the outcome of the relations of Japan and the United States.

(e) The great war has destroyed the international balance of power in the far East, creating a condition disturbing the peace of that region, and by reaction also menacing the peace of America.

(f) Decided constructive action by the United States is required to recreate that balance of power in the settlement of the great war, and meanwhile this Govern-

ment should strive energetically to preserve the *status quo*.

Put nakedly and abruptly, without the details and circumstances that build them up logically, these conclusions probably will astonish and startle Americans who have not closely followed events in the far East in the last decade. It is not feasible to give those details in this article, or to sketch more than their prominent features.

The result of the Russo-Japanese War gave Japan new outlooks, and launched her statesmen on a course of fresh ambitions. We need not revert to that war now except to mention the principal reasons Japan then gave for engaging in it, and which she used with great success to enlist the sympathy of Americans for her cause. Japan, as she told the world, went to war against Russia to preserve the independence of Korea, to maintain the "open door" in Manchuria, to assure the territorial integrity and political autonomy of China. Korea is now annexed to Japan, the "open door" in Manchuria is closed tightly, and Japan's course in the last year in attempting to bring China completely under Japan's suzerainty is too recent an event to require review. I take it that these facts will not be gainsaid now, although how Japan once denied intent to do any of those things is easily remembered; and in some cases she even officially denied the acts for some time after they were accomplished.

What I am now concerned with are Japan's governing motives in that series of acts and the violations of her solemn international obligations. For convenience, these motives may be divided as professed and real. Japan's real motives in those instances were her own national aggrandizement at the expense of weaker nations, and of strong ones, for that matter. Her professed motives varied somewhat, but in the cases of her annexation of Korea and the occupation of Manchuria, the professed motive was an alleged necessity to secure territory where Japan could send her surplus population. So persistently and with such plausibility was this idea propagated throughout the world that we

find it given place in discussion of these problems by Westerners after Japan herself has abandoned it. I was surprised to notice that Mr. J. O. P. Bland, in his article in the *CENTURY MAGAZINE* for January, treats that pretense seriously. It is the one point where I would differ from Mr. Bland's reasoning, although I can perceive between the lines of it the restraints which his position as British subject impose at this juncture. The idea of Korea and Manchuria providing a satisfactory field for Japan's excess population is an exploded fallacy that no longer is widely entertained in Japan, and which no longer, if it ever did, has a place in Japan's genuine, as distinguished from her pretended, foreign policy.

While on this topic I may state that some false assumptions about it are widely accepted. First, it is incorrect to say that Japan is overpopulated in a territorial sense, for a large area of the territory of Japan proper is sparsely populated, and nearly half of the arable land of Japan proper is uncultivated. It therefore is not lack of land that impels Japanese to emigrate; it is a desire for economic betterment. There is a good deal of room, expressed in land, in Korea and Manchuria. Manchuria has long been a part of China, and large parts of China are even more densely populated than Japan. Yet Chinese have not gone to Manchuria in large numbers for various reasons, among which are climate and lack of communications and security. These conditions are passing, and China now would herself like to use Manchuria for her surplus population; but when she sought a few years ago to make practical effort in that way, she was blocked by Japan. That being so, I cannot accept Mr. Bland's assumption of a sort of right for Japan to take Korea and Manchuria on those grounds. If it comes to right, then China's right should supersede Japan's, for China's need for her own undeveloped territory is fully as great. If the legality and ethics of the question are to be considered at all, then China has a prior and better claim.

But the curious, though perfectly logi-

cal, outcome of Japan's efforts to colonize in Korea and Manchuria and in other parts of China is that, notwithstanding their Government has maintained many unjust preferential conditions for them in comparison with Koreans and Chinese, Japanese immigration to the continent of Asia is a failure. The reason is simple. In going to Korea and China, Japanese find that they have transplanted themselves to an even lower standard of living than obtains in Japan; that is, to a more cramped economic field, not a wider one. Japanese cannot, even with preferential facilities, compete in large numbers with their neighbor Orientals. Chinese and Koreans are able to, and do, undercut Japanese in business economies and standards of living. Preferential exactions in their behalf by their Government enables some Japanese, perhaps a few tens of thousands, to improve their state slightly by pursuing commercial and other occupations in China; but to the millions of Japan's peasantry China offers no lure and little opportunity for betterment.

The application of this situation to Japan's contacts with America is obvious. It is not toward the East, with its lower economic level, that Japan's millions yearn; but toward the West, with its higher economic standards, under which Japanese of all classes can cut and still find room for an immense improvement of their condition. This explains the Japanese effort to retain their position in California, Japan's tentative approaches in Mexico and other American countries; in fact, it provides the key to one phase of Japan's attitude toward the United States. In the last few years two points have taken clear shape in Japanese minds: Korea and China do not provide a satisfactory outlet for them, and the only really desirable field for emigration (North and South America) is barred to them by the United States.

I am surprised at the seeming indifference of our citizens to this supremely grave issue that confronts our nation, at their apparent failure to realize that it exists, at their supreme assurance in their

own point of view and their comparative indifference to the Japanese point of view. Americans know that they have no thought of aggressing upon or attacking Japan, and they take for granted that Japanese have no thought of attacking them. Americans feel no reason why they should attack or aggress on Japan, and they jump to the conclusion that therefore Japan has no reason to attack us. Yes, I know the stock arguments and formulas of Japan's publicity propaganda in this country. They run like this: Japanese friendship for America is traditional; trade between Japan and the United States is large, and therefore precludes a conflict; Japan is too poor to make war even if she wanted to; Japan is bound by treaties to respect the "open door" and the integrity of China; Japan intends to assure those conditions by formulating a "Monroe Doctrine" for the Orient; in respect to the question of status of Japanese in the United States, Japan seeks only recognition of the principle of equality of treatment for Japanese already in this country, and is abiding by the so-called "gentlemen's agreement"; Japan desires only to coöperate with America in protecting and developing China; and any who argue or show facts to the contrary are "irresponsible" persons trying to "make trouble."

All of these arguments are fallacious in hypothesis, and most of them are untrue as to fact. As to the oft-repeated idea that Japan's trade with the United States precludes thought of war on her part, it is sufficient to recall that, a few weeks before the great war in Europe started, a prominent German statesman cited the vast commerce between Germany and England as a reason why those nations never could become enemies, while the truth was that the very magnitude and complexity of those relations, with their incidental competitive features, were among the chief causes of this war. And such conditions will be among the chief causes of future wars. Japan's "traditional" friendship for America is worth as much as is her traditional friendship for China or as any

international traditional friendship is; while the fact is that just now the Japanese feel a very lively antipathy and contempt for this country, its institutions and its citizens, and by a calculated process have been educated to regard our nation as Japan's next antagonist in the series of wars required to establish the hegemony of the far East and the mastery of the Pacific in Japan's keeping. Japan's poverty and near-bankruptcy, instead of being a conclusive restraint, is one of her chief reasons for going to war; for she is grinding her people with taxation to maintain large military and naval establishments with the expectation of recouping at the expense of rich and helpless nations. Japan professes to adhere to the "open door" policy, but she strangles it in every way she can. Japan, for effect in America, likens her policy toward China to the Monroe Doctrine, whereas it is the absolute antithesis of the Monroe Doctrine both in hypothesis and working method. Japan pretends that the "point of honor" is her sole concern in the California issue; but in reality the Japanese are resolved to force their way into the Western Hemisphere by arms, if they can, provided they cannot accomplish it by diplomacy.

To repeat, there are two grave issues between Japan and the United States, the fate of China and Japanese immigration to the Americas. This latter issue does not touch the United States exclusively, but also all our neighbor republics to the south. This brings in both the old Monroe Doctrine and the new Pan-Americanism, for a Japanese colonization of countries on this hemisphere, in its political and economic reactions, would affect the United States scarcely less than a Japanese colonization of our own States. To Americans this issue probably will seem more important than the fate of China, although it is not really so. It is nearer, anyhow, and therefore looms larger.

Let us strip the immigration issue to the bone, and see what it amounts to. There are two distinct points of view, Japan's and ours. Americans pretty well understand their own. It is briefly: Ori-

entals have lower economic standards than ours, and therefore disturb our earning and living conditions; they have different political and religious ideas, which cannot easily be adjusted to ours; they have different racial and social characteristics, and therefore cannot be assimilated into our social body. So we cannot endure their presence here in large numbers.

Japan's point of view is merely that her people want to come to Western countries and to have the same rights and opportunities here that others have. The real pressure behind this desire I have already indicated, and it is a condition that cannot be ameliorated by arguments, or satisfied by concessions to "honor." In support of her point of view, Japan advances certain arguments, some of which seem plausible at first blush, but all of which are inconsistent in some degree, and almost wholly irreconcilable with what our nation can possibly concede. Japan insists that her subjects shall have the same position and rights in the United States as, let us say, Englishmen or Dutch or French or Germans. That seems fair enough, but consider. With whom does it rest to say who shall and who shall not join in our nationality, share our political and social life? With this nation, of course. To submit that decision in any part to a foreign nation would mean to qualify our sovereignty. I am not arguing that Japanese should be excluded. I only contend that Americans have the *exclusive* right to decide the conditions of citizenship and residence in their own country. A good deal can be said in favor of the Japanese even as residents of this nation. That is not the question between the two nations. We reserve to ourselves the right to exclude or admit whom we will, according to standards of citizenship which we make for ourselves. From this position, I am sure, Americans cannot be budged except by superior force of arms.

The small group of intelligent statesmen who control the Japanese Government understand this perfectly, yet they keep the question alive. It is inconsistent for any nation to try to force its subjects

or citizens upon other nations, thus to expatriate them. Are Japanese immigrants to America so undesirable that their own Government should want to get rid of them by converting them into American citizens? Take it another way. From remarks recently made in this country by Baron Shibusawa, Japan does not care about her subjects becoming naturalized in this country, for thereby they would be lost to Japan, if their change was genuine, but only wants them to be treated like other foreigners. Here, again, America's answer necessarily is that she herself must reserve and exercise the right to discriminate among foreigners, according to circumstances. Our general immigration laws are a long list of discriminations; furthermore, Japan herself imposes, in that country, nearly the same disabilities on foreigners to which she objects here.

Does not this brief analysis suggest that behind Japan's outward position there is a deeper motive? It is clear that no concession that it is possible for the United States to make, without qualifying its internal sovereign powers, can meet what Japanese really want to obtain. So here we have a dead-lock, which can be loosened only by one side receding or by a fight.

It would seem, I grant, that no nation in Japan's position would be mad enough to try to force this legally untenable issue with another great nation; yet the present tone of the Japanese press and recent utterances of Japanese leaders and statesmen show plainly that the thought is seriously entertained, and furthermore that they think the hour has come to force it. With Japanese the feeling is now or never.

To comprehend Japan's point of view, it is necessary to understand her true relation to the great war, in which she is nominally a participant on the side of the Allies. To Japan the great war spelled opportunity, as predicted by Count Hayashi when he wrote, "She will be able to reap advantage for herself." And she has been a diligent reaper, too; but she has not yet got all her reapings safely housed, nor

is she yet convinced that the opportunity is exhausted.

I was in China when the war began and until recently, and I was a close observer of events. It was well understood that the British in China were opposed to Japan's participation at that time and tried to prevent it; but when Japan showed determination to enter, Great Britain was constrained outwardly to welcome her as an ally, and sent a detachment of British troops to take part in the operations against Tsingtau. That was intensely irritating to Japan, whose statesmen and publicists well understood the distrust that prompted Great Britain's action, and the feeling was so strong that the position of the small British force with the expedition was very unpleasant. However, Britain saved her point by technically joining in the Tsingtau venture, and thereby taking title to have a say in the eventual disposal of the place and the settlement of questions that inevitably would arise. Japan's subsequent course in China further strained British susceptibilities, but the exigencies of the European War imposed outward harmony. As time passed, the possibility of Japan sending troops to aid the Allies in Europe was broached, and as far back as a year ago means of compensating Japan were discussed, one proposal being to cede her a piece of territory in French Indo-China. Great Britain, which power has special reasons for not caring to enhance an Oriental nation's military prowess with her own Oriental subjects, has opposed the use of Japanese troops in Europe, India, and Egypt. The allied powers have few delusions about Japan's motives and attitude. They know that if Japan sends troops to Europe, she will want large compensation, and they also know that there is only one form of compensation that will satisfy Japan and which the allied powers can possibly deliver.

Japan's price for sending troops to Europe is a free hand in China and the northern Pacific. There you have it. Put another way, that means that the Allies, having no assets of their own to give Japan

that would be worth anything to her, might in extremity allow Japan to take her chief pay from China. Such a course would mean a considerable sacrifice of British and French interests and prestige in the far East, a price that will not be paid except as a last resort. It would mean, also, that the interests and prospects of the United States, under the Hay Doctrine, would also be part of the compensation to Japan. If such a deal is made, the United States will not be consulted, but will be left to discover it, as it discovers most lessons of the war, in the "logic of events." I take it that few people in America caught the real significance of a news despatch out of Washington, published recently in the newspapers, of a plan to have China join the allied combination. This suggestion caused a furor in Japan, where the press violently assailed it as a blow at Japan, which it really was, being a device to protect British and French interests in China against the insidious machinations of Japan during the course of the war. Of course China's participation would not be felt either way in the military and naval operations, and the scheme did not contemplate her active participation.

This glance at the inner motives, the "wheels within wheels" of present-day far Eastern diplomacy, may illuminate Japan's actual international position. It is precarious, to say the least. Opportunity looms large for her, but it may pass before she can completely seize it, and there is a possibility that even what she has gained may be taken away when the war ends unless she can better secure it. The period from the present to the end of the war marks, perhaps, the crisis of Japan's national existence as a world power, when she must either firmly grasp her opportunity and fortify her position or see her vaulting ambitions fade forever. By the same tokens, this period must also be a critical one in relations between Japan and the United States.

The determining factors can be recounted succinctly. For years Japan, anticipating this crisis, has strained every

resource to be prepared for it, has feverishly and as secretly as was possible pushed her naval and military expansion, while using devices to restrain similar development by the United States. The margin of proportion in America's favor was narrowing rapidly when the great war came, and a few years more would probably have seen it closed, and swung to Japan's side. Because of the war, much has happened to upset previous calculations, and of these new developments none is more important to Japan than what is called the "preparedness" movement in this country. If any adequate defensive program goes through, based on recognition of existing conditions among nations, then Japan's hope of slipping by America in armed power without this nation knowing or thinking about it is disappointed. Certain conditions and proportions now existing never may occur in combination again.

To put it flatly, Japan has betrayed Great Britain in China, and the only thing that will prevent collapse of the Anglo-Japanese alliance after this war is because Great Britain cannot then find the necessary equivalent of support elsewhere. The true interest and equity of all the Western powers in China is to sustain the "open door" and the national stability of China. Japan has recently made some kind of secret trade with Russia to offset the expected defection of Great Britain; but well she knows that is an unstable and insecure dependency. After the war, Japan faces the (to her) terror of international isolation, with the consequences of her diplomatic obliquity reacting upon her, and extinguishing forever her dream of super-greatness. Furthermore, the United States, shaken awake, will not at once go to sleep again.

In following her chosen course, Japan has adopted the old Russian theory of diplomacy, the guiding principle of which is duplicity behind a mask of amiability, while her working formula is based on German militaristic efficiency as expounded by the Bernhardi school. To-day Germany, of Western nations, represents Japan's real ideal. Although technically

at war with Germany, the Japanese press teems with flattering references to that power; while in the same columns the United States, a friendly nation, is continuously and opprobriously criticized.

There is one feature of the anti-American movement in Japan that is unique, I believe. It dates from the Portsmouth treaty, when, as is popularly reckoned, President Roosevelt took a prominent part in securing peace. Behind the scenes it is well understood that the Japanese Government was anxious for peace at that time, although assuming the attitude of victors, and that Mr. Roosevelt's activity was in the nature of coming to Japan's assistance diplomatically. But the peace terms were very disappointing to the Japanese people, who had been led by their Government to expect something different; and a consequence was that the meddling of the United States was blamed for robbing Japan of substantial fruits of victory. Of course the Japanese Government knew the truth, yet, with ample means to do so, it did nothing to counteract this popular impression, which obtains to this day, nourished among other sources for the prevailing dislike of America among Japanese. It is doubtful if a parallel exists in modern times for this instance of a friendly and beneficial act by one nation for another nation being deliberately used or allowed to create antagonism against the nation doing the favor.

At present, and during the remainder of the great war, the United States is exposed more than usual to an attack by Japan. Japan, because of the war, is herself freed from immediate complications; she can turn her back on Russia without alarm, and deterring influences of Great Britain and France are for the time ineffective. The United States probably is now at the minimum of its comparative armed power, and totally lacking in supports, moral and practical, from other powers, a condition not likely ever to occur again. China is helplessly weak. The Panama Canal is temporarily obstructed. The defenses of American possessions and strategical positions in the Pacific are in-

complete and insufficiently supplied. Japan cannot much longer bear the burden of large armaments without courting bankruptcy. If Japan ever is to challenge this nation on the crucial issues that lie between them, this to her seems to be a God-sent occasion.

There is a peaceful party in Japan, of course, which from conviction or timidity or caution or doubt is disinclined or hesitates to take such a plunge, with the consequent risk. This party has consistently opposed the nation's extraordinary armament program, and advocates a national policy based on trade and international mutuality. But this party has lost every test of strength with the imperial militarists. It does not control the policy of the Government at present, and it does not represent the inner sentiment of the Japanese nation.

Thinking Americans must begin to perceive that hereafter a policy of international isolation for our nation will be neither possible nor desirable. Our geographical isolation has been destroyed by time and science; our political and diplomatic isolation therefrom inevitably ceases, too. Since we cannot escape the effects of forces loose in the world, we must in self-interest, if no higher obligation is invoked, take part in regulating them. This means that no major international alliance or entente can hereafter be formed without it directly affecting our national interests and security; and a corollary of this proposition is that we probably will be forced into alliances or ententes ourselves. That condition should be squarely faced, and whatever we do or do not do by way of armaments should be predicated in some coördination of practical conditions in the world with our own national position and ambitions.

For instance, Americans cannot be unconcerned about the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and what it really means, for recent experience has again enforced the lesson that treaties may mean anything except what is written in them. There is much in constructions put by both nations on that alliance in the last few years to cause

uneasiness to the United States. Yet I do not especially blame Great Britain for that. If an American reproaches a British subject with having sacrificed principles to certain expedencies of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the Britisher can reply, with justice, that in the far East the refusal or failure of the United States to supply its quota of police power, and its consistent diplomatic support to a definite entente organized to sustain the open door in China and to suppress trouble-making ambitions of some nations there, have driven Great Britain to make what combinations she could. In the eyes of other powers the United States has been trying to avoid her share of responsibility and expense for policing the outlying districts of the world, while at the same time claiming a full share of the benefits and equal rights of participation. There is no such thing as disinterested friendship in international affairs, and moral responsibility remains nothing but a phrase unless it is translated into practical effort.

Phrases, whether embodied in treaties and *communiqués* or uttered in after-dinner speeches, will not solve any of the problems of the Pacific or abate the danger to America from that direction. I am sure foreigners who visit the United States on political missions are often rather dazed at our failure to understand or to be interested in what they come to say to us. Baron Shibusawa recently visited this country. He came for a purpose. He had something to communicate. In trying to do this, he was constrained by etiquette and custom to adopt the language of diplomacy, to say very important things by indirection and inference. He must have been astonished that most of his hearers did not know what he was talking about, so after a few attempts he fell back on the usual "hot air," always sure of applause. That would get attention while his serious utterances passed uncomprehended.

Baron Shibusawa himself enunciated, in his speeches and interviews while here, his mission among us, euphemistically expressed. Put plainly, he came to try to

win over leading American financial interests to support Japan's policy in China. As Baron Shibusawa publicly put it, "America and Japan should coöperate in developing China." Let us see what he really means by that. Taking advantage of circumstances, Japan wrung from China last May an agreement whereby Japan, unless prevented by outside influence, can compel China to do whatever Japan wishes, under menace of force. China needs foreign capital and foreign knowledge to aid in developing her wonderful resources on modern lines, and she wants this assistance, too; but she wants it to enter China under conditions that will not qualify or limit China's sovereignty or injuriously exploit China. In that China is right. Entering China in certain forms, foreign capital is an actual menace to her national existence. Now Japan, having an "agreement" exacted from China by compulsion, virtually makes this proposition:

China will not, except under compulsion, grant preferential facilities in her territory to foreign investments and enterprises or give guaranties such as some foreign investors desire. Great Britain and the United States, the nations to which China naturally looks for foreign advice and capital, are inhibited by their ideals from putting such compulsion on China. Japan is in a convenient position to overawe China and exact the desired terms from her, and Japan is willing to use her power for these ends. But Japan herself cannot finance large enterprises in China. Therefore an ideal combination would be for Japan to exercise police power in China, to regulate her, and the United States and England provide the capital.

This proposition, I am reliably informed, was carried to London within a month after Japan got her so-called "agreement" signed at Peking last May; but it was coldly received, for the British foreign office fully understands what it would mean, and is not yet willing or forced to pay that price. Put sententiously, Japan's proposal means:

We will do the dirty work, and coerce

China, while England and America furnish the money to exploit her.

Any one can see how this scheme would provide an attractive temporary opportunity for a small group of British and American financiers, which in the next decade or so could "clean up" a big profit at a minimum of political risk, provided their own governments would countenance the deal. But it also would mean a permanent injury to other and larger groups of British and American commerce and industry. It would mean the betrayal of China. It would, for the sake of an immediate and easy profit to a few financiers, mean the establishment of Japan in a position completely to dominate China politically and commercially, to the handicap of trade and enterprises of other foreign nations. It would mean using American capital to finance Japan's competing commercial campaign in China, instead of financing our own trade there. What has happened in Manchuria, in Korea, and is now happening in Shan-tung would happen in China as a whole. It would mean the eventual destruction of the position of Christian religious and educational work in China such as is now taking place in Korea. And, by giving Japan a virtual suzerainty over China, recognized or acquiesced in by America and Great Britain, it would in time create a real Yellow Peril, especially for us.

Baron Shibusawa's suggestion, except in isolated instances, apparently did not make much of an impression on the financial world of America, which probably does not see why it should ask Japan's permission to do dishonorably what may be done honestly and independently. But it serves to direct attention to certain circumstances of the far-Eastern situation created by the war, and to the urgent need for constructive effort to save international principles which have been considered by every American statesman of importance who has studied them to be essential to permanent peace in those regions. Those principles, and with them the interests and security of our nation, are in danger of being sacrificed to the unforeseen exigencies of this

war. The United States is in a position to influence these matters if it *acts*, and a plan to restore a safe and just balance of power in the far East should be formulated without delay, so that it will be ready, and a measure of support assured for it, when the peace settlement comes. We hear a good deal of talk about the responsibilities of our nation in this world crisis, and the part it can take in restoring the rule of law and justice among nations, but unfortunately there is little evidence of practical effort by it in that direction. Mere opportunism will not solve these

questions rightly, with due regard for our own national interest.

It is a political axiom that America, by the Perry Expedition, forever ended the isolation of Japan. There are portents that, in turn, Japan may give the shock which will forever end the international isolation of America. John Hay, the father of the Hay Doctrine for China, said: "The storm-center of the world has gradually shifted to China. Whoever understands that mighty Empire socially, politically, economically, religiously, has a key to world politics for the next five centuries."



My Father and I

By BADGER CLARK

MY father prayed as he drew a bead on the graycoats,
 Back in those blazing years when the house was divided.
 Bless his old heart! There never was truer or kinder;
 Yet he prayed, while hoping the ball from his clumsy old musket
 Might thud to the body of some hot-eyed young Southerner
 And tumble him limp in the mud of the Vicksburg trenches.
 That was my father, serving the Lord and his country,
 Praying and shooting whole-heartedly,
 Never a doubt.
 And now what about
 Me in my own day of battle?
 Could I put my prayers behind a slim Springfield bullet?
 Hardly, except to mutter: "Jesus, we part here.
 My country calls for my body, and takes my soul also.
 Do you see those humans herded and driven against me?
 Turn away, Jesus, for I've got to kill them.
 Why? Oh, well, it's the way of my fathers,
 And such evils bring some vast, vague good to my country.
 I don't know why, but to-day my business is killing,
 And my gods must be luck and the devil till this thing is over.
 Leave me now, Lord. Your eye makes me slack in my duty."
 My father could mix his prayers and his shooting,
 And he was a rare, true man in his generation.
 Now, I'm fairly decent in mine, I reckon;
 Yet if I should pray like him, I'd spoil it by laughing.
 What is the matter?



The Mute Stradivarius

By THEODORE CORRIE

THE air was filled with the scent of incense and with the sound of glorious music. Vespers were all but over in the convent of the Benedictines. Perched high on the spur of a great mountain, wrapped in snow for several months in the year, visited more often by belated travelers than by any other persons, the convent was nevertheless celebrated for its valuable collection of stringed instruments and for the musical gifts of its community.

Outside, the short wintry twilight had faded, but the chapel was brilliantly lighted; the final bars of a hymn of praise were being played by one of the monks on his own last earthly treasure, a genuine Stradivarius violin. In Brother Bruno's great blue eyes shone a strange look of mingled anguish and ecstasy, on his cheek were hectic spots of color; his bent, emaciated figure spoke eloquently of failing health, possibly of the endurance of some long-continued austerities.

On rush-bottomed chairs, near the entrance of the chapel, two strangers were seated side by side. The younger man, who might have been about fifty years of age, looked like a person of some consequence, though he wore a shabby overcoat and his hair badly needed brushing; during the last half-hour he had been running his fingers through it impatiently enough till in some places the thick, short locks stood nearly on end.

The other man, white-haired, swarthy-complexioned, inclined to be stout, wrapped to the chin in a coat of Russian sable, shivered occasionally. Two small holes showed above him in the roof, through which flakes of snow were drift-

ing. Of ventilation, indeed, the building had plenty and to spare.

The younger man's attention was given to the blue-eyed monk; the eyes of the second traveler lingered hungrily on the violin itself, noting every flawless line and curve of a perfect instrument and the exquisite, golden sheen of the varnish. The "golden Stradivarius" it had been called long ago, and the name had stayed with it always, though death had passed the violin on from hand to hand as the inexorable centuries went by.

The music at an end and the blessing given, the monks filed out in the direction of the sacristy without once raising their eyes; so far as they were concerned the chapel might have been empty.

Count Spirini leaned back in his chair and sighed heavily. He had been present at the entire service without taking much part in it, while the man at his side had not only followed the prayers in a muffled undertone, but had crossed himself with curious frequency. Herr Goldstein was a very religious person, according to his friends; Count Spirini, a man of action and a well-known explorer of wild and savage places, was more versed in the scientific use of fire-arms and in the silent assistance of a good rapier than in any formal call to prayer. So, at any rate, said the world.

"To think," said the count, suddenly, pulling off one shabby glove and rubbing his benumbed fingers with it—"to think of a man like Brother Bruno dying up here by inches of a barren asceticism when he might be one of the first musicians of his time."

Goldstein smiled, screwing his eyelids

together till the pupils of his eyes were all but invisible.

"The monk?" said he. "One monk more or less, what does it matter? But the violin, my dear sir, *that* is a different affair altogether; it is virtually my violin."

He spoke in broken Italian with a strong guttural accent, and half put out a too familiar hand, but drew it back again. The man at his side might be a stranger to him, might be wearing a battered silver watch on a still more battered chain, might be wearing clothes obviously ancient; but Goldstein, an enormously wealthy man himself, and of the earth, earthy, yet knew good blood when he came across it. Like his father and his grandfather before him, he had been a money-lender in his younger days; now in his old age the collecting of violins had become his hobby, almost, one might say, his ruling passion, had he not generally tired of his purchases, and sold them again at a large profit after a few years.

Count Spirini turned in his chair with a movement swift enough to suggest the sudden drawing of a rapier.

"The violin yours?" said he. "How do you make that out?"

Goldstein smiled again.

"Well, I made an offer to the prior for it a fortnight ago, and, as you see, I am here to-day. The violin is virtually mine, I do assure you."

"How about Brother Bruno? The violin belongs to him, not to the prior."

Goldstein yawned without putting a hand to his lips.

"The monk? I dare say; but up here, my dear sir, I imagine the monks hold all their goods in common. And the chapel, as you see,"—he pointed one fat, beringed finger at the roof,—"*the chapel is badly in need of a little restoration. The good prior seemingly cares very little for music, but he has one vanity left, that good man: he cares much, very much, for his chapel, and he can bargain, too, as well as any one I ever came across.*" He took a pinch of snuff and offered some to his companion, who shook his head and put his chilled hands into his pockets. "And so

Brother Bruno is a dying man?" he suggested interrogatively; but went on without waiting for an answer: "There are other violins here. What can a monk want with one more than another? This particular instrument will be the keystone of my collection. As we have been here together,"—he drew out a scented leather case with a rampant monogram,—"*allow me to offer you my card. You pulled me out of a snow-drift last night when I was all but choked. I shall be very glad at any time to show you the contents of my music-room. Believe me, I am not ungrateful.*"

Spirini took the card, scarcely looking at it. When he spoke again there was a touch of insistence in his voice.

"Brother Bruno has had that violin since he was a boy. It has been in his family for seven generations. By his looks I should imagine that he has not two months to live. Could you not be content with it afterward?"

Goldstein crossed himself.

"A violin from the hand of a dead man! Well, my dear sir, it might add an interest to the history of it. All my violins have a story of some sort attached to them, true or adapted; but, then, on the other hand, a violin secured is worth two in a convent any day, and it might be unlucky—afterward." He rose as he spoke, and yawned again more wearily than before. "This monk—you knew him formerly?"

"Surely," said Spirini. "He married my daughter."

A sudden flash of curiosity showed itself on Goldstein's face.

"Married—married your daughter?"

"She died," said Spirini, curtly. "But there is a child, who should by right inherit that violin."

Goldstein shrugged his shoulders. Those who had known him well formerly, elderly men with mortgaged estates, gamblers who had gambled neither wisely nor well, younger sons in difficulties, one and all had seen this gesture, and had learned to dread it. The Goldstein shrug was famous. It meant refusal when it did not mean something vastly worse.

"I am sorry," said he, "very sorry; but the prior and I have come to terms, subject to Brother Bruno's consent."

"He may not consent."

Goldstein shook his head.

"Brother Bruno seems a very devout son of holy church. Of course, if you like, you can see him. He is your son-in-law."

A suspicion of irony, almost of insolence, sounded now in his voice, which Spirini was quick to resent. He stood up at once, letting Goldstein's piece of glazed pasteboard fall to the floor.

"It might be better to see the prior. I am going to him now."

Goldstein laughed softly.

"Unhappily, my dear sir, the prior at this hour receives no strangers."

"No," said Spirini; "but the prior happens to be my brother." He was halfway across the chapel by this time, going toward the sacristy door and the more private part of the convent, and he never once looked behind him.

A sudden scowl crossed Goldstein's face, but it soon faded. The prior, he reflected, might be a brother, the emaciated young monk a son-in-law, and half the other monks in the convent the very dear friends of this martial-looking stranger,—appearances were often deceptive,—but fourteen thousand lire were not to be had every day even for a Stradivarius, and the prior idolized his chapel.

Once again he looked up at the roof, and then he laughed aloud. There was greed in his laughter and a vast egotism and something much more unpleasant still—long familiarity with the baser side of human nature.

"I AM sorry, Luigi, very sorry, but the violin is virtually disposed of already."

The prior spoke gently in a singularly melodious voice. He sat at a table covered with papers, in his own private parlor, near a fire of blazing pine-logs. At the moment he was busy trimming a large bundle of goose-quills. He always made his own pens, and his writing, a miracle of clear neatness, might have broken the heart of a board-school teacher.

Seated on an oaken settle, on the other side of the fire, for the last quarter of an hour Count Spirini had been talking energetically with an ever-increasing sense of difficulty. The prior wore the air of an interrupted person, patiently listening to some trivial matter in the midst of more important business. His manner did not help the count to become more fluent.

"Would n't it be possible," said Spirini at last, "for Pietro—I mean Brother Bruno—to keep the violin here for another two months or so before this fellow Goldstein gets possession of it?"

The prior shook his head, laying down one goose-quill and taking up another.

"You think that Brother Bruno is unlikely to live much longer. Is that it?"

Spirini flushed hotly as if detected in some fault.

"Oh," said he, some of the pent-up irritation of the last half-hour breaking from him, "why can't the poor devil keep his violin for a few weeks longer?"

"Because," said the prior, calmly, "the poor devil, as you call him, has in him the making of a great saint; and as for his dying,"—he tried the point of a newly trimmed quill on his thumb-nail,— "Brother Anselmo, who came up here sixty years ago, I am told, phthisical, and with a fearful cough, died only last week at the age of ninety. In this pure air men live long."

"Poor, poor souls!" Spirini said under his breath.

A straightforward man himself, outspoken to bluntness, in this net of asceticism he felt half choked in some subtle fashion, as if striving to breathe an alien atmosphere.

Dear to him formerly, his son-in-law was very dear to him still, though the two men had spoken to each other only once in the last seven years on necessary business in the prior's presence. This was Bruno's own wish, said his superior.

Yet with a dogged and characteristic patience every year since his daughter's death Spirini had made his appearance in the chapel on Christmas day. The convent kept high festival then, and the strict-

ness of its rule was a good deal relaxed. Year after year the count's efforts to see his son-in-law privately had been doomed to failure. For a long while he had felt baffled; to-day for the first time he began to feel hopeless.

The prior was trimming the last quill in the bundle by this time. Several faulty ones he had flung aside. His fingers, thin and tapering, moved with the swift precision of long practice.

Spirini kicked a fallen log back into the fire, and sat for several minutes in silence, moodily staring into the flames.

Like a ghostly, elusive procession past events filed before him as he sat. He saw his godson, the young Marchese Brunesco, sent up here to recover from an attack of pneumonia. He was a high-strung, delicate young fellow, deeply religious, too. The count anathematized himself in that he had taken too little heed of this side of a very impressionable character.

Then Brunesco came back again, very well in body, but seemingly altered in disposition—came back to marry Spirini's daughter, to whom he was already formally betrothed. She had returned home lately from her convent school, and between the two young people love pure and passionate sprang up in a day, like some mighty hurricane sweeping all before it.

Brunesco himself hastened the marriage by every means in his power; yet always subsequently in his wedded happiness there lingered something fevered, and the prior kept up with him a constant correspondence. Except in his wife's presence a shadow rested in his eyes; he had made her happy always. Spirini never forgot that.

When she died suddenly of heart failure, leaving a year-old child behind her, a child adored by both its parents, Brunesco's grief had been a fearful thing to witness. Even now Spirini shuddered a little as he thought of it.

Half crazed and seemingly beside himself, speaking of some oath to devote his life to religion on the restoration of his health, of a vow broken by reason of the great love which had possessed him, of a

curse which had followed closely upon his marriage, the boy—for he was scarcely more than that—had fled back to the convent within an hour of his wife's funeral, and had stayed there ever since. That was now seven years ago.

A second log fell out of the fire, and the count roused himself with a start.

"Well," said he at last, "so Bruno is to become a saint, and this selling of his violin away from him, I take it, is to be his special form of martyrdom?"

"Music," said the prior, quietly, "with some men has always been a snare. I myself," he added, "was no mean musician once upon a time. I expect no more of another man than I ask of myself."

He could have added with perfect truth that he was apt to expect a good deal less. At the moment his face, in its utter lack of expression, might have reminded an onlooker of a drawn-down blind, because by reason of its very blankness there is always an extraordinary significance in a drawn blind before any house of life, be it closed for privacy, for the exclusion of sunshine, or in honor of the silent guest.

The count, stretching his hands to the fire, felt chilled in mind and body.

"Have you thought," he asked, "how much your church music will suffer?"

"Since Brother Bruno came here," said the other, "the convent has thought too much of its music."

Spirini moved uncomfortably in his seat.

"You have other violins, I know," said he in a low voice, "but Bruno, ever since he first came to me as a little chap, would never play on any violin but the one. He always said that he never could. Have you thought of that?"

"He is obedient," said the other, "by the rule of his order. I never anticipate difficulties. Probably he will have nothing to do with music for the future." He tossed a handful of defective quills into the fire as he spoke. In after years the smell of burned feathers always brought to the count a faint sense of physical nausea.

"All along," said he suddenly, "you

seem to have forgotten that the violin is not your own."

The prior spread out a pair of depressing hands.

"I have not forgotten your point of view, but up here, as Bruno would be the first to remind you, we monks have no possessions of our own."

"He has a child, anyway," Spirini exclaimed. "You can't get away from that."

The prior shut with a click the pen-knife he had been using.

"There should never have been any child, my dear brother, or a wife," he added unnecessarily.

Spirini's two hands clenched. If he still spoke temperately, it was not for his own sake.

"Bruno would scarcely indorse that. The child was very dear to him once. She has written to him now for over a year. Has he really no wish for any more of her letters, even if he is not allowed to answer them?"

"I doubt if he has read them," said the prior, gently; "but of course he can both read and answer them if he likes. You do not seem to understand him. He does not mean to see the child or ever to meet you again. He has done with earthly things; he said as much to me only yesterday. The body with you is everything," he went on, eying with a repressed sense of dislike the splendid physical proportions of the man in front of him, the long, muscular arms, the naturally proud carriage of the well-shaped head; "but up here we think most of the health of a man's soul."

"And not at all of the restoration of your chapel roof," Spirini said savagely. If he had risked his own life, nothing could have kept him from plain speaking any longer.

For the first time the prior started, as if this unexpected thrust had gone home; but he looked his brother straight in the face at last, seemingly finding him worthy of some real attention.

"I have borne with you," said he, "just to see how far you would go in your misapprehensions. I can only assure you again that Herr Goldstein will have the

violin only subject to Bruno's free consent."

"And of that you made quite sure beforehand?" There was a good deal of sarcasm in the younger man's voice, and a strong touch of incredulity as well.

"Absolutely sure," said the prior, quietly. "Bruno has made great progress since he came up here wild, undisciplined, half crazy. He is sane enough now, though I don't expect you to believe me."

Spirini stood up at last, and the color showed hotly through the sunburn of his face.

"Oh, I doubt nothing," said he, "of you; I could believe anything after seeing Bruno's face to-day. It is I who was the fool to send him up here in the first instance. But I thought he understood that a man may serve God in the world as well as in the cloister. He used to have little thought of himself, soul or body. A young, clean conscience is seldom introspective. Betrothed already, you made him forswear himself, made him believe later on in a sin to expiate, in the saving of his soul by the mortifying of his body by inches. You reckoned it up very well. You have wanted him always, I suppose. Well, you have got him for the time—"

An expression of satisfaction flickered momentarily in the prior's black eyes, and faded like the flame of a dying match; but he said nothing, only sat waiting for Spirini to finish.

"You have had it nearly all your own way," the latter went on, "but you have left one thing out."

"And what may that be?" the prior asked. Had he allowed himself the luxury of a prolonged emotion, he might have hated this brother of his; possibly he did so without knowing it. Spirini had turned a search-light not into the prior's own house of life, always clean enough, but into a secret chamber deep underground, the very existence of which, never suspected till lately, had been strenuously denied during the last fortnight.

"What it is I might be kinder to Bruno if I left you to find out," Spirini said. "I should say it might be his best friend, but

I have heard it called the last enemy." The flush of anger had left his cheek, and the prior could not help seeing the grave nobility of his expression, though he discounted the look from sheer force of habit.

"Bruno used to be healthy enough," Spirini went on, "but he never had a bit of strength to throw away, not even at the best of times. In your training of him I think you have forgotten that. I warned you a year ago. I warn you again now. A man can do no more up here."

He turned away then, and left the parlor without noticing the hand which the prior held out to him. Five minutes later he had gone from the convent and was walking at a great pace down the frozen road.

The storm was over now, and the stars were blazing like jewels in a cloudless sky, the track glittering underneath as smooth and hard as frost could make it. A splendid walker despite his fifty years, he would reach the nearest township by morning easily enough.

But Herr Goldstein was remaining at the convent till midnight.

The prior, at the parlor window, looked after the rapidly moving figure more attentively than usual.

"I suppose," reflected he, "that Luigi meant death by the last enemy. I never knew him quote scripture before. Death,"—and he glanced a little contemptuously at a skull set in a niche of the parlor wall,—"*some monks are as neurotic as ever they can be, and Bruno is one of them.*"

With an iron constitution of his own and a will to match it, all his life he had discounted the aches and pains of lesser men, not so much from want of sympathy as from genuine lack of understanding.

A frown crossed his face as he came back from the window, and ringing a small hand bell with more emphasis than usual, he desired that Brother Bruno should be sent to him immediately.

He knew a good deal, but he did not know everything; and if, unlike Spirini, he took no account of the last enemy, he not only believed the foe to be out of sight, but very far away.

FIVE minutes later Brother Bruno entered the parlor. The prior eyed him keenly as he came in, and, producing a glass of white Capri, desired him to drink it. The sharp sting of the wine caught the muscles of the young monk's throat, and a violent fit of coughing shook him from head to foot.

Once again his superior frowned.

"You will not rise any more at midnight for the present," said he—"not, at any rate, till the weather is warmer."

Without speaking, Bruno bowed his head; the gesture came from him mechanically. In one hand he had his violin, in the other a packet of papers, which he now held up to the light. They appeared to be letters written in a large, round hand, though the characters were unusually firm, with a promise of grace and beauty in them.

"I have brought these," said he at last. "I have but one other offering to make. Besides, there is a fire here to-day," he added as if in apology. Then he tossed the packet into the flames. "If I had kept them longer, maybe I should have read them."

"Then you have not read any of them, my son?"

Bruno shook his head.

"But I dream of the child at night. Such dreams!" he went on whisperingly. "She calls to me then, and I go to her when she calls me. A man cannot control his dreams; not always."

"That, too, will pass," said his superior, speaking with the conviction of long experience. If his creed was a cruel one, narrow and self-conscious, this much at least may be said of him: he believed in it blindly, and had followed it over thorny paths unflinchingly for the last forty years of his life.

In the quiet and spacious room silence reigned for several minutes—silence more eloquent than any speech. Then slowly, as if his fingers were cramped, Brother Bruno laid the violin down on the table."

"Take it," he said hoarsely.

His superior watched him, secretly anxious, yet without any sense of hesitation,

indecision, indeed, being foreign to his nature. "Take courage," said he. "Remember it is your last earthly vanity."

"And the chapel will be restored," said the other. He spoke innocently enough. In the bright lamplight his face looked very flushed, and his lips showed dry and cracked as if with fever.

"The chapel roof, what is that to you?" said his superior. "It is your soul's health that we are chiefly concerned with. Money"—and he waved his hand contemptuously—"money is dross. Your violin has been an idol to you all your life, with a voice in its strings. I should just as soon," he added, and only a keen observer would have detected an unusual sound of effort in his speech—"just as soon that you burned it here to-night."

With exceeding swiftness Bruno leaned forward, catching up the violin in his arms as if it were indeed some delicate living creature. Drops of sweat showed on his forehead.

"Burn it alive!" he muttered. "Oh, no, not that!"

The prior eyed him meditatively. "'T is only wood, after all."

"And the last thing I have left to love," said the other. He stood now fronting his superior like some exhausted, but desperate, creature vainly struggling to escape from prolonged lethargy. The look in his eyes may be seen any day in the eyes of some creature of the woods, trapped, maimed, and too long forgotten. Such a look makes a merciful-minded keeper swift to give the *coup de grâce*.

But the prior was a keeper of souls. Of other men's earthly desires and of his own, too, he took no account—at least till the last fortnight such had been his honest belief.

"You can do as you like," said he, coldly. "Almost one would imagine that you felt yourself under compulsion. Keep the violin by all means if you think it really right to do so. Keep it or burn it or let Herr Goldstein have it. Do with it just exactly as you please."

For a moment the young monk answered nothing, but when he spoke again

a faint touch of hope trembled in his low voice.

"There is the child. At my death could it be hers?"

The prior's work had been very carefully done, yet there seemed to be a new atmosphere in the room this evening, as if the count had left an echo of resistance behind him.

"Do just exactly as you like," the prior said again, with slow emphasis. "The violin has been a snare to you always, so you told me only yesterday. Would you leave it as a snare to a child of your own?"

Over the monk's face there passed a strange and terrible change. He sat down now by the table, and buried his face in his hands. He could not meet the eye of his superior, for about the prior's quiet glance lingered some compelling quality, something magnetic. No one up here had ever heard him raise his voice, and no prior before him had ever been so well obeyed or more revered, scarcely loved. The man who has the treatment of other men's naked souls in the confessional needs to be a second St. John. Small wonder if Bruno sat with his face hidden.

The momentary flash of an all but dead individuality had exhausted him. His will, undermined and given up to the direction of others during the last seven years, had lost all power of discrimination or of continued resistance. When he spoke at last he did not raise his head, and his voice came strangely muffled from between his folded arms.

"I," he said—"I give the violin to Herr Goldstein of my own free will. I offer it for the glory of God and for my soul's health."

A soft, scarcely audible breath of relief came from between the prior's lips. The pain that he was watching was familiar enough, but necessary. He had performed this kind of operation, this breaking down of the carnal will, often. As a surgeon of souls, maybe, he had few equals; but his methods were heroic, and in his private theater he used no chloroform.

Bruno sat up presently, and brushed a hand across his forehead. It was wet.

"Your supper will be sent here," said the prior. "Herr Goldstein will come to you before he goes away. You can give him the violin yourself."

The young monk pushed the Stradivarius from him.

"If he might have it now, if I might go back to my cell—I could n't have burned it; but there might be other ways," he ended under his breath.

Well enough the prior knew despair when he came across it, knew that it fathers strange offspring. All the same he did not hesitate for a moment, though his eyes never left the other's face. He merely leaned forward across the table, laying his hand on the neck of the violin.

Instinctively Bruno drew a little away from him, trembling all over.

"You will stay here," said the other, quietly. "You are not quite yourself tonight. Believe me, by and by you will feel very differently. Brother Anselmo has been too careless a guardian of all the instruments. I see there is one scratch here and another there." He passed thin fingers lightly over the shining surface. "The violin will be safer with you, now that it is sold. I trust you with it," he added emphatically. His glance went now to a red scar plainly visible under the monk's golden hair, an old mark, seemingly a saber-cut, healed long ago.

In former days, when a mere youth, it was whispered that the young Marchese Brunescho had once fought a duel in a great city where that thing by men called worldly honor flourishes like a weed. Bruno, like his father-in-law Spirini, had been counted punctilious to a fault. Had he not fought to save the good name of a woman scarcely known to him, a woman whose very friendlessness had served as a claim to an ignorant youngster's pity?

And the prior knew his man, knew him as a general knows a captive on parole, knew him with that instinctive touch of discrimination, genius, call it what you will, which had seemingly been born with him, and by means of which he ruled his small world with a master's hand.

When Herr Goldstein came for the vio-

lin, Bruno, and Bruno only, should give it himself. The voice of a secret desire, vainly disowned and hidden away in the depths of his own heart, for once made him pitiless.

As the heavy door closed behind his superior, Brother Bruno again sat down by the table, and his head fell forward on his folded arms. To a man without the temperament of a dreamer and a musical genius the emotion that racked him might have seemed morbid and fantastic; but to a man dependent almost for life on beauty of sound, possessed by it from his cradle, this closing of the doors of music, this silencing of his soul's voice, came cruelly, as maiming hands came once to those captive Greeks whose conquerors, sparing their lives, and knowing their passion for perfection, cut from each man an arm and a leg, so that they went halt and imperfect till they died.

Yet this evening mental anguish in Bruno was gradually swallowed up in physical suffering. All unheeded for the first twenty-four hours, pain new and subtle had been tearing at his chest, throbbing in his ears, and hammering in his overstrained brain.

As he sat there alone, everything in the room faded at last into a red cloud before his eyes—faded beyond pain into nothingness; into a pale dawn where all things ceased to be.

Very still Bruno sat, his head fallen forward on his arms, and his lips resting against the violin, which lay in front of him, almost touching his cheek. Nobody could have called his position a natural one.

By and by over the violin and across the table there crept a dark stain. Like a crimson snake it moved on slowly till it touched the very book of white vellum in which the prior kept his daily record; circled it, joined again, and so traveled on, like some sinuous living thing, till it reached the table's edge, and fell over, drop by drop, making a dark pool on the stone floor.

An hour or more went by. The fire

sank lower and lower to a core of red heart and white ash; but the figure of the hidden face never sighed or moved again, and in some subtle fashion the stillness of it filled the long room with a new presence and a greater quiet. For the last enemy

was here, coming by a neglected pathway—coming to one man at least as no foe, but a very good friend. And the violin, stained, irredeemably warped, and muted by his own blood, was safe forever from sacrilegious hands.

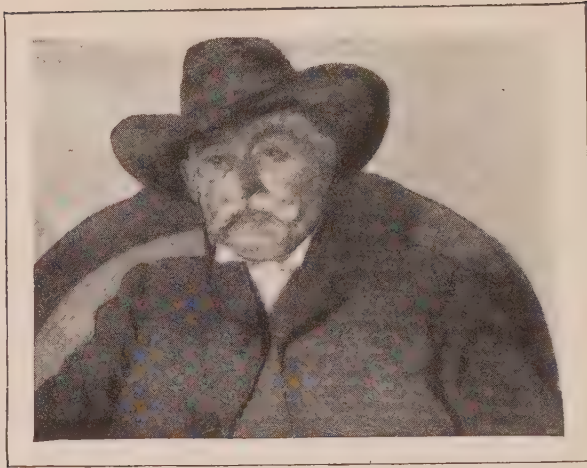
Smoke

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

POURING up from that office-building's chimney against the blue,
 Clots and gouts of dense white smoke are sailing.
 Up and out into sun that lights them and wind that shreds them away,
 Blinding white, dove-gray,
 Acrobatic masses of smoke are swirling and tumbling and trailing
 And dancing over the roofs to the sky of a vivid autumn day.

Black smoke is a terror and wonder,
 And smoke that is purple like thunder,
 And smoke over foundries at night
 Wears a weird volcanic light.
 The smoke of a city fire glows
 Like the palpitant heart of a rose.
 Opal is smoke at evening, when roofs are the snow's.
 But from these smoke forms might be sculptured great symbols of joy and peace.
 They bulge forth to the sun like clouds, as white as the speckless fleece
 Of that one dazzling cloud in the delicate blue of the dome,
 Shaped like a fairy alp fringed with a spectral foam.
 Nymphs of the air, ghosts of the gods of Greece,
 Surf of the sky they seem in their bright release.

The cornices of the office-building's roof
 Are hard and cold; its outlines are hard and cold.
 Its windows are like the eyes of selfish and cruel men.
 Glory, I cry, full glory then
 To these billowing masses of snowy smoke,
 These ephemeral but wildly immaculate plumes
 High and aloof
 Tossing above the ledgers and the looms,
 The dusty, drab, disheartened office rooms,
 The thousand petty tyrannies and glooms!
 Cut me a cloak,
 Ye traders in sweated garments, in waists and gabardines,
 Though far beyond your means,
 Yet cut me a cloak from such cloud,
 Ye stout, purse-proud,
 Cigar-stupored dullards, and, lo! I will cry you aloud—
 Even you—for gods, you who fumble your fabrics, nor dream
 That the genius of steam
 Shames you in robes so bright
 Of sun-blinded immaculate white
 Even now from your high roofs billowing, heroic in riot astream.



Portrait of Dr. Guttman. By József Rippl-Rónai
Owned by Marcell Nemes, Esq.

Hungarian and Norwegian Art

As Exemplified in the International Exhibition of Fine Arts in the
Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco

By J. NILSEN LAURVIK

Commissioner of Fine Arts for Norway at the Exposition

I

NEVER before in the history of international expositions has the participation of foreign nations been fraught with such hazards and encompassed by such well-nigh insurmountable obstacles as those that attended the organization and final realization of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

The outbreak of the war threatened the total collapse of the whole foreign participation, and in no department of the exposition was this felt more deeply than in the Department of Fine Arts, the chief of which, Mr. John E. D. Trask, saw the fully matured plans of two years nullified in a day as one cable after the other announced the withdrawal of neutrals as well as belligerents. The history of the reconstruction of these shattered hopes and their final realization would in itself not be the least-interesting chapter of these great times, and this brief reference to the

difficulties encountered by the Department of Fine Arts in meeting this unprecedented situation seems a fitting introduction to any consideration of the foreign fine arts in the exposition. That this participation falls below the standard established by previous international expositions should astonish no one at all familiar with what has taken place since August 1, 1914; but the fact that every nation of the world save Russia, Austria, Denmark, and Switzerland is in some sort represented, either officially or unofficially, by a more or less representative fine-arts exhibit is perhaps of interest to every one professing even the slightest interest in art.

To refuse to recognize the unique conditions under which this exhibit of foreign fine arts was organized is to admit an utter lack of the sense of proportion and critical balance that are the fundamentals of all serious criticism. This applies with peculiar fitness to the French official exhibit, no less than to the unofficial partici-

pation of Hungarian artists, both of which were eleventh-hour arrangements, concluded a month before the exposition opened, under the stress of great national excitement. If these tokens, eloquent of their profound interest in the pursuits of civilization, are inferior to what we are accustomed to expect from these countries in times of peace, they are at least far from being negligible examples of their culture. No one at all familiar with the glorious achievements of modern French art would presume to base a final judgment upon the collection heroically brought together by MM. Léonce Bénédite and Jean Guiffrey for this special occasion, despite the undeniable fact that it is in many respects the most important of all foreign art sections in the exposition; but every unprejudiced observer will readily admit that the glimpse of French culture afforded us by this collection is so pregnant with meaning as to form a valuable indication of its main tendencies to those unacquainted with the general drift of modern French art. In a broader sense the Hungarian collection performs a similar service. The five hundred works in oils, sculpture, and graphic and applied arts exhibited here by one hundred and seventeen of the foremost artists of Hungary give a fair idea of the esthetic activity of the Hungarian people.

This collection is the only one among the foreign sections that aims to give a general survey of the development of a nation's art from the middle of the last century down to date, and in so doing it furnishes many surprises to those unacquainted with the evolution of Hungarian art. Not the least of these surprises is the revelation made here that Munkácsy was a landscape-painter of commanding power as well as a figure-painter of international repute, and that, moreover, he was not the only notable figure of his time in Hungarian art. The noble landscapes of Paál shown here, the glimpse afforded us of the distinguished art of Szinnyi-Merse, the figure, genre pieces, and landscapes of Lajos Bruck, and the portraits and Hungarian peasant scenes of Lotz reveal the

very interesting fact that Hungarian art of the latter half of the last century does not rest upon the fame of Munkácsy alone.

If the group of painters who then did honor to Hungary are little known outside of its boundaries, the artists who to-day glorify their national esthetic instinct are scarcely better known. The strongly designed, decorative art of Rippl-Rónai; the limpid, fluent impressionism of Csók, revived by the Hungarians' natural sense of color; the beautiful, accomplished art of Vaszary and Ferenczy; the powerfully conceived and very personal art of Kernstock; and the clairvoyant magic of Berény—all were wholly unknown to the American public until presented in this collection, the diversity and historic value of which was made possible through the loyal coöperation of such eminent collectors as Count Gyula Andrássy, Count Lajos Batthyányi, Baron Hatvany, and the famous connoisseur Marczell Nemes, who supplemented the contributions made by private owners and the few available artists not enlisted in the war.

Though covering little more than half a century of development, modern Hungarian art, as shown here, presents an exceedingly varied aspect. The Düsseldorf and Munich influences, which were potent factors in the evolution of American and Scandinavian art, are visible here in the work of Böhm and Brodszky and in the closely studied portraits by Miklós Barabás, the foremost Hungarian portrait-painter of the middle of the last century. His series of portraits of contemporary worthies, such as those of *Count Lajos Batthyányi, Sr.*, and *Ferencz Deák*¹ shown here, are true products of that same matter-of-fact point of view that in America found expression about the same time in the portraits of Chester Harding and Samuel F. B. Morse, and in Norway in the work of Gude and Tidemand. Like the little domestic anecdote related with such Düsseldorfian particularity in the "*Christmas Mummies*" by Pál Böhm, these portraits by Barabás betray their

¹ Italics indicate exhibits in the collection under discussion.

derivation more strongly than the nativity of the painter. That these early German influences, like the later French, were soon assimilated and given a national flavor may be seen in the little "*Gipsy Woman*" by György Vastagh, as well as in the "*Hungarian Peasant Wedding*," the "*End of the Harvest*," and the "*Hungarian Hussar*" by Károly Lotz, whose early peasant pictures are authentic episodes out of the life of the people, much as are the corn huskings and the like by Eastman Johnson. In these early attempts to depict the life and character of his country one feels the emergence of qualities essentially Hungarian, not so readily apprehended in the portrait of the "*Artist's Wife*," or in the suavely painted "*Bathing Women*" that marks the entrance of Lotz into the field of decorative art that culminated in his frescos on the ceiling of the Budapest Royal Opera House, wherein the influence of his German teacher, Rahl, is plainly discernible.

Few, if any, of his immediate successors succeeded in giving to academic formulas the same force and fluency, though, to be sure, his gifted young pupil Andor Emerici attains in his "*Crucifixion*" and in the portrait of his sister entitled a "*Girl's Head*" a purity of feeling, a serene dignity, and power as of some old master scarcely equaled by Lotz himself. Full of rich promise, his creative activity was brought to a sudden close at the age of twenty-six, and four years later he died. Accompanying him on the path prepared by Barabás and Lotz, we find his stepfather, Béla Benczur, the well-known architect, who has turned his attention to landscape-painting; the unhappy Antal Zilzer, whose "*Portrait*" and the exquisitely modeled nude called "*The Source*" reveal him a true son of Munich; the accomplished portrait-painter Gyula Glatzer; and last, but not least, Ödön Kaziány, the mystic, whose moonlit figure "*Under the Cypress*" and the fateful "*Mors Peregrinans*" betray his strong sympathies with the romanticism of Böcklin. The product of Munich influences, imbibed under Piloty, Gyula Benczur has given a certain

éclat to academic art in Hungary, where he repeated the triumphs of Lenbach in Germany, bringing to official portraiture something of its old-time pomp and dignity, admirably expressed in his closely studied portrait of the famous statesman Count Gyula Andrássy, Sr., painted at the height of his career. The recipient of all the honors his country can bestow, a life-member of the House of Lords, and honorary citizen of his native town, Benczur forms the natural climax to those academic tendencies ably initiated by Barabás, which have gradually been superseded by the freer, more individual spirit introduced into Hungarian art by László Paál. In his all too brief career of thirty-two years this great, romantic, nature-loving landscape-painter became the foremost exponent in Hungary of the Barbison School, leaving at his death, in 1879, a number of works that powerfully influenced the trend of contemporary Hungarian art.

Directly or indirectly, paintings such as the "*Summer Landscape*" by Ferencz Olgyay and the romantic, strongly wrought "*Landscape*" by Béla Spányi are attributable to the movement instituted by him; while Kézdi-Kovács, Edvi-Illés, and Magyar-Mannheimer perpetuate this influence in the art of to-day very much as does Tryon, Dearth, and J. Francis Murphy in contemporary American art. Paál's Fontainebleau landscapes, no less than his interpretations of his own country, are surcharged with a brooding, poetic fervor, an intense dramatic quality, that find their true expression in the wistful melancholy of an "*Autumn Landscape*" after the crops have been harvested, or in the black menace of a "*Storm Cloud*" sweeping threateningly over denuded tree-tops. The mood as well as the manner of its presentation—the vigor that renders sentiment without sentimentality, that enforces the dramatic accent without theatricality—expresses the soul of the Hungarian people more profoundly than do the immense Salon pictures of Munkácsy, who was for many years the sole protagonist of Hungarian art to the outside world.



"In the Sun"

By Halfdan Ström

Munkácsy's virile, picturesque personality imposed itself vividly upon the imagination of the world, and in him Hungarian art achieved a sort of popular apotheosis that succeeding generations have found it difficult to transcend.

What a really great artist he was remains largely unrevealed, however, in the panoramic canvases that won the general applause of the multitude. The real man, the nature-loving Hungarian as well as the great painter, appears chiefly in his

landscapes, brilliantly exemplified in the "Sunset" and the forest interior called "*In the Woods*," wherein the fundamental vigor of his race is expressed with the power of enduring art. In their sheer technical virtuosity in the rendering of form and color these landscapes of Munkácsy brilliantly epitomize all those purely painter-like qualities in which Hungarian art particularly excels. His pupil and fellow-townsmen, Bertalan Karlovsky, gives an admirable illustration of these qualities of sound, fluent craftsmanship in his portraits of "*Countess Károlyi*" and "*Count Gyula Andrássy*."

Like the French, from whom they have learned much, Hungarian painters are to the manner born. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the landscapes, genre pieces, and figure-paintings by Lajos Bruck, who was one of the first exponents of the French Impressionist movement in Hungary. In its light, suggestive, tersely expressed impressionism the "*Seaside in Bretagne*" recalls Boudin, while the "*Girl Playing with Butterflies*" approaches Manet in its fresh color and fluent, highly summarized characterization. In the "*Summer Landscape*" by Géza Mészöly we witness the influence of Corot on Hungarian landscape-painting, while the three paintings by Baron Mednyánszky, illustrating three successive stages of his development, show how this influence served as a basis for the *plein-air* movement which brought Hungarian art in upon that road whereon it has found a free outlet for its manifold activities. All that is most vital and interesting in present-day Hungarian art is directly or indirectly traceable to the activities set in motion at Nagybánya, a beautifully situated little town in eastern Hungary. Here, under the inspiring leadership of Simon Hollósy, a group of the most progressive artists were united by kindred aims. They reaffirmed the gospel of light and air triumphantly enunciated by Monet and Manet; they introduced into Hungarian art a fresh and vigorous note of realism that liberated personal and racial traits of character. "Nagybánya became the Hun-

garian Barbison in the sense that here art returned to nature and was purified." With this return to nature came a revival of interest in their long-neglected peasant art, and thenceforth naturalism developed hand in hand with a marked tendency toward decoration that found its inspiration in the oldest traditions of the race. After many and diverse wanderings Hungarian art came back to its own and was rejuvenated. The finest fruits of this recreating movement is found here in the work of such men as Károly Ferenczy, Béla Iványi-Grünwald, István Csók, József Rippl-Rónai, Adolf Fényes, Nándor Kertona, Baron Ferencz Hatvany, the early work of Ödön Márffy, and the later work of both János Vaszary and Baron Mednyánszky, all of which is deeply rooted in the native soil, though admittedly brought to fruition under the generating influence of that luminary, French Impressionism.

The evolution from romanticism to realism graphically depicted in the career of Baron Mednyánszky manifests itself somewhat similarly in Károly Ferenczy, whose "*Girl's Portrait*," painted in the early nineties, is kin to Matthys Maris and Whistler, while the beautiful little "*Still Life: Roses*," from the Nemes collection, is plainly in the direction of that naturalism tersely expressed in the recently finished autumnal "*Landscape*," wherein he has achieved a high degree of synthetic abstraction in the rendering of the fundamental structure of nature's forms. This evolution is repeated again in the five canvases of János Vaszary, wherein one may trace his development from the closely studied, delicately rendered academic nude in the "*Woman with Mirror*," from the Nemes collection, through the successive steps marked by the "*Peasant Girl's Head*," increasingly truthful in the larger sense, to the semi-decorative rendering of reality in the "*Promenade on Lake Balaton*," followed the next year by the suggestive impressionism of the vividly characterized "*Portrait of Countess Lajos Batthyányi*," and at last finding its culmination in the purely stylistic treatment accorded the "*Woman*



"The Struggle for Existence"

By Christian Krohg

with a Cat," wherein he frankly affiliates himself with those strongly marked tendencies toward decoration that have their source in Hungarian peasant art.

This pronounced tendency toward decoration evinced by Hungarian artists, no less than by contemporary artists the world over, is not without its deeper significance. It marks an important change in the attitude of the modern artist toward the easel picture. He is becoming increasingly aware of its comparative uselessness, nay, its utter impropriety in the modern home; and he is endeavoring to make it conform to some decorative purpose, and in so doing he is returning to the principles of mural painting. This change is very apparent in the development of the art of Rippl-Rónai, which has evolved from a frankly realistic rendering of the life about him to a purely

decorative treatment of the same subjects. The portrait of the eminent sculptor, *Márk Vedres*, is almost pure decoration. The emphasis in this recently painted portrait is exclusively on the decorative aspect of the subject, and the result is a vivid, resonantly colorful, strongly wrought design in which the objective element of portraiture remains a secondary consideration. This treatment is partly anticipated in the low, flat tonalities of his earlier "*Child's Portrait*," painted in 1904, wherein realism has been subordinated to a decorative ensemble that reaches its culmination in the purely decorative pattern entitled "*Ladies in the Garden*," wherein natural forms have been reduced to their decorative coefficients. One needs only compare these later products of his versatile, productive genius with his earlier "*Portrait of Dr. Guttman*" to realize

how far he has gone in the direction of pure decoration and upon what a solid foundation of realism this is based. Presented with such fundamental simplicity as to produce a powerful impression of actuality, the emphasis in this early portrait is as exclusively on the reality of the subject as it is on the purely decorative aspect in the stylistic portrait of *Márk Vedres*. Between these two extremes his art oscillates, expressing itself with ever-increasing individuality and power, in which the racial qualities become ever more predominant. The note of nationalism is enforced with a robust, rhapsodic accent that is essentially Hungarian. After many years' sojourn in Paris he responded to that call of the blood which drew Gauguin to Tahiti, Zorn to Dalecarlia, and Rippl-Rónai to the vine-clad hills of his birthplace, Kaposvár, where the influences liberated at Nagybánya are achieving their most national and individual expression.

In diverse ways this note of nationalism expresses itself in the very personal still-life pieces and impressionistically treated figure paintings of that fluent and vivacious colorist, István Csók, no less than in the rigorous veracity of Adolf Fényes' Hungarian "*Kitchen Table*," which has the tart flavor of peasant matter-of-factness in the rendering of the various kitchen utensils that compose this extraordinary still life, as well as in such typical Hungarian landscapes as the mountain brook "*In the Tatra*" by Nándor Katona, who is a product of those same influences that later were instrumental in directing the highly accomplished art of Baron Ferencz Hatvany into the invigorating channels of Impressionism, ably expressed in his "*Sunny Street*" and the "*Environs of Rome*." The gifted young painter Count Gyula Batthyányi also avows his allegiance to this movement in his spirited and well-conceived "*Longchamps*" while asserting a predilection for decorative effects that achieves a Beardsley-like expression in the "*Ladies of the Harem*," who betray their relationship to the odalisques of Charles

Conder. The "*Hungarian Landscape*" and "*Shepherdess*" by Oszkár Glatz; the "*Tired Horse*" by Móric Góth; the herdsman, *Mihály Czigány*, by Lajos Kunffy; the "*Woman Arranging Her Hair*" by Dezső Czigány; the "*Landscape with Figures*" by Zórád, and the women "*In the Garden*" by Sándor Ziffer, are all products of the influences set in motion at Nagybánya by Hollósy. To him Lajos Márk also owes something of that revivifying light and color that illumine his charming, decorative portraits, strikingly exemplified in his sunlit figure of a "*Lady with Parasol*."

But the real precursor of this movement, which has borne good fruits in Hungarian art, was Pál de Szinnyei-Merse. Long before Hollósy gathered about him that group of young radicals who were destined to play a decisive part in the making of modern Hungarian art, Szinnyei-Merse had anticipated their naturalistic researches. As early as 1872 he introduced to the amazed and baffled public of Budapest the first Hungarian *plein-air* picture, the "*Majális*," or out-of-door breakfast, which created a discussion as intensely derogatory as did the appearance of Manet's "*Le déjeuner sur l'herbe*." His clear-sighted, independent vision, which had discovered for itself the truths observed by Monet, was damned as utterly wrong, and he ceased painting and retired to his country estate. After ten years he had the satisfaction of seeing his point of view confirmed by the course of events, which had at last caught up with him, and he emerged from his self-imposed retirement and resumed his activities with increased power, as is evident in the certainty and vigor of that clearly expressed bit of realism, the "*Melting Snow*," painted in the nineties. Born in 1845, this revolutionary of the seventies has lived to see his ideas prevail, and even somewhat superseded by the younger generation who, none the less, continue to regard him as the Nestor of modern art in Hungary.

Károly Kernstock is perhaps the most notable figure among those who are lead-



"In the Woods"

By Mihály Munkácsy

ing contemporary Hungarian art into new paths. Profoundly related to Cézanne, as is evident in his monumental "*Nude*" and the rhythmically moving "*Horsemen*," Kernstock has recalled his colleagues to a consideration of what is fundamental and architectonic in form as opposed to that atmospheric disintegration precipitated by Impressionism. That discerning Hungarian critic, Dr. Bölöni, says of his pictures that they "have a homogeneous construction wherein every line is preconceived and calculated, wherein 'Man' appears with the whole weight of his body within a fixed plan as the highest and worthiest mass that painting can reproduce," while Dr. Feleky speaks of them as having a "dynamic countenance," which clearly expresses the force and character of this new and disturbing element in Hungarian art that has attracted to it a little group of young radicals who commanded the attention of the public in 1911 by exhibiting together as "The

Eight." Of those who have responded to the influences set in motion by the art of Cézanne few have given a more personal expression to their feeling for form than has Béla Iványi-Grünwald in his large, strongly designed landscape with figures entitled "*Nascence*," in which he closely approaches Cézanne's sense of the weight and volume of the universe.

As different in their individual physiognomy as any eight men that ever trod the same path, they express collectively "everything that is turbulent and aspiring in the art of recent years." In the art of Márffy these tendencies are reflected in the early Manet-like "*Man's Portrait*," in the later Cézanne-like "*Still Life*" and finally in the closely designed "*Wood Path*," where we witness the influence of Gauguin upon his art. In the two "*Self Portraits*" and the "*Landscape*" by Lajos Tihanyi we feel a high degree of intensely characterized objectivity based upon a profound understanding of Greco, while Róbert Be-

rény succeeds to an extraordinary degree in realizing a piece of psychic realism in his marvelous portrait of *The Composer Bartók*, in which the inner radiation of personality is visualized as never before. In its truly terrifying reality his "*Golgotha*" is the most awe-inspiring interpretation of this great tragedy I have ever seen. The monumental and heroic aspect of the figures in Bertalan Pór's great decoration, "*The Worship of Wisdom*," recalls certain of the early masters of the quattrocento plus a quality of abstract beauty that is strongly related to Puvis de Chavannes.

How far all this has strayed from the paths blazed by Bertalan Székely and Lotz is revealed in the academically wrought decorative panels of Sándor Nagy and Körösfői-Kriesch and the latter's talented pupil Ferencz Lipóth, who have preserved a marked respect for traditional practice in their mural decorations and stained-glass windows, in their book illustrations and tapestries executed in the handicrafts colony established by them in Gödöllő. Here art has returned to its ancient ways, placed itself at the service of utility, and been made to adorn a tale, and between Gödöllő and Kaposvár the pendulum of Hungarian art swings both far and deep.

II

MODERN Norwegian art is of comparatively recent origin, and coincides in its development with that of Hungary and America. Prior to 1814, the year of the modern Norwegian Constitution, we had no artistic traditions whatever, and those that we have acquired since then have been imported from Düsseldorf, Munich, and Paris, very much as have the artistic traditions of America and Hungary. However, in the case of Norway as well as Hungary, we have to reckon with a very important factor in their artistic evolution, especially potent in the development of their modern art, which is altogether absent in the art of America; namely, their peasant art. Long before the art of painting was practised in Nor-

way, the Norwegian peasant, like his Magyar contemporary, had developed an art that was, and still remains, thoroughly national. The Norwegian peasant art, like that of other countries, is characterized by a primitive purity of color that anticipates the art of to-day, and forms, so to speak, the connecting link that ties the present to the past. If we remember the crude vigor and bold color of this early peasant art, we shall perhaps better understand contemporary Norwegian art.

Temperamentally they are the same. We find in both the same characteristic forthrightness of expression, the same bold, uncompromising design and color. Moreover, both are alike in that the aim of each is to fill a given space with a design that will form a decoration. Much of modern art is in this direction, and contemporary Norwegian art is no exception to this. If this art appears somewhat rough and crude, more forceful and original than polished and ingratiating, it is the fault of the national character rather than of the art itself. We are not a suave people; we are somewhat blunt and direct, and these racial qualities are expressing themselves more and more in our art as it gradually emancipates itself from foreign influences and returns to its basic character.

By what a circuitous route this has been reached will be seen from the genesis of our modern art, which was nurtured in the romantic atmosphere of Dresden and Düsseldorf. Here our first painters received their artistic sustenance, and here Johan Christian Dahl, the father of Norwegian painting, continued to exercise his talent not alone as a creative artist of commanding ability, but also as a highly respected professor whose prestige drew many of his compatriots to the academy at Dresden, where they imbibed the master's love of the grandiose Norwegian scenery. Of these none did more to foster this latent nationalism than the young and highly gifted Fearnley, who, together with Dahl, explored the fiords and mountain fastnesses of their native land. These realistic and remarkably truthful interpre-



"The Dramatist Gunnar Heiberg and Friends in the Garden"

By Henrik Lund

tations of Norwegian scenery, which attracted wide-spread attention in the early part of the last century, form the basis of an art that has grown increasingly national with the years.

The impulses of nationalism loosened and set in motion by the dissolution of the union with Denmark in 1814 were crystallized in the fervent poetry of our first great modern poet, Henrik Wergeland. In lines throbbing with patriotic fervor he directed attention to our long-neglected heritage of song and story and to the ancient sagas of our sturdy peasantry, who still dwelt among us. It instituted a period of national activity that found fruitful expression in historical research, in various literary and social movements, no less than in the art of such men as Tidemand and Gude, who depicted with sincerity and ability the life and character

of the people as well as the country in which they lived. Colored by the romanticism of the Düsseldorf anecdotal school of painting, in which they were nurtured, the art of these two men nevertheless contributed largely toward a repatriation of the Norwegian people, who for centuries had lived in their own country without really being of it.

There was something so novel in the idea of our own peasants and our own scenery being regarded as fit subject matter for a painter that it stirred our national pride, and Tidemand's genre pieces and Gude's landscapes met with a ready reception at home as well as abroad. The interest was of course stimulated by the fact that Gude occupied the enviable position of professor in the academy at Düsseldorf, and later in Karlsruhe and Berlin, where he attracted to him students

not only from Norway, but from America and other foreign countries as well. It put the stamp of Continental approval upon our art, and did much to make it respected both at home and abroad. It formed the prelude to that chapter in our history which was destined to fulfil our national aspirations, culturally as well as politically, foreshadowed in the early peasant tales of Björnson and the Viking dramas of Ibsen, and reaffirmed in the naturalistic novels of Garborg and Jaeger.

In art this was preceded by a brief period of pupilage in the academies of Munich, the vigorous, painter-like technic of which supplanted the meticulous anecdotalism of Düsseldorf, and supplied our young painters of the eighties—Weren skiöld, Munthe, Kittelsen, Harriet Bacher, Eilif Peterssen, and Skredsvig—with something substantial upon which to expend their ebullient energy. From this to the naturalism of Courbet and his followers was only a step, and our young revolutionaries took it with a bound that landed them squarely in the midst of that realistic movement which was then at grips with the false studio conventions of the academies. Manet was fighting his famous battles, Monet was performing his epoch-making experiments, and Zola was championing the cause of both and incidentally of that realism in literature of which he was the foremost exemplar. Paris was then as now a seething vortex of radicalism in which only the strongest survived.

Needless to say, our sturdy and beligerent young Norwegians reveled in this atmosphere of contention, and even occupied a portion of the stage during their brief sojourn—Paris paused and gazed with open-eyed astonishment at the heroic figures of Thaulow, Krohg, and Björnson as they passed arm in arm down the Bois de Boulogne. But the astonishment of Christiania was even greater when these painters returned with their prismatic canvases, which outraged all the established conceptions of art. For a time the battles of Manet with academic tradition were re-fought in the capital of Norway by Christian Krohg, the social narrator;

Thaulow, the snow painter; Weren skiöld, the intimate portraitist; and Munthe, the Norwegian landscape-painter par excellence; and naturalism received its baptism of blood here as elsewhere. With it we reached the final stage of our dependence upon foreign models, and thenceforth our art developed along lines increasingly national and personal. Powerfully augmented and fostered by the fresh and bold virility of Christian Krohg, whose picturesque personality has expressed itself in a varied and colorful realism that has taken all life for its province, this movement has attracted to it some of the ablest of our modern painters. Directly or indirectly it has strongly influenced the art of such men as Edvard Diriks, whose fresh palette and clear vision carry forward the gospel of light and air eloquently propounded by Krohg, to whom also is due in a measure the modernity of the point of view vividly and vigorously expressed in the art of Halfdan Ström and Thorolf Holmboe, both of whom have produced works of more than ordinary interest and power.

Coming as a sort of interlude in our art is the poetic and romantic figure of Harold Sohlberg, who has held aloof from the Impressionist movement of his time. In his serenely beautiful landscapes our eery Northern nature has been presented with a poetry and a veracity that make them at once national in character and general in their appeal. In him the spirit of Norway—its silent winter nights, its mystic midsummer evenings—has found a fit interpreter.

But the most striking evidence of the potential value of this recreating force in our art found expression in the early nineties in the very original personality of Edvard Munch. He is the father of the present movement in Norwegian art which claims the allegiance of the ablest and most promising of our younger painters. His independence has given others courage to be themselves. As a revolutionary, original, and disturbing force he occupies in Norwegian art a position akin to that occupied by Ibsen in Norwegian

literature, and he has met with a somewhat similar reception in his own country. Accepted and acknowledged abroad as one of the greatest artists of modern times, he is rejected and despised at home by the majority of his own countrymen, who can see nothing but madness and perversity in his masterly revelations of the psychic verities of the soul. Gifted beyond all others with a rare color sense and an instinctive feeling for design, he has enriched Norwegian art with a series of masterpieces that will some day be claimed by the world. Already they have borne fruit in the richer, more resonant palette of the younger generation. That he has the root of the matter in him is clearly shown by the fact that his disciples are even now meeting with acceptance.

Henrik Lund and Ludwig Karsten, the two foremost products of Munch's influence, are winning recognition where Munch received nothing but derision. Resolutely modern in color and treatment, Lund's portraits and figure pieces have something of the searching, soul-revealing quality of great caricature, expressed with a terse, almost stenographic economy of line and color. This uncommon power of characterization, combined with his extraordinary virtuosity as a painter and his fresh, charming sense of color, gives unusual value and potency to his art. These qualities are brilliantly epitomized in his unconventional portrait of "*The Dramatist Gunnar Heiberg and Friends in the Garden*," a veritable *tour de force* of instantaneous Impressionism that has fixed upon the salient traits of character with the utmost certainty and apparent ease. Lund's only rival at present is the inimitable Karsten, unfortunately not represented in this collection. His rich, gorgeous color harmonies, vibrantly alive with unsuspected nuances that play within the depths of his chords like the flute-like voice heard above the profound bass of an organ, are imbued with a deep seriousness, and have, moreover, a weight and solid amplitude as of some solid body.

Related to these men we find the richly subdued colorist Sören Onsager, whose

"*Sleeping Children*" deserves a place with the best products of modern Norwegian art, while, of the younger generation, the work of Per Deberitz, Otto Johansen, Henrik Sørensen, and Örnulf Salicath commands attention by reason of qualities of design and color that contain rich promise for the future of Norwegian art. In this connection I should like to mention Pola Gauguin, whose recently acquired Norwegian citizenship, his Norwegian wife, and Danish mother sufficiently identify him with Scandinavia to be considered in any reference to the younger group of Norwegian painters, despite the exotic shadow cast over him by his famous father, who embraced the life and customs of the Tahitians. He is a highly gifted man from whom much may be expected. Perhaps the most accomplished and personal of this younger group is Arne Kavli, whose expressive, self-contained art is the expression of a purist in color. In its delicate, pearly, violet-gray tonalities it bears a strong kinship to the water-colors of Cézanne, who appears to be wielding a growing influence over the younger painters in Norway as elsewhere in the world.

This influence is perhaps more obvious in the art of Per Deberitz and Otto Johansen than in that of any other of our younger artists save Pola Gauguin, who combines something of the rich color sense of his father with a sense of form derived from Cézanne, while the original and vigorously executed designs of Dagfin Werenskiöld, cut in wood, introduce into our decorative art something of the bold vigor of line and color of our peasant art. An eye as innocent as theirs and a wrist as strong has shaped these forms and given to them a color the crude richness of which recalls the curiously embellished harnesses of the peasants of Gudbrandsdalen. In these richly colored carvings of young Werenskiöld the circle of our development is completed. After many and diverse wanderings we have at last returned to our own, assured that in art as in literature and music the accumulated heritage of our race holds for us the richest inspiration.



To the Crocodile

By OLIVER HERFORD

O CROCODILE, I never thought till now
To pen a sonnet to the likes of you.
But since a sonnet has been written to
All else on earth, I will, if you 'll allow,
Entwine about your corrugated brow,
This wreath of rhyme which, though it sets askew,
Is none the less becoming. It is true
You 'd much prefer a fatted kid or cow
To twenty sonnets, still, O crocodile,
You must admit I wield no poisoned pen.
When have I ever hinted there was guile
Behind the crocodilian tear? Oh, when
Have I descended to a makeshift vile
To rhyme you with the obvious River N——?



““Oh, here comes Daphne again,” Mme. Wrighterson said indulgently,
“with another baby””



Ladies

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "The Sixth Canvasser," etc.

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

"SHE won't want to come here," said Mae Narne. "It stands to reason that she won't. I would n't either. Remember Doll? Does she ever see one of us when she 's motoring down the Avenue?"

"But that 's all Jerry Montfort," remarked Jackie Dare. "He would n't let her, on his life. Maybe if Doll was left to herself she 'd like to come round once in a while."

"I wish you could see the fish eye she handed me the other day I ran into her at Bengel's," interposed Laure Lindsay. "It is n't Jerry. It 's Doll herself. Jerry 's got her into that smart Long Island set, and she 's hanging on by the toe-nails."

"You 've said something, Laure," agreed Agnes Bailey. "So did Mae. Doll and Julia are both playing round with ladies now, and they got t' be ladies themselves."

"I don't believe it about Julia," said Jackie Dare. "Julia was some lady herself, now believe me, if she wanted to be."

"Yes," Mae Narne agreed calmly, "there was something different about Julia. She could give the best imitation of a lady and do it the quickest of any one of us."

As far as appearance went,—color, contour, sartorial effect,—Mae Narne was herself so perfect an imitation of a lady that she might have been a duchess. Tall, slender, her figure showed only a budding rounded fullness in the bust, only a faintly defined salience at the hips.

Golden-blonde, patricianly chiseled, her face showed only a soft pink in the cheek, a rose only slightly deeper in the lip. Her hair lay like a helmet of gold mesh close to her little head, but it revealed all of her classic brow. She was quite without expression, a smooth, lustrous museum piece of pampered female flesh. Her gown was of a heavy raw silk, oyster-white, with insertions of lace. It was a perfect combination of a studied simplicity and a tempered richness. She sat where she could see herself in the dresser glass, and at regular intervals her keen turquoise-blue eyes swept critically the reflection in the mirror. Then, not with the air of a woman of strong personal vanity, but more like a royalty who must be forever on parade, she adjusted a straying lock, smoothed an eyebrow, or pressed to a closer fullness her pink, voluptuous lips.

"I wonder how Julia took it when Vin came back to Broadway. They say he cut a streak through the Tenderloin the last time that cost a thousand dollars a night, and there were three nights of it."

Laure Lindsay contributed these data, but it was evident that they did not much interest her. She sat on the other side of the dresser, so that her reflection also appeared in the mirror. She gazed at herself languidly now and then. She, too, was a tall creature, slim to the point of attenuation, but lissome. The great masses of her shining, brown hair had been pressed flat to her head, then laid in wide, knife-sharp waves over her forehead and

temples and down on her cheeks. Her eyes, like melted goldstone, were set between lashes of an extraordinary thickness and under brows that had been shaved to the merest penciling and shaped to the sweep of a bird's wing. She, also, was without expression, although she smiled always. That smile was a mere mechanical trick. It was only a pearly glimmer, and she had a way of making it seem to tremble into existence. Big mock pearls that matched her teeth in tint clung to her ear-lobes. A chain of mock pearls, which constantly engaged her long, brown fingers, hung about her neck. She wore a gown of creamy linen that nuns had embroidered, and a lustrous sweater of a dull green silk.

"What crowd 's Vin running with now?" asked Agnes Bailey.

"Guenn Nevers and the Spring Palace set," Laure answered.

"I 'd like to see Julia," Jackie Dare said, "and I bet she 'd like to see us. You can't tell me she 's happy living in the country, locked in with that bunch of fish eyes. She 'd eat us up if she got the chance."

Jackie Dare was dark; indeed, she was several shades darker—blackier, rather—than Laure Lindsay. She was coarsely featured, swarthy, thick-skinned, but she showed a certain squaw-like picturesqueness. Her lips were heavy and thick, but as red as blood. She had the look of a suppressed volcano, as though a seething flood of experience was all the time trying to break through her thick skin, to burn itself upon her expression. And it was as though only constant mechanical care of that skin—creaming, massaging, vibratory treatment—held that flood at bay. Two gold flashes glittering from the large, white regularity of her smile accented this look of lava-suppression. She wore a long sport-coat of orange corduroy.

"Well, all you got t' do," Agnes Bailey said impatiently, "is 'phone. She can't any more than throw us down. We 'll have t' stay four hours in this hole, a thousand miles from a drink, and we 've got t' do something or bu'st. I bet Vin

would welcome us with screeches of joy. Is Vin home?"

"I should say not, little one," answered Mae Narne. "Vin is in gay Paree, hitting it up. Where I wish I was this very minute."

"How many are there in this Wrighterson push?" Laure Lindsay asked. "Do you know anything about them, Jackie?"

"Not much," answered Jackie. "Only what I read in 'Talk.' There 's only old Mrs. Wrighterson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wrighterson, beside Julia. Old man Wrighterson 's in a nut-house somewhere, incurable; been there for years."

"How 've they treated Julia?" Mae Narne asked.

"I don't know," answered Jackie, "except that they put up a swell front of doing the right thing. Whether there was anything behind the front but hot air—well, *by* me. Just as soon as Vin married Julia, he notified his family by wire. They got a wire back from Mrs. Wrighterson in no time, saying she 's coming on to New York that night. She came, bringing Mrs. Edward Wrighterson with her. They stayed in New York a day or two, and then they all went back to Boston. I 've never seen Julia since. I got a letter or two from her, but it was n't any good our trying to write. Julia *can't* write letters, and I *won't* write them. All I know is that later they came to Medwin here, lugging Julia along with them. And she 's been here ever since."

"She 's never left this hole since!" Agnes Bailey exclaimed incredulously. "Ring off, Jackie!"

"That 's what I 'm telling you," asserted Jackie.

"Say," said Mae Narne, covering the tip of an ear that threatened to lift a rose-pink arc through the unruffled smoothness of her golden hair, "was n't somebody telling me that Vin did a swell devoted husband impersonation for a while?"

"Sure," answered Laure. "Only a bit, though, in the first act. He was all to the goody-goody, sweetie-cutie, mother's own darling boy, wife's own devoted lit-

tle hubby for about one year. Besides, they 'd lost a lot of money just then,—the Wrightersons,—and he had t' be good. Then some old gink of an uncle died and left Vin a fresh wad. He 's been scattering golden showers over the Tenderloin ever since, and, believe me, Broadway got the thickest coat of red paint it 's had in some moons when Vin hit the trail again. Take it from me, he 's some slick little spender when he gets started."

"Edward Wrighterson," Agnes Bailey repeated meditatively—"that has a kind of familiar holler. Who the devil is Edward Wrighterson? Did n't I read something?"

"Sure, you did," answered Jackie. "Vin's only brother. He was thrown from his horse fox-hunting, all smashed up. Paralyzed now; lives in a wheel-chair."

"Who 'd he marry?" Mae asked.

"There is a story about that," Jackie explained. "Regular drama; ought to be filmed. They say that Edward Wrighterson had always been crazy about this girl, but she did n't care a rap for him. Her father had a lot of money,—made it in lumber out in the high timber,—but he got into some fierce deal, and it looked as if he not only was going to lose every red cent, but he 'd go to the pen, too. Wrighterson handed him everything he had. He saved the old guy, but they 've both been poorer than poverty ever since. The girl married Edward Wrighterson out o' gratitude, they say."

"Fool!" commented Mae Narne. She reached for a gold cigarette-case on the dresser, lighted a cigarette, puffed meditatively. She kept her critical, turquoise-blue gaze on the mirror, and every movement of arm, wrist, and fingers was heavy with studied grace. She looked like some half-seen vision, her cool, blonde coloring gleaming, her frail, regular chiseling cutting through the soft smoke. "Any brats—I mean kiddies?"

"No," Jackie answered.

"Let 's call Julia up!" Agnes suggested. "Muggie won't be back before dark. It 'll take all that time to get the machine re-

paired and, say, I can't stand this." She went to the window and gazed out on the quiet street. "If there 's one thing I hate, it 's sitting in a hotel room. It gives me a blue bean quicker than anything. Let 's 'phone her now before she gets away somewhere. All she can do is throw us down."

"She won't turn us down," prophesied Jackie.

"Sure, she will," contradicted Laure.

"Of course she will," echoed Mae.

"Where 'd Julia come from?" Laure asked.

"God only knows," Jackie answered, "and He won't tell. The first thing Julia knows about herself, she 's in a foundling-asylum, just left on somebody's door-step in a basket. That 's all she ever finds out. The next thing, she 's about fifteen, out o' the convent, pretty as she could stick, and got t' do for herself. She tries it in a shop for a while at six bones per, with a fat kike of a floor-man trying to get gay. Then, by accident, she gets into a lawyer's office at eight bones per. She can't do anything, of course, but old Sideburns, who runs the joint, don't expect her to do anything but go through the motions. He 's got her there for a different purpose. When she quits him,—it 's quit or give up,—she gets a chance to go in a musical comedy. I met her in 'The Girl from the Submarine' company. We were pals together until Vin married her."

"She could have married lots of swells, could n't she?" Agnes asked.

"Sure, she could n't," Mae answered with satisfaction.

"Not so 's you 'd notice it," Laure reinforced her with an equal sense of satisfaction.

"Well, Julia was about like the rest of us," Jackie said, "except maybe she was a little more like a lady, as you just said, Mae. But Julia was always a good fellow and a sport. Money never meant anything to her. I know that. In those days we were both washing our underwear overnight, hanging our handkerchiefs to dry on the window-panes, and cooking our breakfasts over the gas. Of

course Glen Davenport was after her, and she was pretty stuck on Glen. Many's the time I've heard him beg her to marry him. But he was always pie-eyed, and Julia said she'd never say yes until he asked her sober. He never did, though, and pretty soon he marries that rich Wel-born girl from Chicago. He tried to come around after he was married, but, take it from me, there was nothing doing. Then there was Dan Whitman. And I believe that was all. Oh, Vin knew all about it. When he asked her to marry him, and he was sober all right, she calls me into the room and tells him all this in my presence. Vin was some sport, believe me; I've always liked him since. He says: 'I'd hate to have to tell you my past, Julia. This'll be all to that.' Jackie paused. "But Julia did n't leave anything out."

"Fool!" Mae commented again. "Just think of deliberately giving your husband something on you!"

"Oh, let's call her up!" entreated Agnes. Agnes was little and round and blonde and pretty. She was a creature of light, though also of flesh. Her soft, flaxen hair, fluttering in hundreds of tendrils all over her head, emitted glints of light whenever the sun touched it. Her china-blue eyes poured light through her curly lashes until it sparkled off their tips. Similarly, her little china-white teeth seemed to flash light. And at all times the network of dimples that played between eyes and lips seemed to catch the brilliance of the one and pass it on to the other. Her suit of navy-blue taffeta was a marvel of simplicity; the white blouse that topped it, a cobweb of fineness.

"You 'phone, Mae," said Laure. "Your voice sounds so swell on the wire. I've always noticed it."

"All right," Mae answered. She arose with her slow grace, sauntered to the telephone, took up the slim, country telephone book. She stood as tall and impassive as a lily, one hand holding her cigarette, the other turning the leaves. "Ain't it a riot?" she commented with what seemed for her the maximum of humorous appreciation.

"A thousand little burgs with ten numbers to the burg. Medwin! Medwin! Here it is. Wrighterson, Wrighterson, Wrighterson. I've got them." She took up the telephone-receiver. "Hello!" she called stridently. "Give me Medwin 619, please. Yes, Medwin. Yes, 619. Thank you." She dropped the receiver. "He says he'll call me. Say," she went on, still in the accent of her social undress, "I think that clerk's just a shade too fresh. I guess I'll have to hand him one before I leave this near-Waldorf." The bell rang. She took the receiver again. Her voice, clear, quiet, exquisitely impersonal, poured like a flood of ice-water into the receiver.

"Is this Medwin 619?" It was evident that Miss Narne was addressing a social inferior. Her tone took the correct shade of command, alleviated with patronage. "Thank you. I would like to speak with Mrs. Wrighterson. No, Mrs. Vincent Wrighterson. Yes, thank you. Yes." She turned to her companions, pressing the receiver against her shoulder. Her voice dropped again to an easy, slangy accent. "She's in all right. A swell English accent with a butler attachment has just gone to get her. There she is! Hello!" Her voice became icily exquisite again. "Is this Mrs. Vincent Wrighterson? Good morning, and how do you do, Julia! This is Mae Narne. Yes, it is. It does seem strange, does n't it? That's *sweet* of you. There's a crowd of us over here, Julia: Jackie Dare, Laure Lindsay, and Agnes Bailey. We were motoring with Muggie Nichols. The machine broke down, and we're stalled here for three or four hours. We wondered if you'd like to come over here this afternoon."

She listened.

"No, not for dinner. Yes, they're right here. I'll ask them. Girls,"—she turned about,—"Julia wants us to come over there for tea. She says she'll send the motor for us in half an hour. Would you like to go?"

"Crazy to," answered Agnes at once.

"I certainly would," replied Laure.

"Let me talk with Julia." Jackie snatched the receiver out of Mae's hands.

"Say, it was fierce Jackie's not being able to come," Agnes remarked three quarters of an hour later in the automobile. "Was n't it rotten about that headache? I'm scared. Are n't you?"

"Not at all," Mae answered coolly. "It would take something more than the Wrighterson family to feeze me."

"Or me," echoed Laure. "Just the same, I'm going to do as good an impersonation of a lady as I can put over. Mary Moore in 'The Mollusk' will be my model."

"Mae, you'd better do that sketch you flashed day before yesterday with that farm-house bunch," Agnes suggested, dimpling. "Don't you remember when we stopped to get some water? Southern stuff. Plantation crowded with slaves before the war. Remember, nobody in your family ever did a stroke of work or earned an honest penny. Remember, the bluest blood of Virginia flows in your veins. Your real name's Lee or Carteret or something like that, ain't it? I think that'll make a great splash."

"Not a chance," Mae answered contemptuously. "Too raw. That rough stuff will do with boobs, but you've got to soft pedal with real swells. Don't say anything about anything."

"And Laure can do her best monologue, the daughter of a clergyman, a graduate of Bryn Mawr?" Agnes suggested, with a twinkle.

"I should say not," Laure answered with disgust. "That would n't get me anywhere with the Wrightersons. The thing to do is to keep shut up on family dope."

"Well, that's all right for me," Agnes answered. "I can't be anything but myself. I'd laugh my head off if I tried to pull any of that stuff. I was born in Brooklyn of poor, but disreputable, parents, and I don't care who knows it."

"Well, if you can outgrow the Brooklyn," said Mae, "the disreputable parents will take care of themselves."

"Say, the side drops of this road are pretty good!" Agnes exclaimed suddenly. "I often think I belong in the nut-house. I like the country."

Mae and Laure emitted twin groans ostentatiously crowded with disgust. They looked with lack-luster eyes on the passing scene. Agnes, however, turned and twisted in an effort to see both sides of the road at once. They were rolling through Medwin's principal street. They had just come to the village green, a big triangle of smooth grass, broken at its flat end by a pool covered with lily-pads, and accented at its point by a bronze statue erected to the men of Medwin that had fallen in the Revolution. The green was edged with a triangle of wine-glass elms, and about that triangle, inclosing the road, ran another bigger triangle, also of wine-glass elms. Opposite the pool was the white, beautifully proportioned, slender-spined colonial church. Opposite the monument was the colonial town hall, a little like a church with its green-shuttered windows and its chaste Corinthian pillars. The big, white houses that looked upon the green were of colonial cut, plus the additions that intervening generations had brought.

"Gee! How I hate those white buildings!" Mae said with a shudder. "They give me the willies."

"One month in one of them, and it would be me to the nut-house," admitted Laure.

"Say, do you know I kind o' like them," Agnes admitted with shame.

About the green the houses sat in friendly fashion, close to the road, as though to invite the whole world to an ample colonial hospitality. But as the road drew away from the common, the houses drew farther and farther from it. Gradually the spaces between the houses grew wider. After a while only faint suggestions of cultivation here and there indicated that there were any houses at all.

"Say, they could improve this burg some by putting a trolley-line along here," Mae remarked.

"And electric lights," added Laure.

"Say, I kind o' like it just the way it is," said Agnes.

"Think of living here!" Mae went on. "Little old Forty-second Street for mine!"

"Me!" said Laure. "Build me a cabin where Forty-second, Seventh Avenue, and Broadway crowd together. That 's all I want."

Mae leaned forward slightly until across Agnes her eyes met Laure's.

"1912 model," she whispered, sweeping an eloquent glance about the motor.

Laure's dexter finger, long, slim, olive, the nails manicured to the breaking-point, indicated spots in the upholstery where the leather had worn away. "You have to have all the class in the world to afford to look as fierce as this."

"Say, if I lived here, I would n't climb into a machine once," said Agnes. "I 'd hoof it everywhere."

They turned into the wide roadway of an estate that appeared bounded by stone walls as far as the eye could reach. The road was as hard as a whetstone. Now and then came the gurgle of a brook, the ripple of a tiny cascade. The road wound, but always kept its ample width, always was as hard as though cut from the living rock, and as smooth as though sand-papered. Another turn, and they came in sight of the house.

It was a big house, yellow trimmed, with green shutters. Originally, perhaps, it had been a square building whose geometric lines were typical of the rigors of colonial architecture and whose doorway, a combination of fan-light, graceful leaded side panels, exquisite woodwork, ancient brass knocker, was typical of its decorative mitigations. Wings had been added to the original structure, but they were in perfect keeping and apparently not modern. At one side were gardens with summer-houses; at the others, orchards and grape arbors. In front was a huge crescent-shaped area of lawn, so closely shorn that the wind could not stir its nap. At irregular intervals across its golden-green, enormous copper beeches drooped their branches. Three women sat

sewing about a table on the lawn. As the motor came in sight, one of them rose, and hastened to meet them at the edge of the lawn.

"That 's Julia," said Mae. "She 's doing her hair differently."

"She made the dress all right," remarked Laure. "She 's thin."

"Ain't she a pippin!" Agnes commented.

"O girls," Julia called as she drew near, "you don't know how glad I am to see you!"

The motor stopped. The chauffeur alighted, opened the door, and the girls descended.

"Well, hello, Julia!" Mae called.

"You 're looking fine," added Laure; "I never saw you so freckled."

"You 're a sight for sore eyes," contributed Agnes.

Julia Wrighterson was so tall that in actual inches she overtopped the tall Mae Narne and the taller Laure Lindsay, but about her shoulders there was a Clytie-like droop that considerably reduced her stature. She was a white-skinned girl—so white that the freckles to which Laure referred stood out like a dash of amber rain. At every point her features stopped just short of the classic, but made, nevertheless, a fascinating piquancy of this irregularity. She had a rich, warm mouth—a deep wine-crimson—which also seemed to droop, and eyes, rich and warm, too, of a thickly fringed, star-filled violet.

Her long, straight gown was made of a soft silk, with a figure which consisted of three flowers. Her parasol was of the same material. Reproductions of the three flowers trimmed her frail, deeply perforated lace hat.

"Now come to meet the others," she said.

The others were presumably Mme. Wrighterson and Mrs. Edward Wrighterson.

"Mother," Julia said when they reached the shade of the copper beech, "and Daphne, let me introduce my friends Miss Narne, Miss Lindsay, and Miss Bailey. My mother Mrs. Wrighterson and my

sister Mrs. Edward Wrighterson." She paused while a quintet of civil murmurs entangled, disentangled, and died away. Then "Oh!" Julia wailed suddenly, "where is Jackie?"

"Jackie had a severe headache," Mae answered in accents that were a replica of the severe oral elegance with which she had inundated the telephone. "She wished me to present her apologies."

"Oh!" Julia cried, "my heart was set on seeing Jackie! But perhaps I can go back with you."

"Ah, here comes the tea," said Mme. Wrighterson. "I hope you are all ready for it. I confess I have two vices, my coffee at seven in the morning and my tea at five in the afternoon."

"We are companions in misery," Laure admitted gracefully. "I confess to the same two weaknesses."

"Tea!" exclaimed Agnes. "I love it! My sister always says, 'Why don't you bathe in it?' I got a license to like it all right. My grandmother was a' Irish woman from County Sligo. She always had a pot boiling on the stove from the moment she got up until she went to bed."

Mme. Wrighterson's eyes, old and faded, but of a soft brown, had passed non-committally observant from Mae's cold, pale pink, golden blondness, like a rose in ice, and Laure's vivacious, glittering darkness, like a butterfly in amber, to Agnes's frank Celtic sparkle. There her gaze seemed to catch fire.

"I should agree with you on that," she laughed. "My mother never left the house or came back into it without her cup of tea. I have traveled in County Sligo—a beautiful country."

"Oh, granny was full of stories about it. I often thought I'd go and see it some time," Agnes said.

The tea-wagon, which, guided by an old white-haired man in shabby livery, had been approaching noiselessly over the thick turf, stopped in front of Mme. Wrighterson. The tea-set was Sheffield plate of an old luster; in places the copper had worn through the silver. The dishes were an old moss-rose pattern of

porcelain; in spots the roses had washed away.

"Thank you, Broke," said Mme. Wrighterson. "Did the honey come?"

"Yes, mem," answered Broke; "a few moments ago, mem."

"I don't know anything more difficult to eat or more malapropos at tea than honey," Mme. Wrighterson exclaimed apologetically. "But Mrs. Blodgett—I always call her my 'bee-woman'—raises such wonderful honey! She sent word this morning that she had some for me. I thought you might like some of it."

The girls murmured various forms of assent.

Her eyes on her guests, Mme. Wrighterson went on talking, but all the time her withered, old hands were moving among the china and silver—moving with deft, accustomed touches. She poured the tea into the thin cups. She scooped the honey out of the little glass jar in which it had come, and put it upon the thin plates. Broke handed these about. He passed thin little sandwiches of buttered bread and thin little cookies covered with sugar. "Don't get any of this honey on your pretty frocks," she admonished the entire group, "or I shall never forgive myself for giving it to you."

She was a large woman. Even sitting in her chair, her body had a notable dignity of carriage. Her hair was quite white, and her skin, old and mothly and yellow, was crisscrossed with scores of faint wrinkles. But the soul of her was young; it shone through her quiet smile in the true spirit of friendliness and through her brown eyes in the true spirit of understanding. She wore a gown of so old a style that it had almost an antique connotation—a light silk with green lines alternating with black lines on an ivory background. A long fichu of Maltese lace was pinned at the throat and waist with huge brooches of Scotch cairngorm. About her shoulders was a cape of ermine, thin and mothly and yellow like her skin.

"I shall never outgrow my enjoyment of honey," she said after a while. "I love it."

"So do I," agreed Mrs. Edward Wrighterson. "You and I are twins, Mother, when it comes to honey. And this is the best I ever tasted. I should think the 'bee-woman' fed her bees on *bar-le-duc*, sugared violets, maple-syrup, and champagne."

Daphne Wrighterson was a little older than Julia, but her figure was much more mature. It flowed from the round neck and square shoulders into warm, maternal-looking breasts and swelled from the round waist into a wide, maternal-looking lap. Her hair, bushy-coarse, like thick, crinkled gold thread, parted in the middle and arched across her ears, was drawn into a big wad at her neck. But what one really looked at was her eyes. Set under a forehead of a white broadness and over cheeks of a pink roundness, wide apart, wide open, gray, those eyes shone with a gentle sadness.

"I'm gobbling," she went on. "I am so sorry that it's happened the way it has, but I have invited the children from the poor-farm to come here this afternoon. I am expecting them any moment now. It means, of course, that I shall have to devote myself to them for the rest of the afternoon."

"I'm sorry, too, Daphne," Julia said. "Perhaps we'll get time to come round back and watch the children playing for a while. Daphne gives them a wonderful party every summer," she explained to her friends, "and they all look forward to it as the event of the whole year."

Julia was seated, curved like a crescent moon, in one of the big chairs. The chair arm supported one elbow, and her long, slender hand supported her cheek. Drooping thus, it was to be seen that her face showed a certain wanness—shadows too heavily drawn under the violet eyes, hollows too deeply rutted in the white cheeks. Her eyes went from Mae to Laure to Agnes and clung wistfully to each of them.

"There, there they come now!" exclaimed Mme. Wrighterson.

A touring-car filled with children shot into sight on the drive. It was followed

by another, filled also, but with grown people holding babies. The motors followed the drive up to the entrance of the house. Daphne jumped to her feet. She wore a gown which she might have made herself, of white organdie with pink roses on it. About her shoulders was a scarf of the same material. In the little V made by her modestly turned-away neck hung a fine gold chain suspending a small pendant of a delicate rose-pink coral.

"Oh, I'm so sorry to go!" she said regretfully. "But if you can, come back and see what we're doing. We do have such good times!"

She ran to meet the motor. The children had in the meantime alighted. The grown people alighted. They all crowded about Daphne.

Suddenly a wheeled chair, manned by Broke, appeared in the doorway, and descended by gentle gradations from the steps to the lawn. The man in it—even at that distance it could be seen that he was young, white-faced, weak—waved a hand in their direction.

"Oh," Mme. Wrighterson exclaimed in a pleased voice, "I am so glad that Edward decided to come out. My son has been an invalid for some months," she explained to her guests, "and sometimes we have a great deal of difficulty in persuading him to get out into the air. He'll enjoy the children, though, Julia. He always does."

The procession, the man in the wheeled chair at its head, the children capering in a group about him, Daphne following, the grown people chattering in a group about her, disappeared around the corner of the house. It had scarcely vanished when Daphne reappeared, carrying a little white bundle over each arm.

"She's bringing us the twins," Mme. Wrighterson explained, looking much amused. "They're the pets of the poor-farm. They are about six months old, and the mother and father are both dead—poor little creatures!"

Drinking their tea, they watched Daphne's soft, slow, preoccupied approach over the velvet lawn.



“ ‘Say,’ said Mae Narne, . . . ‘was n’t somebody telling me that Vin did a swell devoted-husband impersonation for a while?’ ”

"Are n't they lovely?" she said as soon as she was in their group again. "I had to show them to you at once." She sat down, and offered the twins for their inspection. Her big eyes had filled with a tenderness that turned their deep, wide-irised grayness to wells of light. "O you little angels! How I wish you were mine!" Her voice had sunk to a mere breath, as though loudness of any kind might blast the little human buds on her lap.

The three girls surveyed the round, red-faced, blinky-eyed little creatures.

"Charming little things!" Mae said with delicate enthusiasm.

"Girls?" Laure asked in a tone prettily interrogative.

"No," Daphne answered, "boys. As you would very soon discover if you had to take care of them for an afternoon."

"Say, they 're corks!" Agnes approved heartily. "I like a husky kid."

"You little ducks," Daphne continued her apostrophe, "how am I going to let you go home to-day?"

Mme. Wrighterson's eyes, resting on her daughter-in-law's illuminated face, turned somber.

"We shall have to move the poor-farm up here, Daphne," was all she said. She spoke in a tone of gentle raillery.

"Now I must get back," Daphne said blithely. "Edward's flying some marvelous Chinese kites for the children. I'm having a perfectly lovely time, Mother." It was as though she deliberately packed her voice with sweet gaiety.

"Now for some more tea!" Mrs. Wrighterson exclaimed. "Julia, I'm neglecting your friends shamefully."

The girls repudiated this in various high-bred disclaimers.

"And," continued Mme. Wrighterson, "I had forgotten all about the cheese. I'm probably prouder of this cheese than anything that's produced on the place. You see," she went on, while with her deft touches she dug it from a little earthen jar and transferred it to their plates, "almost all the cooking receipts that I use were invented in the Wrighterson

family. The Wrighterson women have all been famous housekeepers. My husband's great-grandmother wrote a cook-book. It was in the days when, whatever a woman wrote, she must start by turning out a cook-book. Sabrina Wrighterson stopped there; she had no literary ambitions. But all the Wrighterson women had the knack of inventing wonderful food combinations. And so we have a big, old book in the family filled not only with Sabrina Wrighterson's cooking rules, but with her daughters' and her granddaughters'. For generations in the Wrighterson family the jellies, preserves, piccalillis, relishes, and, indeed, pies and cakes, jumbles and cookies, have all been made according to the receipts in this book. So, you see, I never had a chance to exercise any originality. I used to tell my husband that there was no knowing how inventive I might have been if I had n't felt it a point of honor to follow the family traditions. But I did do one thing: I invented a cheese. It's a very simple, ordinary cheese made from cream. My invention is the seasoning. I put twelve different herbs in it. I raised them in my garden."

"How very interesting!" said Mae. She nibbled the cracker which she had anointed delicately with the cheese. "It's very delicious."

"Delightful flavor!" agreed Laure.

"I have n't tasted anything like this," said Agnes, "since I was a little girl and living in the country. We had a cow then, and sometimes we had more milk than we knew what to do with. Granny always used to make cheese of what was left over. You'd have liked my granny, Madam Wrighterson. She was a harp for fair."

"I'm sure I would," Mme. Wrighterson said. Again that pleasant light filled her eyes as her gaze met Agnes's. "Julia is getting to be a famous cook. She helped me put up everything last year. She has a natural knack for such things. And you enjoyed it, did n't you, Julia?"

"I never had so much fun in my life," Julia admitted.

"Oh, here comes Daphne again," Mme. Wrighterson said indulgently, "with another baby."

"Did you ever see anything so adorable in your life?" Daphne demanded as she approached. This time she knelt among them on the lawn. Again her eyes filled with that soft loveliness that was half joy and half sorrow. Again her voice sank to that faint ripple, half awe, half soothing. She pulled her scarf away from its face.

It was a black baby, with eyes so bright that the spectators involuntarily smiled. The baby smiled, too, showing four tiny white teeth.

"He looked like the little black babies that Edward and I saw in Bermuda," Daphne explained, "when we were on our honeymoon. I was so wild about them that Edward offered to buy me one, and when he found that no mother would sell her baby, to steal one."

Again that somberness dulled Mme. Wrighterson's soft eyes as she looked at her daughter-in-law.

"Yes, we must move the poor-farm up here, Daphne," was again all she said.

Daphne departed, still murmuring her little language.

Mae looked at her diamond-incrusted wrist-watch.

"I 'm sorry, but I 'm afraid we must be going," she said in regretful accent.

"Yes," Laure added, with no diminution of her breeding, "I think we ought to get back to poor, dear Jackie."

"I hope you can come with us, Julia," Agnes pleaded. "Jackie 'll be crazy to see you."

"Oh, I 'm so sorry!" Julia said. "I can't now. I had forgotten that I had promised Daphne to help later in the little play the children are giving. They're depending on me, you see. But later I 'll call you up. If you're not gone then, I 'll come over. Don't go early." Again her eyes clung to her friends' faces. "Oh, don't go unless you have to." She looked at them longingly.

Mae shook hands with Mme. Wrighterson in the elegant way that she had once

made famous in a musical comedy; Laure followed with a manner only a degree less distinguished; Agnes shook hands vigorously, but with warmth. "I've had a swell time," she said.

"I am delighted to have met you all," Mme. Wrighterson announced, "and I am so sorry that you could not have stayed to dinner. But perhaps you will come some other time."

"We shall be charmed," Mae answered for the trio.

Julia accompanied her friends across the lawn to the motor.

"WELL, how do you like it, Julia?" Mae asked when they were out of ear-shot. Her tones had shed their high-bred elegance and had taken on an edge of keen inquiry. "Pretty slow—what?"

"Yes, it is pretty slow," Julia admitted, "sometimes."

"Where 's Vin?" Laure asked abruptly.

"At Monte Carlo," Julia answered.

"Is n't he the rotter?" Agnes exclaimed, and then in a burst: "Say, Julia, for the love o' Mike, why don't you beat it? Not that it ain't pretty soft in some ways, but you 'll die here. You know you can always get a job and another swell husband, if that 's your lay. Friedenstein was saying only the other day there never was nobody like you. Come over to the hotel to-night, and we 'll take you back to New York in the car. Muggie 's a good sport; he 'll stake you if you need money. And you know my place or Jackie's is always open to you. If you pull it off that way, there won't be any trouble. They 'll send your clothes after you, and that 'll end it. Vin 'll let you get your divorce. He 'd be square about that all right."

Julia did not speak for a moment, but in that pause the wanness of her coloring visibly accented itself.

"Take Mrs. Wrighterson," she said presently, as though soliloquy had interrupted itself to become monologue. "She was very happy with Vin's father for the first fifteen years of their married life, then he went insane. He 's in the asylum now, ten miles from here. Regularly once

a week, as sure as the clock, she pays him a visit. She could have lived in New York or London or Paris—anywhere—and had a swell time,—they 've got friends all over the world,—she did n't, though. She stuck. Take Daphne. Because he stood by her father, she married a man that she really did n't care for. In the first year of their married life, just as she 's beginning to love him, he gets himself all twisted up in a hunting accident. He 'll never be any good again. He 's only the shell of a man. He 's a gentleman, though, and a dead-game sport. He gets wild spells, when he begs her to leave him and find some man that can give her the children she wants.' But she 's stuck, too. When I married Vin, and he telegraphed his mother, she took the next train over to New York. I sat in the hotel room, dressed up like a—I can see those Tenderloin clothes now—frightened to death, white, trembling. When her knock came on the door, I could barely open it, my knees knocked together so. She just reached out her arms and said, 'Is this Vincent's wife?' and kissed me. That 's all there was to it then; that 's all there 's ever been to it. Never a question or a hint or a catty knock of any kind. Of course Vin 's acting like the devil; but in his heart he does n't want to lose me. I know that. He needs me. He knows that. And I know it, too. It 's hell here sometimes—I mean the dullness. Some nights it seems that if I could just doll up once more and beat it down to Morgan's grill, I 'd— But I 'm going to stick, too."

Jackie Dare sat in a little summer-house on the grounds of the hotel. Across the little rustic table from her lounged a young man whose appearance perfectly explained his sobriquet. His marked facial peculiarity was supplemented by a sartorial spectacularity. His expression of great good nature was not confined to his bulging eyes or his eccentric profile; it seemed to exude from his very figure.

"Muggie, give me some ski," Jackie ordered. "I have n't had a drink in this temperance hole since you left."

Muggie drew a generous flask from an inner pocket. He unscrewed the top, poured some of the contents into it, and handed it to his companion. She drank it with a single gulping intake.

"That deed of kindness will save your soul from the everlasting pit, Muggie, old boy," she promised her companion, visibly cheered by his ministrations.

"Thanks," replied Muggie. "Have another! Say, why are n't you taking in those swell works with the rest of the bunch? I thought you and Julia were pals. Was n't any split there, was there?"

"I should say not," said Jackie. "Put that in your nut and remember it, Muggie. Anybody 'd better try splitting the earth in two before he tries to make trouble between me and Julia. But, Muggie, how could I go? I did n't want to gum Julia's game. The other three could put up a refined front for as long as an hour; but me—what would a truck horse like me do? I 'd rather see Julia than my dead mother; but I love her too much to hurt her."





Photograph by the International News Association

Puppets used in "The Little Mermaid," a play adapted from Andersen's fairy-tale by Kathleen Wheeler

Puppet-plays for Children

By INIS WEED

"THE Deluded Dragon, a fairy-play in two acts, Saturday mornings at 10:30," so ran the Chicago Little Theater's announcement. Its interest for us lay in the fact that the actors were not people, but puppets, that race that has delighted the world for thousands of years.

The Little Theater is an ideal place in which to give an imaginative play. Everything about the approach and the play-house conspires to create the right mood. Turning from the avenue along Lake Michigan, cold and leaden under a sweep of wintry sky, we entered the Fine Arts Building. Down its long, broad corridor, with glimpses of shops of arts and crafts and with its welter of sounds from flutes and violins, we reached the big, black door of the theater. "Open Sesame!" Slipping

between the heavy, ash-gray curtains of the anteroom, we passed a window affording a Maxfield Parrish glimpse of a quiet court, with its fountain and waiting air, and so on into the soft gray of the auditorium, with its flower-garden of bright bows on childish heads all turned expectantly toward the stage curtains, which would shortly open on fairy-land.

All at once delightful music; the curtains parted, and, behold! the stage had shrunk to the dimensions of a three-by-five-foot forest in wonderful blues and greens. The charm of this scene lay in its suggestive quality. Merely two ancient tree trunks and the shadow of the blue-green background placed us on the edge of some forest depth. Maurice Browne, the director of the Little Theater, like Gordon Craig, Bakst, and others, uses no



Photograph by Florence Hendershot *The Dragon* in "The Deluded Dragon"

scenery, and gets his effects from screens, cloths, and lightings. At the left projected into the foreground an end of the curved, blue-shadowed bridge across the River Merrytune, which we all but heard running bravely through the forest. We had the sensation of looking at an Impressionistic landscape of unusual depth hung low on the wall of a salon.

When a *Fairy Messenger*, suspended by an invisible thread, suddenly swung lightly across the scene and began to recite the prologue in his high, piping little voice, it was as though the picture had by some magic come to life. The play began. From the first, all the action in this little two-act comedy, which centers about the undoing of the *Dragon*, had an "Alice in Wonderland" feeling, the effect of the unexpected juxtaposition of the dignified and the comic. Over the bridge sauntered *Prospero*, the son of *King Manuel*, who with his magic sword had saved his father's city from destruction by the gnomes. For three days now he had gaily followed a wooden spoon down the river, certain that he would chance upon adventure. But three days and no high deeds! So he

summoned to his aid the *Spirit of the Magic Sword*, who told him:

"Left you must go,
Left you must go.
There you will see
Creatures three,
All in the direst of woe."

Quite right, for there came *King John the Sad* and *Queen Margaret*, with their little daughter *Hildegarde*, sobbing in their fear of the terrible *Dragon* with five heads. Every year for four years he had carried off one of the five princesses. He always found them, no matter where they were hidden, and now it was time for him to come again. The *King* and *Queen*, in their august robes, had been running through the forest and contradicting each other as to the proximity of the *Dragon*, until at last *King John the Sad* had got quite out of breath. He sat down and flatly refused to go farther, dragon or no dragon, and argued like a fussy, middle-aged person with his very human queen. *Hildegarde*, with golden braids and fluffy skirts, was a delicious child, who amiably



Photograph by Florence Hendershot

A scene from "The Deluded Dragon"

reproved and advised the *King* and got him to dance with her, to a gay little tune, over the *Prince's* promise to subdue the *Dragon* if he might claim her as his reward. Only the distant growls of the *Dragon* had persuaded *King John* to promise the hand of *Hildegarde*. But the *Prince* must win *Hildegarde*, for it was she to whom the wooden spoon belonged. Had not the little *Princess* cast it into the river when she was trying to starve herself to death before the return of the *Dragon*?

The growling grew nearer, and again pandemonium reigned in the royal family. Again *Prospero* summoned the *Spirit of the Magic Sword*, who told him to conceal *Hildegarde* by changing her into a grasshopper. Out winked the lights in the theater, then on again, and we saw a shining green grasshopper standing knee-high to the *Queen* and talking in *Hildegarde's* voice. "Take me out!" exclaimed one child in the audience. "I don't like this." No more did the *King* and *Queen*; but *Hildegarde* hopped so gaily to and fro and sang so joyously that the anxiety of the royal pair was somewhat quieted.

Once more *Prospero* summoned the *Spirit of the Magic Sword*, who, of course, knew how to subdue the fierce *Dragon*. The *King* and *Queen* were to distil some five-fold-refined liquor, place it in five liquor-vats in front of the five pillars along the portico of the palace, then conceal themselves within the portico and await the coming of the *Dragon* with five heads. He would surely drink, and the magic of the liquor would cast such a spell upon the monster as to give him into the *Prince's* power.

The curtain dropped, and while the royal family were distilling the fivefold-refined liquor we adjourned to the tea-room that contributes to the intimate and friendly character of the Little Theater. There were lemonade and little cakes just made to go with the play. We hung over the cake-tray, trying to decide whether to choose one with a candy *Dragon* on its frosted surface or one with the charming *Hildegarde* or one with the bold *Prince*. Then back to the conquest of the *Dragon*, the ter-r-ible *Dragon* with five heads.

On flew the *Dragon*, roaring in fine style to rampant music:



Photograph by Florence Hendershot

The Fairy Messenger, speaker of all prologues and epilogues in the Chicago Little Theater

"Great and fierce am I, ha! ha! ha!
 Little folks beware! ha! ha! ha!
 Thousands have I frightened,
 Thousands more will scare. Ha! ha! ha!
 When I lash my tail about,
 All are filled with fear and doubt.
 All the little girls, ha! ha! ha!
 And all the little boys, ha! ha! ha!
 Run away to hide from me
 When I make a noise, ha! ha! ha!
 When I raise my head and snort—"

Suddenly one of the *Dragon's* five heads remarked:

"But what is this odor in the air?" It sniffed.

Another of the *Dragon's* five heads opined:

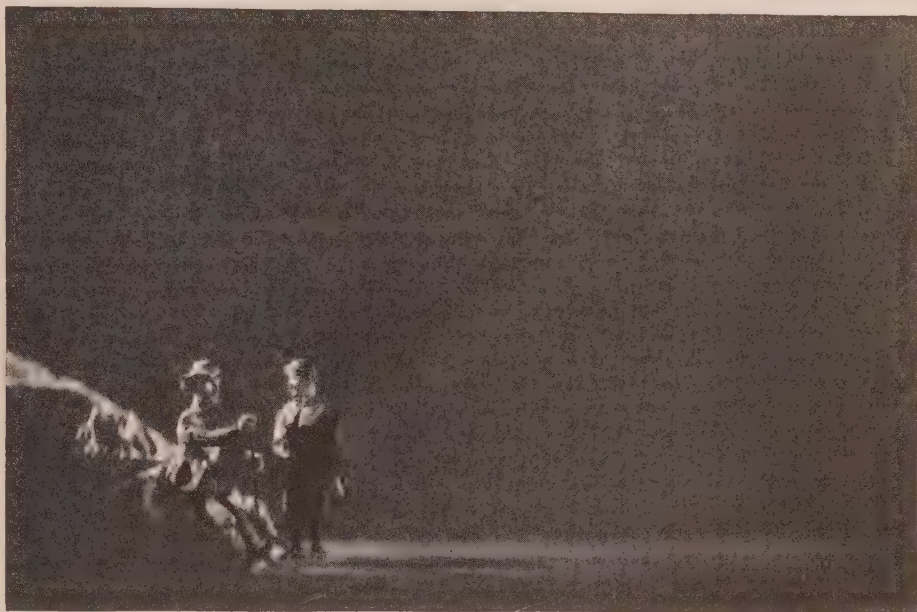
"It is an odor I have never noticed before, a very pleasant odor." It also became interested.

But a third head was less credulous and made surly protest. The inquisitive heads prevailed, however, and so the *Dragon* drank, a vat for every head, and roared and danced between each drink to a rollicking old English air:

"Here I go looby loo,
 Here I go looby light!
 Here I go looby loo,
 A shining fierce and bright!
 I dip my first head in,
 I lift my first head out,
 I shake it a little, a little,
 And lash my tail about. Hooray!

I dip my next head in,
 I lift my next head out,
 And shake it a little, a little,
 And lash my tail about. Hooray!"

Thus the drinking of the five vats of fivefold-refined liquor proceeded with great hilarity, gradual drowsiness, and final confusion. The audience was greatly diverted as the *Dragon* did much quarreling and arguing with himself, his heads being of divers opinions. At last the enchanted liquor had done its work, and *Prospero* compelled the *Dragon* to become a very *Caliban*. *Hildegarde*, restored to her charming self, danced with the *Prince* under the *Dragon's* five very noses, then climbed upon the once terrible *Dragon* to



Photograph by Florence Hendershot

"I seed in a story-book once."—*Dan'l and Nathan'l* in "*Columbine*," by Reginald Arkell

sit between his wings. The *Queen*, with great dignity, sat upon the *Dragon's* central head. *King John the Sad* bestrode the *Dragon's* tail. *Prince Prospero* boldly vaulted on his back, waved his sword, and off they sailed for the cave in which, the *Dragon* reluctantly confessed, he had hidden the four young princesses. We did not see the rescue, but who doubts it? And so ended the huge adventure.

With a farewell from the piping little *Fairy Messenger*, suddenly we found ourselves out on the avenue in the biting winds, but every now and then laughing afresh. Was there ever such a diverting dragon, who sang and danced and fell so under the spell of a potent vintage that its heads quarreled with one another and could no longer lash their tail and finally became obedient? Fancy being able to have a tame dragon to do one's bidding!

To be so entertained by a puppet-play was to want to know more about this world-old form of drama and how the Little Theater had happened to revive it. The decision to give a season of puppet-plays for children came about in this

fashion. At a time when the company was going through weeks of expensive training for a Greek play, Mrs. Harriet Edgerton, one of the charter members of the Little Theater, gaily suggested to the director:

"Why don't you give some plays with puppets? You don't have to pay them for acting. They would love to make money for you while your company experiments."

Then seriously she told him what pleasure she had had in reading everything to be found in the libraries on the puppets of different countries. They have behind them, so she pointed out, three thousand years of uninterrupted tradition to prove the universality of their appeal. The little marionettes have come down to us from India, China, Burma, Egypt, and from the cathedrals and fairs of the Middle Ages. To-day, throughout Turkey and southeastern Europe, puppets are still a popular form of entertainment in the coffee-houses and the theaters. *Punchinello* and his comrades still disport themselves in the restaurants of Italy. It also has its two hundred permanent puppet-



Photograph by Florence Hendershot

"We must be firm."—*Columbine, Harlequin, and Pierrot* in "*Columbine*"

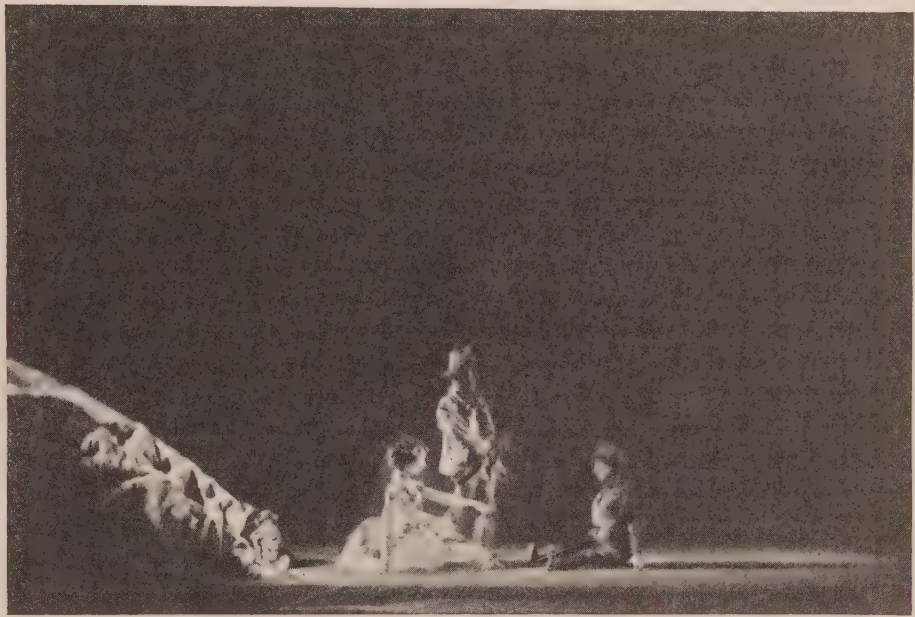
theaters and twice as many traveling puppet-shows, the favorite plays of which are based on such old tales as the deeds of Charlemagne and his warriors, one cycle of plays lasting two months. Paris still has its puppet-theaters in the side streets. Clunn Lewis delighted modern England with his puppets, and German children have always known them. In Chicago's Greek colony one finds the little puppets entertaining guests in the coffee-houses with Turkish shadow-plays. From foreigners San Francisco acquired a naïve puppet-theater, and New York City has had puppet-theaters in its Italian quarters, but to-day, so far as the writer has been able to learn, their last vestiges are the pictures of them sold by an Italian lad in Macdougall Alley.

Mrs. Edgerton was most interested, however, in puppet-plays given by people who belong by training to the artist class. Gordon Craig has a puppet-theater along with his other theater in Florence, Italy. Students from his school say that no play they have ever seen has touched them to such depths of sadness as one of his tragic

puppet-plays, with each puppet to do one or two simple gestures of woe. Dora Nussey has a puppet-theater in London, and Margaret Bully one in Liverpool. The Petit Théâtre in Brussels has realized the dreams of men like Louis Picard, James Ensor, Thomas Braun, and Grégoire Le Puy. But it is in Germany that puppets are manipulated with the greatest skill.

The result of Mrs. Edgerton's belief in the practicability of puppet-plays for the Little Theater was that Mr. Maurice Browne spent much of his summer abroad in visiting the puppet-theaters of various European cities, especially those in Germany. He saw this revival of interest in puppet-plays on the part of Western nations as a phase of the whole art movement back to simplicity with which the Chicago Little Theater, founded by himself and his wife, Ellen Van Volkenburg, has from the first identified itself.

He felt this movement, too, as a part of the revolt against the insistent temperament of the actor, who all too often subordinates the part to his personality. Silence



Photograph by Florence Hendershot

"What are you wondering about to-day?"—*Columbine, Dan'l, and Nathan'l* in "*Columbine*"

and obedience are the puppet's traditions. He serves the author, not himself.

Mr. Browne also became convinced of their possibilities in a financial way, for anything can be given with puppets: historical plays, fairy-tales, myths, legends. Children could be added to the patrons of the theater. They would be more appreciative of puppets than their elders for the simple reason that they have more imagination. What might be termed the closing-over process has not set in on their fancy. It still sees knights and dragons, the green folk dancing in a ring. It can dramatize with equal ease the life of a sparrow on the window-ledge or the gigantic adventures of the hippogriff. Then, too, puppets are much better suited to act all the fairy rôles that the grown-ups are—well, just too grown up to give with any degree of illusion. They make us materialists at once when they try to be dragons, gnomes, and mermaids, but the puppets can take us into a fairy world that is to the imaginative mind the natural land from which we came and to which we return every night of our lives.

So it was decided to experiment with a season of puppet-plays for children. Mrs. Edgerton and Miss Kathleen Wheeler, an English sculptor who created the puppets for the Little Theater, have achieved a medium of expression that bears little relation to the puppet of the past except that it is its logical descendant. They surveyed somewhat dubiously the little *Puppen* brought back from Germany, with their smooth, doll-like faces, their dangling arms and legs. The trouble was not that they left too much to the imagination, but that the primitive jointing often gave a wrong turn to the fancy and suggested comedy when perhaps one wanted sorrow, beauty, tragedy, or tenderness. Mrs. Edgerton and Miss Wheeler shook their heads, laid away the quaint little *Puppen* and set to work. With American inventiveness Mrs. Edgerton has originated a new jointing that makes the figure more human and pliable, and at the same time gives greater control to the puppet-master. The technical details are a trade secret, but to the original knee, hip, and neck joint she has added a waist and a head



Photograph by Florence Hendershot

Columbine

joint. Her puppet mermaids, with their serpentine jointing, are almost uncanny in their sinuousness. Miss Wheeler, the sculptor, has done away with the doll-like smoothness of the faces by carving the masks, as they are called, somewhat roughly. The broken surfaces carry the facial expression farther out into the audience, much as the mood of an Impressionistic picture carries farther than one painted in exact detail. The skill of an artist is required to carve the mask to fit the character, the costume, and the surroundings.

Dressing the puppet is a matter of technic as well as artistry. The costumes have to be put on with so much reference to the strings by which the figure is manipulated that they are carefully fastened on once for all, and new puppets are carved for each play.

Rehearsing the little marionettes is a very different problem from rehearsing people. The problems of staging and lighting are the same, but it requires from four to seven years, the Germans say, to become a good puppet-master, so delicate and so complicated is the business of man-

aging all the strings. The slightest error in their manipulation is most upsetting. It may cause the prince to flourish his sword in fine defiance when he meant to bend the knee. In the old puppet-shows the words were spoken by one or two readers, but at the Chicago Little Theater there is an actor to manipulate each puppet and speak its lines, not in the squeaking tones of the traditional Punch and Judy, but in a voice suited to the character. It is Miss Van Volkenburg, with her keen dramatic sense and fine technic, who trains the actors and creates the final ensemble that goes straight to the "nerves of delight." The presentation of "The Deluded Dragon," written by Mrs. Edgerton and Miss Van Volkenburg, with prologue and epilogue by Mrs. Edgerton, was followed, after much rehearsing, by Reginald Arkell's "Columbine," given for the first time in this country, and Miss Wheeler's "The Little Mermaid," adapted from the tales of Hans Christian Andersen.

It was impossible to see the mermaid puppets without realizing the possibilities of puppets for such plays as those of Maeterlinck that have some other-world

quality people are apt to call "unreal" for want of a better comparison—plays with imaginative, strange, haunting scenes that never were on sea or land, and yet grip us with the same sense of reality that dreams do. Who has not been held for days under the mood of some dream that seemed more real than the dazzling sunshine through which he walked or drove?

This new venture into an old field on the part of the Little Theater has proved so successful that puppet-plays now have an established place in the company's repertory. As the theater is very little indeed, popular prices cannot be charged; all tickets are one dollar. What Mrs. Edgerton hopes to see eventually is the establishment of the puppet-plays in some motion-picture house, many of which have been closed during the last year. Then for ten, twenty, and thirty cents it would be possible for people to see these charming plays instead of always the motion-pictures, which, as the directors proudly aver, "leave nothing to the imagination." Not that Mrs. Edgerton would like to see the picture-play houses fall on evil days,—not at all,—but she thinks they should not be

the sole form of entertainment for the people, as they now bid fair to be.

Whether the few American theaters that stand for artistic drama, and ultimately some of the other playhouses, will adopt the puppet-play remains to be seen, but certain it is that our children love them. And they have always been a delight to the world's artists. Goethe often gave them for his friends. Indeed, it was from such an entertainment that he got his idea for "Faust." The list of English and European dramatists who have also written puppet-plays is a long one. Ben Jonson has given us an entertaining account of a puppet-play at Bartholomew Fair. Haydn composed some of his best music for the court puppet-theater where he was musical director. For Voltaire, too, they had their appeal. And George Sand was wont to give these plays for the children of her household. Gautier and Stevenson loved them, and Maeterlinck has written a volume of "Drames pour marionnettes." Of one audience the puppet-theater is forever assured—children and artists; for both can sit on a stool and enter the happy world of Make-Believe.

At Odds

By ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

OVER the clean white linen
The laundress passes the flat-iron
with energy,
And with equal energy she talks as she
works
To the policeman outside,
Who has stopped for a moment
By the open basement window.

"You men are a queer lot," she says,
"And my man was like the rest of you.
There were times when he thought
of me,
But he never thought of me and
nothing else.
His mind was always on his boilers
Or on politics or the big prize-fight.

"With me it was different:
It was always him I was thinking on.
He was never out of my mind.
Whether I scrubbed or cooked
Or darned or sewed,
I did it all for him,
And it was for him I lived.

"Did he live for me?
Not much:
He ran away with a red-headed snip.

"As for men, I'm through with them.
I've washed them out of my mind
As clean as I washed out this napkin."

But the listener only laughed.
The glance she turned upon him
Seemed to tell him a very different story.



"The *señor pretendiente* had been seen to speak to him"

Marriage by Miracle

By MARÍA CRISTINA MENA

Author of "John of God, the Water-carrier," "The Education of Popo," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

PANCRAZIO, the cobbler, was the first of the humble neighbors of the Ramos Blancos to notice that *la niña Clarita* had a pretender. From across the *plazuela*, where he had his stool and his strings of shoes festooning the wall beneath his gay canopy of tacked-together

bull-fight programs, he had seen what was going on and prayed that, by the mercy of God, Doña Rosalia might not perceive the discreet signs with which her little one acknowledged the devoted presence of the strange young man in the shadow of the House of Colors.

It was the most exciting thing that had happened in the Little Square of Marvels for many a year, and the knowledge of it burned the mouth of Pancrazio until he had passed it on, over a jug of pulque, to his *compadre* the charcoal-seller, who whispered it to his *comadre*, the *tortillera*, as she patted her little cakes flat in the palms of her hands, and she did not fail to pass it on to the water-carrier, who launched it to all the world at the public fountain.

And now all the *peladitos*, barefooted offspring of the unregarded Indian populace, washed their little brown faces and feet and assumed expressions of astonishing intelligence and zeal in the hope of being selected for such confidential service of love as might become needful. But soon all knew that Agapito, the *cargador* at the corner, was the lucky one. The *señor pretendiente* had been seen to speak to him, and doubtless had engaged him to deliver *billetitos amorosos* to the retainers of the House of Colors; for when he appeared next day his white cotton trousers were newly washed, and a gaping hole in his sombrero was sewed up, and he showed the world a face of such length and importance that one might be sure that he would not recognize his own mother if she were to pass him at his post.

The House of Colors had its nickname from the blue and yellow tiles covering the whole of its façade in a gay design which passing centuries had blemished with cracks and gaps. It dominated the Little Square of Marvels as any palace has a perfect right to dominate any slum. Many such palaces in the City of Mexico have been reduced to shabby uses as well as to shabby company, but this one had been preserved from trade by its family of origin, which had decayed companionably with and within it.

Not entirely had it been defended from invasion, however, for Doña Rosalia de Ramos Blancos had found it necessary, in order that she and her two daughters should keep their bones clothed with flesh, to lease the better half of the immense dwelling to another family; fortunately

almost as quiet, although not nearly as well-born, as themselves.

Small as was the rent paid by these tenants, it enabled the Ramos Blancos to maintain themselves in the station not only "of señoras," but also "of carriage." The difficulty of their being no longer able to afford the luxury of horses was overcome by the generosity of the godmother of the elder daughter,—there is no limit to the responsibilities of a godmother in Mexico,—who every Sunday patiently lent them her black mare and coachman, thus enabling them to drive to the twelve o'clock mass, which is the fashionable one, in their own carriage, conformably with the traditions of the Ramos Blancos.

Their true difficulties and sacrifices were buried in the almost deathlike secrecy of their inner life. Even their tenants across the patio or the *portero* below would have been shocked beyond words could they have known that the elaborate daily dinner ostentatiously served by the *nana*, clattering along the gallery from kitchen to dining-hall with course after course of covered dishes, was largely a symbolic rite by which the Ramos Blancos deceived their neighbors, and, I think, even their stomachs, so sincerely was it performed. The wealth of nourishment proclaimed in rotation by the old serving-woman according to her recollection or fancy—the wet soup, the dry soup, the fish, the omelet, the pigeons, the fried fruits, the frijoles, the cheese, ices, and pastry, all with their appropriate wines—resolved itself as a matter of reality into whatever God permitted that day, perhaps a substantial soup and a dish of beans, with warm tortillas.

They never complained, but made as many reverences over their meager fare as though it had been all that the family ritual professed it to be, their eyes shining at the thought of saving every centavo to appear before the world as well as possible. They always dressed for dinner, and would have done so even if there had been no dinner to dress for; and although their gowns had been made over and over and the laces mended and dyed, the sleeves

and necks and the style of draping were always of the latest mode. And they chattered frivolously over their meals as if their life had been one round of social festivity.

It was customary for Ernestina, the elder daughter, who had a sonorous and flexible voice, to begin the gaiety by reciting some graceful vers de société, and this performance was always greeted by the other two with a clapping of thin little hands and reckless cries of "Viva!" and the like. One day, however, after she had rendered a popular favorite by Juan de Dios Peza entitled "Carrying on a Flirtation," Doña Rosalia refrained from applauding, and presently said in a constrained tone:

"Apropos of flirtations, I demand to know this instant which one of my daughters is scandalizing the neighborhood."

She looked at Ernestina, but it was not Ernestina who uttered a sound between a gasp and a squeal and stuffed her mouth full of finger-tips. Ignoring that breach of deportment on the part of the palpitating Clarita, Doña Rosalia continued:

"I have noticed a youth playing the bear under our balconies with more diligence than I permit—that is, without knowing what mother gave him birth."

Still she looked with studied guile at poor Ernestina, who was twenty-five and hopelessly disfavored, with her nose of ridicule, her eyes like two fleas, and her bony figure, which looked, as her mother often lamented, as if St. Joseph had passed the plane over it. But now Clarita, who was eighteen and surprisingly plump, considering her diet, and who had long, gray eyes which always appeared half closed, spoke up in a trembling voice:

"Ernestina is not the culpable one, Mama. It is to me he pretends."

Majestically Doña Rosalia turned her eyes upon her temerarious daughter.

"To thee! Since when this liberty without my permission?"

"It makes now three months that he followed me from church, Mama, and he has played me the bear with all regularity ever since."

Doña Rosalia drew in a hissing breath and threw up her eyes, exclaiming:

"What cynicism God has given this daughter of mine!"

"We know each other only of sight, Mother mine," the girl protested dutifully.

"But who is this sinner?" her mother demanded. "What signs does he give of what family he comes? Or does one take interest in a mortal without inquiring who he may be?"

"He appears well from far," Clarita stammered, casting down her eyes.

"So does the neighbor next door. Has he taken the liberty to write?"

"Yes, Mama; but we have not yet passed the period of my refusing the letters," Clarita murmured wistfully, but with conscious discretion.

"By whom has he sent them?" her mother persisted.

"They have reached the house through Agapito, who has been well instructed. The first month he gave them to Chuchito, the porter's child, the second month to Rótulo himself, and this month to the *nana*. Rest tranquil, Mama, that all has been done with propriety and of elegant manner. The youth has rewarded the servants with dollars."

This last, which slipped out with a touch of involuntary pride, the girl immediately felt to be a wrong note. Doña Rosalia frowned.

"Who is speaking of dollars?" she cried harshly. "Is he of good family?"

"*Por Dios!* thou askest more questions than the catechism of Father Ripalda!" cried poor Clarita, and burst into tears.

Ernestina's pathetically plain face distorted itself in sympathy. She took the little one in her arms, and with a glance implored her mother to forbear. Indeed, that lady had learned all that the culprit was in a position to tell her.

DOÑA ROSALIA knew her duty. Her first step was to revoke Clarita's "hour of balcony." For further precaution she nullified all the balconies except her own, causing the awnings to hang adroop at all



“ ‘There is hope, my adored—hope for thy sister and for us.’ ”

hours and locking the French windows of access. It was true that by this means the innocent Ernestina also was deprived of

her hour of balcony, but as she had never known what it was to have an admirer and never expected to have one, she made

no complaint. Meanwhile the *portero*, under instruction, spread abroad the rumor that there was indisposition in the family.

These demonstrations, while they perturbed the youthful "bear," did not deceive him. Still less did they discourage him. Constancy in love reaches astonishing lengths in Mexico, and it is well that this is so, for in no other land is love itself viewed parentally with so much disfavor and vexed with so many obstacles and indignities.

It was a boast of Doña Rosalia that she could smell family distinction a mile away. Having duly inspected the pretender through her opera-glasses from behind her curtains, she announced confidently that he was of no family whatever. Of his being comely, honest-looking, and excellently dressed she made no mention, as those attributes did not enter into her point of view.

"If God intended my daughters for the life of marriage," she argued, "He would certainly make His blessed will known to me by sending a pretender with a name worthy of being added to that of Ramos Blancos."

Meanwhile love, after its manner, grew greater for the restrictions imposed upon it. By devious means the pretender's letters continued to arrive, and Clarita effected her graduation from the stage of refusing to receive them to that of reading them without replying, then to replying with formality, then to a thrilling exchange of photographs, and on to the tender formula of "thee" and "thou," and gloriously forward to vows of eternal fidelity telegraphed in every mood and tense from eyes to eyes through the dim vistas of an incense-swimming church.

Then the pretender's father took a hand. His limousine, a miracle of whispering speed and luxury, with French chauffeur and English footman in pale blue and gold, made as much stir in the Little Square of Marvels as the irruption of an archbishop or a first-class matador could have done. Señor Maldonado would have been better advised to have approached the

seat of the Ramos Blancos more humbly. Although he was armed with perfectly proper and even weighty introductions, Doña Rosalia chose to subject him to a long wait in an antechamber before admitting him to an audience.

The elder Maldonado was a financier, famous and as rich as the Indies, but as to family a mere mushroom; indeed, it was said that his father had been a Spaniard and kept a *bodega*. All that saved this fine fellow from a stinging rebuff was his beguiling amiability, enhanced by an outspoken sense of inferiority to the Ramos Blancos. Doña Rosalia felt that she was treating him with more than Christian forbearance in that, instead of openly scouting the idea of an alliance between their families, she merely affected to postpone the matter until such time as her elder daughter should have been married. Señor Maldonado, who had never seen the face of Ernestina, was profuse in his expressions of respectful gratitude.

Clarita had taken care to overhear that conversation, and now she ran to communicate its effect to her sister. Ernestina's eyes filled with tears, and her unfortunate nose grew pink when she learned that Clarita's happiness must wait upon her own marriage.

"Then for thee is no hope, *pobrecita!*" she cried.

"Say not so, or I shall die!" whimpered Clarita. "If thou lovest me as I love thee, thou wilt get thee a husband of some sort and that quickly."

"But where?" stammered Ernestina, looking about her wildly. "God knows, little sister, that for love of thee I would become the bride of any Christian man graced with a desire for me and the approval of mama."

"Thou art an angel!" Clarita cried, embracing her. "Then all we lack is a man."

"A man is all we lack," Ernestina assented as encouragingly as she could. "God send us one somewhat short of vision, for this face of mine would frighten the devil himself."

"*Chist!* Thou art *muy simpática*, and thy face is not so bad in this light, with the

awnings down. Mama has always exaggerated the matter; but for charity do not wrinkle thy forehead so. We will both pray with great zeal, and burn many candles to Saint Anthony that he send thee a husband *pronto, prontito.*"

TEN rainy seasons washed the House of Colors, but Ernestina did not capture a husband. Neither did she grow beautiful.

In vain the prayers, in vain the candles, in vain the fortunes that the *señor pretendiente* continued to lavish on the chapel of St. Anthony.

"As constant as Don Luis" had become a proverb in the Little Square of Marvels, and if a child was eight years old, its mother would say, "My creature was born when Don Luis carried two years of suitor."

Speaking of children, the officious Agapito had begotten seven or eight, to all of which Don Luis had stood godfather, and otherwise the neighborhood was overrun with little brown Luises, distinguished variously as Luis the Long, Luis the Fool, or the Snuffling, the Intelligent, the Without Teeth, or what-not, all named in honor of "the *patrón* of the corner."

Through the generosity of Don Luis, Pancrazio now had a large white umbrella over his stool in place of the tacked-together bull-fight programs; and by other little benefactions he had helped to rejuvenate the *plazuela* while he himself had been growing older.

Older and not a little stouter was that good *señor pretendiente*, and his hair was salt-sprinkled about the ears; for he was of middle life now—past thirty, no less. He and Clarita had come to believe that nothing less than a miracle could unite them until after the death of Doña Rosalia.

And Doña Rosalia was very well indeed. In the language of her friends, "Not a day had passed over her." Strangers often took her for a sister of her daughters. No doubt it did her good to have one of the richest bachelors of the capital languishing away his best years beneath the windows of the Ramos Blancos.

As for Clarita, she had become very thin, but some still considered her pretty; and although she had ceased to weep very much, she seemed as ardent as ever. So sure was Doña Rosalia of her filial piety that she made no further attempt to restrict the courtship, and it remained stationary, with never the touch of a hand at the genteel stage of balcony whisperings and passionate letters raised and lowered with a long white ribbon. That fishing process was the one excitement of Clarita's life, and she would make the most of it, with a leisurely and Delsartian technic, exhibiting the grace of her arms, especially when there was a moon to silver them and make wild shadows.

One night Don Luis fumbled strangely over the business of attaching his letter to the dangling ribbon. His voice was so hoarse that at first he could not speak, but at the moment when the letter left his hands on its upward journey he managed to articulate:

"*Hay esperanza!*"

When the letter, which was uncommonly bulky, had reached her hands he stammered:

"There is hope, my adored—hope for thy sister and for us. Read—read promptly!"

He flourished his cane as a general his sword. When she questioned him he hissed:

"All is within the envelop. Read, little daughter—read, meditate, and pray with thy gentle sister that God give her valor! *Adiós!*"

And with an agitated gesture he went away, walking like a drunken man.

Clarita retired hastily within her chamber and tore open the envelop. It contained a long letter from Don Luis, accompanied by an attractive illustrated booklet. From one and the other she made out that a surgeon of beauty from the United States had set himself up in the City of Mexico and was anxious, for a consideration, to improve the faces of its inhabitants.

Certain miracles that this practitioner had wrought with faces in the United

States were set forth frankly in the illustrations of his booklet. Clarita was particularly struck with two contrasting portraits of a lady, described as of the highest society in the City of New York, taken before and after the surgeon of beauty had exercised his art upon her. Certainly Ernestina at her very worst had never shown the world a countenance so multifariously blighted as that of this lady in her first picture; indeed, it was wonderful that she had possessed the valor to sit for a picture at all. In the second one, however, she had effloresced into such beguiling beauty that the members of her own family must have found it extremely difficult to recognize her.

Moreover, Don Luis declared in his letter, this admirable surgeon of beauty was already beginning to achieve brilliant results in the newly rich, Americanized society of the Mexican capital. Thanks to him, the pretty and coquettish Consuelo Quiroz, who was nicknamed "*La Chata*" because of the slight flatness of her features, had come out with a Grecian nose of the most delicate modeling, while the widow Amalia de Alvear had lost all her wrinkles and acquired two captivating moles, one on the eyelid and one on the neck, which were making her the rage among the young men.

In fine, there was every reason to hope, the agitated Don Luis concluded, that a similar course of treatment for Ernestina would multiply a thousandfold her hitherto meager prospects of finding a husband.

It might be supposed that Ernestina would have welcomed the proposed plan, but although she had always been dissatisfied with her face in its original condition, she now argued that it had been given her by God, and that it would be the height of impiety to have it made over by a surgeon of beauty from the United States or anywhere else. Not until Clarita, in a tear-storm of passion, swore that a refusal would cause her, Clarita, to disgrace forever the name of Ramos Blancos by eloping with her adorer, did the terrified spinster consent, with many prayers, to be made beautiful.

ONE day Clarita whispered to her mother that Ernestina had promised God a retreat of six weeks. The sisters had just returned from church, and Ernestina was heavily veiled.

Doña Rosalia, in whom religion dominated every other consideration, with the possible exception of family, took early occasion to boast to all her friends of her elder daughter's piety. Ten times a day she would conjure Clarita to take example by her sister, and when she passed Ernestina's door she would make the sign of the cross, pausing with bowed head as if to receive some touch of sanctity from the inspired one within.

As it is a sin to speak to or even to look at a holy one in retreat, Ernestina had ample opportunity for seclusion and meditation. As she passed on her way to church, the neighbors, with eyes lowered, would furtively touch her dress or her long black veils, and deem themselves blessed thereby.

The truth was that Ernestina, by the grace of a generous loan from her god-mother, had offered herself to the excruciating attentions of the surgeon of beauty, and was now undergoing the process of healing, her face clamped in an armor of bandages which her penitential array effectually concealed. But let it not be thought that she sustained her pious reputation in a spirit of unmitigated hypocrisy: on the contrary, she sought to atone for the deception by dint of devotions and austerities which gave an intense reality to her period of penance.

The day for her final visit to the surgeon of beauty came. The anxious Clarita went with her. Would that I could give a true conception of their emotions when, the bandages having been removed, they beheld the pale and symmetrical face, as smooth as an egg, which was now Ernestina's.

What little face of blessed one! *En nombre de todos los santos!* Not only had every wrinkle and blemish disappeared, not only had a nose of ridicule become a nose of dignity, not only had the sagging redundancies of jaw and neck given place



"What little face of blessed one! *En nombre de todos los santos!*"

to the precise contours of youth, but the eyes, once like two fleas, now actually represented eyes, and the whole face, by some new trick in the angle of the brows.

had acquired a look of noble spirituality which would be highly creditable to a virgin martyr.

In fact, the surgeon of beauty ventured

to think that he had done a pretty good piece of work, and he was piqued when the sisters with one impulse fell upon their knees and poured out all their gratitude to God.

But presently Ernestina made a discovery which alloyed her enthusiasm. She could no longer smile. *Ay Dios! Qué fatalidad!* Something in the rearrangement of skin or muscles had brought it to pass that the faintest approach to a smile was met with an alarming tension, followed, unless the impulse was immediately checked, by sharp twinges of pain.

In answer to her outcries the surgeon of beauty assured her that an expression of English immobility was in the latest mode cultivated by the most fashionable señoras, and advised her to resist all impulse to smile, a very simple matter if she would only make up her mind never to feel amused. Clarita praised his sagacity, and offered comfort to her sister by reminding her that she had ever been given to tears rather than to laughter, and remarking that her condition would have proved far more embarrassing if she had found herself inhibited from weeping abundantly and in perfect comfort, as at that moment.

Not being very logically inclined, Ernestina found no comfort in these arguments, and although she had thanked God for her new face, she now blamed the surgeon of beauty for its limitations as an instrument of mirthful expression.

Fortunately her dissatisfaction was short-lived. Such a profound impression did her metamorphosis make upon her mother, and thereafter upon all the world, that she very quickly reconciled herself to a lifetime of smilelessness. For, emerging from her self-imposed retreat with a countenance so changed and so spiritualized, she became famous far and wide as a saint whose piety had been rewarded with a visible, unequivocal signet of divine favor.

In the light of the legend of the miracle, her holiness was manifest to all, and all paid gratifying tribute thereto. Fastidious young women friends who in times past had gracefully refrained from giving her

the customary two kisses, one on each cheek, at greeting and parting, now fervently pressed their pretty lips to her smooth and sanctified face, praying silently for forgiveness and benediction. Sick friends would leave their beds and drive to the House of Colors, designing under the pretext of a social call to sit near Ernestina and, if possible, to hold her blessed hand. Expectant mothers plotted or pleaded for her presence on interesting occasions, that her holy face might be the first on which the eyes of their babes should light. As for the common people, they frankly kneeled when she passed.

And Clarita? Her joy knew no bounds until one day when she learned that Ernestina had peremptorily declined to consider an offer of marriage from an eligible widower as pious and well born as he was wealthy. Pains of all the martyrs! From her balcony that night the love-sick virgin rained tears upon the upturned, anguished face of Don Luis.

The fact was that the world's conception of Ernestina's holiness had awakened an unmistakable echo in her own soul. No one believed in the miraculous character of her transfiguration more sincerely than she herself, and in this faith she was confirmed by her father confessor, who preached an eloquent sermon on the subject. The first offer of marriage was followed by many more, from widowers and bachelors of excellent pedigree and serious disposition, but from the rarefied heights on which she now dwelt a descent to the banality of marriage was out of the question.

However, the good creature was not so lost in heavenly contemplation as not to have kept a human corner in her heart for her little sister, and such was her influence upon Doña Rosalia that the constancy of Don Luis was at length rewarded as it deserved. His long years of playing the bear had not spoiled his disposition, and if you had known Clarita in the past and could see her now with her three lovely children, I believe you would consider her transfiguration just as wonderful as that of the saintly Ernestina.



The Gipsies of the Balkans

By DEMETRA VAKA

Author of "She Who Sowed the Seed," etc.

ON leaving Servia, my brother and I decided to travel through the country called old Servia, which before the last Balkan war against Turkey still formed a part of the Ottoman Empire. It was here that we came more into contact with the Gipsies, although these nomads could be found anywhere throughout the peninsula. They were a migratory population, but, like the swallows, always remade their nests in the same places. Remaking their nests consisted of unharnessing the half-starved, scrawny ponies from their dilapidated, springless wagons, and turning them loose to graze, then pitching tents that harmonized admirably with ponies and wagons.

When settled, the Gipsies immediately set up their industries, and remained in a locality until they had collected enough money for another migration. They traveled in companies, each company consisting of a clan united by ties of blood or marriage, and there were numerous babies to be tended in each encampment. These same Gipsies of the Balkans came down to Constantinople and encamped in vacant places on the Bosphorus or on the Sea of Marmora. There I had first met them, came to know them, and, I confess, to like them, although their reputation was of the worst. There was no crime that was not imputed to them. Fact and fancy were mingled in the sinister deeds attributed to them; for the people of the East have vivid imaginations, and the Fourth Crusade, the Bulgars, and the reign of the Turks helped to stimulate their powers of belief in evil.

Wherever the Gipsies encamped, the devil's own halo encircled the place, and God-fearing citizens would think many times before passing their camp after dusk.

Indeed, I was told by my nurse that whenever the Gipsies came to our island, she could see the sparks of hell during the whole night, and hear the cries and groans of the wicked ones whose souls were under the heels of the dark power. Considering that blacksmithing is one of the industries of the Gipsies and that they work at any hour of the night, it is quite natural that the anvil should be heard in the darkness and that the sparks from the anvil should be seen.

I was only eight when I first spoke to a Gipsy girl. A large encampment had settled down not far from our house, and one day, on returning from a visit with my mother, I came upon a girl seated under a tree and moaning as I had never heard a human being moan. I was ahead of my mother, and stopped and spoke to the little girl. I touched her on the shoulder several times before she raised her head, and then I saw that she was hugging a small dog the blood of which was dripping over the sole garment she wore. There were no tears in the girl's eyes, only misery. As my mother had not yet come up to us, I kneeled before her and the dog.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"Not yet," she answered somberly; "but he is going to die, and when he does I shall take the life of the man who did this."

The little dog's tongue was hanging out of his mouth, and his eyes expressed the misery reflected in the eyes of his mistress. Poor little Gipsy cur, like his mistress, unwelcome upon the face of the earth! Ever since I can remember I have had a feeling of sympathy for all those whose footsteps were dogged by inexplicable scorn. Out of that feeling I next spoke:

"The dog may still be saved. Come

with me to my home, and let my sister see him. She is wonderful with sick animals."

A gleam of hope came into the eyes of the little girl. She rose quickly, and then I saw how profusely the dog was bleeding.

"Do try to stop his bleeding," I cried, "or he will lose all his blood before we reach our home!"

She put her little brown hands, the fingers covered with extravagant paste jewels, over the little creature's wound. Moved by the misery before me, I offered my best unused handkerchief, and told her to put it on his wound. To my horror, she bent her head and licked the wound, and only then applied the handkerchief.

My mother now came up to us, gave a glance at the Gipsy and her dog, but said not a single word even when I explained to her that they were going home with us.

At home my sister bathed the wound and carefully bandaged it. She told the Gipsy that she must let the dog stay with us for a few days. The girl hung her head and considered, and consented to let him remain behind only after my sister had declared that the dog might die if he were moved. She dropped on her knees, threw her arms around him, and poured out in her outlandish tongue the anguish she was suffering in the separation. I did not understand her language, but from her face I realized her misery, and I ran to my mother, who had left us after we had reached the house.

"Mama," I cried, "the little Gipsy dog is going to stay with sister till he is cured, and his mistress is weeping so! Can't we let her stay in the house, too?"

"What you ask is absolutely impossible," my mother replied severely. "What is more, I wish you never again to speak to a Gipsy. Do you understand—never again!"

"You did n't seem to object out there."

"I did not know in what language to speak to you, those Gipsies know so many. I was afraid she might understand, and revenge herself on us."

"Now she is in the house," I persisted, "can't we, just for once, let her stay with her dog and not be separated from him?"

My mother looked at me, and from experience I knew that the last word had been said. I left her, and only eight years old though I was, I began that day to wonder why they engaged priests to teach us the gospel of the Nazarene, and then never let us practise it.

The few days that the Gipsy dog remained in our house his mistress spent as near our windows as she was permitted by those who kicked her about whenever my sister or I was not looking. The dog was cured, and when, leaping with joy, he was placed in her arms, she was so grateful she wanted to kiss my sister; but my mother, who happened to be present, motioned to my sister not to permit it.

Although I was forbidden to speak to the Gipsies, I did so whenever I could clandestinely. My little Gipsy, who was named Valérie, after the favorite daughter of Empress Elizabeth, was a source of delight to me. I told my sister how she, too, could speak to Valérie if she wished, but she exclaimed:

"I can't. Mama forbids it."

"She will never find it out," I suggested.

"But I shall have to confess it to the priest, and he will reprove me, and so he will you," she ended.

"I don't mind," I replied. As a matter of fact, I did not mean to tell the priest, for I had already begun to settle my affairs without his help.

My friendship with Valérie was dear to me. First, because it had in it an element of adventure, since I had to see her without being found out; second, because she told me of their travels and their way of living. From Valérie I learned much more than I did later at college from a full course in sociology.

They did not come to Constantinople every year. Their travels extended from there all across the Balkans and into Austria, and as they did not travel by express-trains, it took them a long time to go over so much ground. From the tales she told me I was quite aware that the code of my new friend was different from mine. Lie the Gipsies did; steal they did; and when

it was necessary, they killed. Yet Valérie made everything natural, and I accepted her code as naturally. Philosophy and tolerance are inborn in a child's nature. It is only later, as the various teachings of our elders take root in our souls, that we acquire standards and begin to judge the world from the particular brand of civilization that is ours.

Thanks to my early clandestine friendship with Valérie, when my brother and I were traveling through the Balkans I was able to talk freely with the Gipsies, and did not avoid them with the superstitious hatred that is our heritage in the East. We used to come upon their encampments everywhere in the wilds of old Serbia, and they certainly were a villainous crew to look at, the men with their long hair and longer ear-rings, the women in their fantastic raiment, their hair dressed in veils of such daring colors that they screamed at one as far as one could see them. And then when we came nearer there was the filth.

THE BOY WHO WANTED TO BE AN EMPEROR

PEOPLE will tell you in the Balkans that a Gipsy camp is to be avoided; yet I used to hail them with pleasure. They added to the wildness and savagery of the nature about us. One day, several miles from Uskup, our horses raised their heads and listened to something we could not hear. At first we thought they were smelling human blood; but we came to the conclusion that something different caused their interest, since no tremors of fear were passing through them. Reining them in, we listened, but, hearing nothing, started to ride on. After a while a sound like the faint moaning of a torrent came to us. The effect on our horses was very peculiar; they seemed to have forgotten their fatigue, and were sidling along in a way that made me nervous.

Finally we made out that it was weird strains of music that reached us.

"We are nearing a Gipsy camp," my brother said with relief. "Some one is playing with more fire than usual."

Within sight of the camp, the music came to us in its full beauty or its full horror, I do not know which. Since then I have heard many great masters play; but such music as that I have never heard. It was heavenly; it was hellish. Our horses were as much affected as we: they pranced as if they were steeds of the great mettle, instead of poor, scrawny, Balkan ponies. As for me, I began to dream of things unheard, unknown, only dreamable.

Sitting on a wagon, a youth was hanging over his violin, playing—playing like mad. Presently, without interrupting his music, he sprang from the wagon and paced back and forth, still playing torrentially. We sat fascinated both by the player and his playing, trying all the time to quiet our horses.

At last the music seemed spent; the boy let his violin fall to the ground, where he, too, threw himself, and the music was succeeded by heartbreaking sobbing. His weeping, like his music, was as torrential as a storm. Like it, it ceased when it had reached its climax.

A girl was sitting in the entrance of a tent, nursing a wee-baby. She regarded the figure on the ground apathetically. We dismounted, and I gingerly approached her. The tent was full of Gipsies, either sleeping or cooking, and in the woods were others cutting wood for their fires.

"Why is he crying like this?" I asked the girl.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"He always weeps when he plays as he did to-day."

"Is he your brother?"

"No, I belong to him, and this is his son. He came into his little body only six weeks ago; before that he lived in me." She said the last words with great pride in herself for being the mother of a son.

My brother approached the now silent player, and touched him on the shoulder. The boy raised his head, and then sat up. His eyes were deep, black pools filled with woe. Mano offered him a handful of cigarettes. The boy accepted them eagerly

and pressed them to his cheek. His hair was floating on his back, and his clothes were scanty and dirty. He looked more dressed for bathing than for living in the mountains.

"It went well to-day, did n't it?" Mano said.

The boy smiled sadly, displaying his magnificent Gipsy teeth. He picked out one of his cigarettes and tossed it to the girl with the baby. She leaped, with the baby, and caught it in mid-air, and her pleasurable laugh resounded about us for a second.

"Since it went well, why did you have to weep?" my brother asked.

"I wept because it went so well."

"Why?"

"I do not know. Because I want things, and do not get them," he cried. "A year ago I thought I wept because I wanted *her*." With his eyes he indicated the sitting girl. "She is now mine, and she has given me a son, but I cry just the same."

A sob, and then another, shook his breast.

"I know," my brother said sympathetically. "You want extravagant things—things that you only fancy."

The Gipsy gave a strange look at Mano, then leaned forward and touched him on the chest.

"You understand—you? Then you fiddle?"

"No; but I write. It is just as bad."

And then the boy, feeling the sympathetic atmosphere we were creating about him, began to talk:

"I think what I want is to be an emperor; to have people kneel before me and kiss the hem of my garments."

I could not help covering my face and laughing silently, for his worn trousers and his torn shirt had no hems.

Mano did not laugh. Seriously he amended:

"It is n't exactly an emperor you want to be. What you want is to play as you played to-day before millions of people, to make them all worship your music, to make that human sea weep when you will and laugh when you will."

The boy seized my brother's hands.

"You see into my head, you see into my heart!" he cried. "Could I—could I do that?"

Mano nodded.

"You did it to-day, even though it was only three riders and three horses. It was marvelous, my friend, your playing. Never have I heard its like."

At that the boy began to tremble like a leaf, and the tears sprang from the dark pools of his eyes and trickled down to his chin and then to his chest and on to his poor hemless shirt. And through his tears and his sobs he talked wildly to us—talked of the visions that came to him, which he brought to life with the power of his violin.

"Sometimes I can do it," he said, "and at others I cannot. Yet I am most unhappy when I can make alive the things that live in the air only."

THE GIRL WHO WAS LIKE A BROOK

FOR days and days afterward I thought a great deal about the Gipsy boy, and fervently wished to be present when he should play to millions of people and be worshiped. I wanted to see him realize his dream and to be present at his happiness. I was too young, too inexperienced to know that the dream of a great artist is never realized, and that he is happiest when he is most miserable.

Some days afterward we were caught by one of those sudden, terrific storms that I have witnessed only in the Balkans. It was so violent that it uprooted trees, and the rain washed down great stones.

"There is a shelter in a gorge not far from here," said our guide; but when we came to it, it was already occupied by a Gipsy encampment. The camp was bedecked with all kinds of bright-colored rags, hanging stringily in the storm, and our guide told us that it was a bridal encampment, where a wedding was soon to take place.

Some of the Gipsies invited us to go into their tents and lie down until the storm passed; but since, with our mackintoshes and the overhanging rocks, we were

partly protected, we preferred the cleanliness outside to the dubious shelter of their tents. We sat down at the opening of the gorge to watch the storm.

It ended as abruptly as it had begun, and our guide went in where he could dry himself, and prepare a meal for us. The Gipsies came out of their tents to give us a look of inspection. They were more villainous in appearance, if possible, than the others we had come across, perhaps because they had been huddled together in their tents during the storm. To my intense delight, however, among them was my old friend Valérie, and it was she who was to be the bride in ten days. They were waiting for other Gipsies in different parts of the Balkans to come to the encampment.

It was several years since I had last seen Valérie, and she had taken the time to grow into a real woman. Her hair was braided into a great many braids, in which were inserted hundreds of imitation coins. With her copper color and her shining teeth and her muscular, lithe figure, she made a very stunning picture in that grandiose background.

She came and sat down near us. Her eyes took in my brother in a long, comprehensive look; then they closed for a minute, and then opened again full on him. She moved a little nearer him, crouching like a dog at his feet. For some time she ignored me totally, but at length she turned abruptly to me and asked:

"Are you married to him?"

"I'm too young to be married," I replied. "He is my brother."

She frowned.

"You are not lying?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

She turned all her attention to my brother again. He, on his part, sat gazing at the landscape as if he did not know she was there.

She did not seem to mind it, and there ensued a long silence, broken only when she said:

"Funny he should be your brother. He is so handsome!" My feelings might have been hurt had I not for the last three

months been accustomed to remarks like this from all the people of the Balkans. Having made this observation, Valérie stretched herself full length on the ground, her chin in her palms, and lost herself in contemplation of Mano.

"When you finish looking at the trees, you can begin to look at me, Effendi," she said wistfully, after we had sat thus for five minutes.

Mano at once turned to her. She smiled very prettily at him, and he returned her smile.

"Where is your wife?" she asked.

As my brother did not reply, and feeling quite left out, I answered for him:

"He has n't any." At once I knew that I had displeased him.

In amazement Valérie cried:

"But how old are you?"

"Twenty-eight," he replied reluctantly.

"How curious! how very curious!" she commented. "Are all the women you know bloodless?"

I should have been amused at her questioning except that I felt my brother was greatly annoyed. Valérie sat up, and from her bosom brought forth a small pouch of tobacco and a booklet of tissue-paper. She tore out a leaf and carefully rolled a cigarette, licking the edge of the paper to make it stick. When it was made, she lighted it, took a puff, and with great ceremony presented it to Mano. Knowing how fastidious he was, I felt certain he could not possibly smoke that cigarette. She rolled one for herself, and then said:

"I am to be married in ten days, and yet I have not prepared a cigarette for the man who is to possess me."

My brother said nothing to this.

"Smoke with me now!"

"I am sorry," Mano replied. "If you will permit me, I will take this cigarette with me as a souvenir; but I cannot smoke it."

"Why?"

"Because I have already smoked, and the doctors do not permit me to smoke much on account of my heart."

I had never before heard my brother

lie, but I knew he was lying now, and I was storing the fact away for future reference.

Valérie held out her hand for the cigarette.

"Give it to me. Don't waste a good cigarette for a souvenir. I wanted us to smoke together, that was all."

She put out both cigarettes by spitting on them, and then tied them to the edge of a gaudy cotton scarf she was wearing.

"Let me tell your fortune." She crawled nearer to him, and stretched out her hand.

Mano put a coin in his hand, and held it out to her.

With an imperious gesture she brushed the coin away.

"I am not telling you your fortune for gain, but because I want to." She took his hand in both of hers, and stroked it several times. "It is the most beautiful hand I have ever seen," she said slowly. She scrutinized the lines in it, and presently began to read his fortune: "Many women have loved you madly; but a Gipsy is coming into your life, and she will love you more than any before, and you will be very happy."

She watched him intently as she spoke; but he was again gazing at the landscape before him, his hand lying impassively in hers.

Valérie became angry, and threw Mano's hand from her. Addressing herself to me as if she were years and years older, she ordered:

"Go and play, child!"

"No, I do not wish her to move, please," my brother intervened. "She is resting for her journey."

Valérie showed her annoyance by the movement of her shoulders, but that mood did not last. She changed, and began to be sweet and lovely, like a nice dog. She untied the cigarettes from her scarf and smoked them, one after the other, telling all sorts of charming things to Mano, taking each one of his features separately and eulogizing it. Then boldly she asked:

"Have you ever fallen in love with a Gipsy, Effendi?"

"I never had the honor of knowing a Gipsy."

"You know *me* now."

Although years lie between that day and the present, with the eyes of my memory I can still see her, alluring, feline, uncompromisingly feminine; and I cannot help thinking that it is an advance in our civilization that it is the men who do the courting and not the women.

A group of men sat about the entrance of one of the tents. Pointing to it, my brother asked:

"Is one of the men there to be your husband?"

Valérie indicated one of them.

"Don't you think you have played enough on his feelings for to-day? You must not hurt him too much even for the sake of the game."

A gleam of anger came into Valérie's eyes.

"I was n't thinking of him at all. Till to-day he filled my brain. I have forgotten him now, and—I am not playing a game."

"Oh, yes, you are. You are trying to make him jealous." Mano's tone was ice-cold. It froze me, but it transformed Valérie into a fury.

"Make him jealous of *you*, you white-livered, soft-handed scorpion!" In her rage she was a match to the storm of a little while ago, and her rapidity of speech was marvelous. Epithet followed epithet in half a dozen languages, and I knew that my brother would have given a great deal to have had me away. The things she called him were full of color and picturesqueness, but the groundwork was indecency. At last I understood why my mother had forbidden me to speak to the Gipsies.

After she had told Mano all she thought about him, Valérie rose majestically.

"My man told me last night that he would give me anything I wanted. I shall tell him that I want your corpse for a footstool."

All the tales Valérie had told me of yore returned to me now with new power.

In that remote place, what chance had three of us against a camp of Gipsies?

"O Valérie!" I cried, "remember how good I was to you for years, and think of your little dog, and how we cured it!" It was silly for me to think of so small a thing in this crisis, but I added, "And I gave you my best handkerchief, and you lost it."

To my surprise and relief, Valérie became calm at once.

"Yes, you have been good to me," she acknowledged; "and as for that pretty handkerchief, I have it still. I never had one so pretty."

"Did you find it again?" I asked.

"I never lost it. I lied to you, because, if you knew I had it, you would have told the police."

"But, Valérie, you were my friend."

"Was I?"

"Yes, and I loved you. And because I loved you then, you are not going to hurt my brother now."

From the corners of her eyes she watched him instead of answering me, and a tremor passed over her.

"Do you know why I do not have you killed by my man?" she asked Mano.

He smiled.

"You are a very delightful young person, Mistress Valérie. First you tease your future husband, now you wish to tease me by pretending that you will have me killed; and all the time you are playing a game because you are young and happy."

She leaned against a tree, drawing her slim, well-formed young figure up to its full height. When she spoke her tone was tender and wistful:

"Effendi, Effendi, can't you understand? I am not playing a game." Again she repeated, "I have not been playing a game." She raised her arms appealingly, and put her hands behind her head, and gazed at him with eyes that looked like a hurt dog's. She was entirely different from all the creatures she had been during the last hour. She was sad and lovable and extremely appealing. "Effendi, why are you so cold—and do not understand?" and as he did not answer her, suddenly, as

if thirsting for information, she asked, "Tell me, which way does the brook run?"

"It runs downward," he answered.

"It runs downward because it cannot help it. I am a little brook, Effendi—" She waited for him to speak, entreating him with eyes that were lovely to look into now. "You have nothing to say to that, Effendi?"

Very gently he smiled at her.

"Do you like little brooks?" she asked eagerly. "There is one not far from here. If you walk straight in that direction, you will come to it; and on this side of the brook there are three large trees coming out of one root. They are called the Three Brothers. A long time ago there were three brothers who were brave and handsome and tall like you, and women died for love of them. They were slain, but because they were so handsome and brave, these three trees sprang up where they died. They are tall and straight, and their branches are long and shady. One cannot fail to find them."

She turned her face upward and scrutinized the sky.

"The moon rises late to-night, Effendi." She made him a long *téména*, and ignoring me as if I were not there, she turned and walked away.

I never saw her again. As soon as it became dark, while the music of the Gipsies was playing its loudest, with great precaution we left the camp—left it as if we were thieves, escaping for our lives.

With his finger on his lips my brother imposed silence, and on and on we rode in the wilds of the Balkans, while the stars came out one by one until the full company had taken their places in the pageant of the night. We did not even halt when the moon, as Valérie had said, rose late.

I touched my brother's sleeve and asked:

"Why are we traveling as if we were thieves?"

"Thieves," he repeated musingly. "No, little sister, perhaps never before have we been so pure of purpose, so stainless of theft."



"The thousand castles on the German hills have been the home of an aristocracy that was revered and obeyed by the dwellers in the villages below"

The Island and the Continent at War

By J. RUSSELL SMITH

Author of "Two-story Farming," etc.

MOST students and most talking Germans seem now to agree that this European War is a duel between Britain and Germany. Many point with weighty reasons to the probability that the outcome of the war will decide whether the next century is to be one in which the world has an era of democracy or individualism, or an era of autocracy, with the suppression of the individual man until he becomes a microscopic and voiceless cog in a vast but efficient machine such as we now see in the German army.

For many centuries the Briton has regarded his boundaries with comfort. The contemplation of that "silver streak," the sea, has made him serene. Gone from him was the fear of the foreign enemy. Hence he could look out for himself, wrest liberties from his own rulers that he might be freer to live his own life in his own way, which is the great object of democracy. Meanwhile, during all these centuries, the German has been taught by the sure and merciless teacher, experience, to look upon his open-land boundaries with horror, for

across them at any time might come the invading and desolating enemy.

Since he could not, as did the Briton, look to the facts of geography for protection, he had to band himself into governments that were strong, not free, governments that protected rather than emancipated. The thousand castles on the German hills have been the home of an aristocracy that was revered and obeyed by the dwellers in the villages below because through governing aristocracy came the only protection that was to be had from a multitude of enemies who had a habit of coming from anywhere. Thus while authority was hateful to the Briton, because it had no good reason for being, the German came to be grateful for it, because it was a by-product of the all-important protection. Through centuries of necessity he has become respectful and submissive to the defensive group. That is the stuff of which such organization is made.

Martial law supersedes all liberties when it comes into force. We in America have enforced it occasionally; England has enforced it occasionally; Germany has so nearly lived under it that it has become the spirit of her life rather than, as with the Anglo-Saxon, a temporary agony. A glance at history shows how differently the insular location and the continental location have treated these two peoples in the matters of invasions and the necessities of defense, and how different have been the consequent national attitudes toward liberty and organization.

Rome fell from the blows of repeated waves of barbarians who swarmed out of eastern Europe across the open plain of Germany and into the Roman dominions. Goths, Vandals, Franks, Huns, and yet more Goths, found Germany an open road because it lacked the natural protection afforded by the mountains to free Switzerland or by insularity to free Britain. In a comparatively short time after the fall of Rome the seven struggling kingdoms of England, undisturbed by serious foreign invasion, were united into one kingdom by Alfred the Great before the year 1000

A.D. From that day to this England has virtually been one, and the chief thread of her history has been the slowly successful struggle of her people in winning liberty from their rulers. That was as true of Mrs. Pankhurst in 1914 as it was of the barons who exacted the Magna Charta from King John in 1215. In 1648, England ended a civil war of classes to see which class should rule, and as a token of which had won they chopped off the head of their king. In that same year Germany, still a multitude of warring states, ended the almost inconceivably destructive Thirty Years' War—a war between states to see which state and which king, not which class, should rule. As if to illustrate the state danger, the state necessity, and the need of protection, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, invaded Germany at this time, annihilated all opposition, and marched at will through the country, doing as he pleased with it. In the next hundred years England was busy inheriting the earth, planting colonies, capturing others from France, Spain, and Holland as the result of wars that were always fought abroad, because no enemy could get an army into England. During this period of England's rise as a world power Germany was being harried by the invading armies of Louis XIV and of the Russians, who actually sacked Berlin.

But it is the Napoleonic period that shows us in full force the contrasting influence of the locations of England and Germany. The Little Corsican, unrivaled master of men and armies, was long able to beat any power or combination of powers that could *march* against him. But there was England over the sea; he would conquer England also. Accordingly he marched to the shore of the channel and prepared himself a great camp for the invasion of England. Like a caged lion he paced the camp at Boulogne as he waited for the ships that were to convoy his army to British soil. But the ships never came. They were met at Trafalgar by Nelson.

Because it was an island, England escaped, and Napoleon, to save his face,

turned and smashed Austria in the humiliating shame of Austerlitz. Shortly thereafter he rubbed Prussia's face in the mud by inflicting upon her armies the disgraceful routs of Jena and Auerstadt. As was his custom, he picnicked in Berlin and carried off the art treasures. To defeat and injury he added insult, and made a people loathe him and his people because of his treatment of the beloved Prussian Queen Louise.

Mistress of the seas, England emerged from the Napoleonic struggle secure, cocksure; no one could make her afraid. She, of all the nations, sat undisturbed under her own vine and fig-tree. She could get down to the real business of life, which is to develop one's individuality and to exercise one's powers. England, of all countries in Europe, if not indeed in the world, has most nearly in this last hundred years given a try-out to the economic doctrine of *laissez-faire*—let alone; let everybody be free to do what he likes. Thus will you have the happiest, best, richest, and strongest nation. Within England the century has been devoted to struggle among the groups of her population for political participation and other forms of liberty or non-military power. The trade-unionist has thriven, the manufacturer has thriven, the ship-owner has thriven, the financier has thriven. There has been a series of reform bills by which a small oligarchy of male voters in 1815 had become a virtual democracy of men in 1910. Then came Mrs. Pankhurst, the logical next step, *demanding* votes for women, and using the only method by which any group of outsiders has in that century made any impression on the intrenched British insiders. Since Napoleon's time, at least, the Englishman has been cocksure. Why not? Was not his flag everywhere? Was not his navy mistress of the seas?

How different has been in Germany the hundred years that followed Waterloo! Instead of the cock-sureness of the victorious Englishman, the vanquished Prussian took up the tasks of peace, rankling with the shame of humiliating defeats. Then

Germany had two important things that England lacked, humility and the great dynamic force of a sore head. The sore head has not been fully appreciated by students of human affairs. It even exceeds the love of gain in goading men to action, and it has helped greatly in the elevation of Prussia. At the end of the Napoleonic struggle the governing group in Prussia sat down and reasoned with itself somewhat after this fashion. Some day we must be able to defend ourselves. We must defeat France, and thus clear our good name and settle old scores. To do this we must have an army of strong, efficient men, with plenty of supplies. To get these things we must educate every boy so that he can utilize his powers to the utmost, we must promote science to get industry, and then promote industry to get the supplies. There is the key to the last hundred years of Prussian history. Liberalism does not figure. There is no German Mrs. Pankhurst. In that obedient and disciplined land she has been busy knitting socks for sturdy grandsons. In 1848, when the English artisan was getting free trade and another reform bill, the German uprising was a fiasco, and its leaders fled for their lives.

Education, scientific training, discipline, and development of man as a part of a great military machine have marked Prussia. It always came from the Government down to the people, while in England, as in America, men and classes did what they could, got what they could, and made the Government do things if they could. In the autocratic country, Government has acted for Government, and in the democratic country, men and groups of men have acted for men and groups of men, and in many cases they have not gone very far with it. The results of these contrasting policies of the two countries shine out as clear as crystals when we examine their education, social legislation, and national defense, of which industry is a part.

Look at education. War as now conducted is a very scientific game. Not long ago in certain aristocratic English uni-

versities where cabinet ministers were largely trained the sciences were collectively known as "the stinks," and the graduate produced a Latin verse. This, to my mind, explains many of the troubles of the present British cabinet while dealing with the Germans whose grandfathers studied science in German universities in 1830 and 1840. The man who achieves something in science in a German university has assured himself greater rewards than any democratic country bestows on any professor. At the outbreak of this war when the *Kultur* discussion was burning hot, the champions of democracy made a surprisingly strong showing to prove that the really great discoveries in science were not made in autocratic Germany, but in democratic countries, where man's mind and spirit have been left free to achieve or not to achieve. But no one will gainsay that Germany is the country where the most millions of men have been taught enough science to become effective producers.

The free and freedom-loving Englishman Herbert Spencer has been hailed as the greatest mind since Aristotle. In his essay on education he prescribes in five sentences, as probably no other man had ever stated it before, just what a national system of education should be to build up a people. But where are the schools? In Germany, not in England. When education was still as optional and as private in England as a glass of beer, Germany was sending every little Hans to school, and then training him in the barracks to have him ready in a time of need. Hans was also trained in engineering schools, in commercial schools, in textile schools, in jewelers' schools, and many other kinds of industrial schools. In fact, poor little Hans was put to it so early and so hard and so rigidly that, according to Mr. Owen Wister, Germany leads the world in child suicide as well as in the universality of education and training.

In agricultural science we see the same thing repeated. There is little doubt that the most famous agricultural experiment station in the world is at Rothamsted,

England, founded by John Lawes, and run by a group of private persons. But British agriculture is in a shocking state of neglect, while Germany has eighty-seven state agricultural experiment stations and a very scientific and rapidly advancing agriculture.

Admiral Sir Charles Beresford, in criticizing the British cabinet the other day, began his remarks by saying that England entered this war depending on her fleet and her wealth. True, that has been Britain's policy of defense. She has depended on her fleet, which is very expensive, and upon her trade, which has given wealth to finance the fleet. While encouraging trade and building expensive ships, she has depended on the men to take care of themselves, for is not England a land of liberty, *laissez-faire*, let alone? In a sense she was right as long as the fleet sufficed, for a fleet does not need many men. There are more men in the Dutch army than in the British navy. Where a navy needs a hundred thousand men, an army needs a million.

Germany, with her long and open land boundaries, realizing that she must be able to defend them all, knew that she must have men by the million, strong men, too, and able to read and write as well as to obey to the death. So while Britain has had a small volunteer army officered by the aristocracy, Germany has sent every mother's son to the barracks. To get these men big enough and strong enough and healthy enough to be soldiers, she has put into force social legislation such as the world has never before seen. Germany has for years been more and more recognized as the model of achievement to which social reformers of many lands have been pointing. Some writers have recently averred that she had abolished poverty. The very poor, you know, are underfed and weak; they do not make good soldiers. It is also well known that the child who grows up in a slum is not good soldier stuff. So Germany leads the world in town-planning and slum eradication. But here we see the democratic tendency bringing up its result in the fact

that Letchworth (Garden City), Hertfordshire, England, is far and away the best-planned city in the world,—run by a group of prophets,—and in London is the world's greatest area of bad slums. The prophets get one little city, and the static, but unsleeping, force of free wealth has kept the British living in back alleys to an extent never before seen in any land. In the London slums an acquaintance of mine recently asked an Englishman why he did n't enlist.

"I don't care what government I starve under," came the answer. "There's thousands of us hungrier here than anybody in Germany." The liberty of democracy does let the devil take the hindmost, and England is finding that the hindmost does n't like it and won't fight for it.

In Germany they know that a soldier needs all his fingers and thumbs as well as his lungs. So, because of authority, the machinery is protected, the factory is controlled, as is almost everything else that can be named. It is all a part of the great intelligent, carefully worked-out system of raising a numerous nation of healthy men who may at any time be needed as cannon fodder on a long land boundary beset by neighbors who might invade. Cannon fodder, there is the object of the German system. Our social reformers have seen the results more clearly perhaps than they have seen the object which is just now conspicuously in view. Personally I prefer to live in an American community, where the Government, visible or invisible, thinks of me as a fruitful source of graft, rather than in Germany, where the Government takes me out and has me shot.

In the industrial aspects of national defense we see the island and the continent again giving very different responses. In war a nation should be industrially complete. To get this completeness, England has depended on the fleet to give her access to the world's markets, neglecting the while to develop her own resources. This policy is undoubtedly best as long as the fleet and wealth suffice, for the policy of free trade is admittedly the one that makes

a nation richest. But Germany has had two problems: she must be ready to meet her enemies on the boundaries, which means millions of infantry; she must prepare for a combination of enemies that could close the sea. This means national completeness within her own boundaries, and for that goal the German Empire under William II has striven mightily. If it had been humanly possible to create copper and cotton in Germany, I am sure it would have been done. As late as 1912, that diligent preacher, the kaiser, in one of his many and remarkable hortations told Germany that she must be complete within herself. In the same year the professor of political economy in the University of Berlin told his students how the nation was in a position to be virtually independent in the matter of food. How has it been done? By systematic, far-seeing work; by tariffs on agricultural imports; by bounties on some kinds of agricultural production; by scientific experiment and teaching; by the development of rural credit systems; by the building of roads, the opening of canals, and the granting of favorable railway rates. By all these ways and many others has agriculture been promoted and the area of tilled fields expanded. You can ride all day in the level parts of Germany and not see five fences or three herds of grazing cattle. England is conspicuous for its pastures. Pasture, the British type, is the lowest and least productive form of agriculture. Potato-growing, the German type, is about the highest, from the point of view of national support. A field of good British pasture yields from eighty to a hundred pounds of dressed mutton per acre a year. From 1910 to 1913, an acre of German potatoes yielded on the average twelve thousand pounds of this tuberous food, which, as the Prussian administration has repeatedly pointed out, is most nutritious when used in the absolutely undiminished form, with the jacket on. British neglect of agriculture is shown by a comparison of the percentages of total area in leading crops in the United Kingdom and in the German Empire.

1914

UNITED KINGDOM

GERMANY

Wheat	2.4	3.7
Rye08	12.
Oats	5.	8.3
Barley	2.4	3.

Total grain .	9.88	Total grain 27.0
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Potatoes . . .	1.5 (1913)	6.5
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Pasture . . .	35.3	16.1
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The essential similarity of the two empires in arability makes the comparison fair. In Germany's 150 per cent. lead in grain area we see a part of the basis for her military survival to this date; in her 433 per cent. lead in potato growing we see the rest. A few years ago Dr. Simon N. Patten said it was the potato that beat France in 1870, and some people thought it a joke; but I wish to repeat it that it is the potato that drove back the Russian hosts in 1915. By eating potatoes in all the forms we know, the Germans use about one fourth of the crop. Then comes pig feed, potato flour, starch, and alcohol. German shells have been carried to the batteries on the Russian front in motor-cars driven with potato-alcohol and guided by chauffeurs who were in part potato fed, as were the horses, the pigs, the cows, the wives, and the children back home on their little farms.

Even the estates of royalty show the national tendency to completeness in Germany and in do-as-you-please England. Not many years ago King Edward VII was delighted that the shorthorn bull from his Sandringham estate had taken the first prize at the National Fat Stock Show. But what is the significance of a shorthorn bull? He is the father and symbol of rare roast beef, for which we know England well. This British breed of cattle is noted for its inability to produce milk in quantity. It is not an element of Britain's strength. It is a part of the national pasture system, which is a sign of the nation's weakness. Meanwhile the kaiser went out to a farmers' meeting near his estate and made an address. He told his neighbors that he could beat them raising rye and that they had

better come over and learn how. It is rye-bread that fills or partly fills the stomach of the German nation in this time of blockade. The kaiser also has a bull of which he is proud. This animal is half Indian zebu and half Holstein Frisian. Most of the German beef is from slaughtered cow, the big black and white kind that produces in life twenty times as many pounds of milk as in death she does of beef. But the plentiful Holstein milk is low in fat (about 3.5 per cent.), and the animal is prone to tuberculosis. Meanwhile the scanty milk of the zebu is 10 per cent. fat, and the animal is proof against tuberculosis. Knowing these things, William Hohenzollern, farmer, is working diligently so to blend these two breeds that he may give to Germany a big breed of cattle proof against tuberculosis, and giving much milk, and rich milk, a task worthy of any Burbank. If he gets that new breed of cattle, it will be a fine achievement toward the making of his nation self-sufficient. The next step, of course, would be to order all Germany to raise this best breed of cattle, to feed them on certain crops grown in a certain way, so that there might be more food to make more big, strong, healthy Germans to make easier the Hohenzollern dominance of this planet. The idea of planetary dominance seems to have been a by-product that arose from the great success following the education and organization necessary to defend a continental location that could not be defended by any other means except an international league to enforce peace. The next step in preparedness is not the making of every nation into its own arbitrary policeman, but the formation of a league of peace which will protect the thirteen big nations of the world as the United States of America protected the thirteen independent nations that formed it after breaking loose from England in 1783. With such a league to protect them, the fear of enemies and neighbors will fade, and nations, including even Germany, can proceed with democracy, so that their people may live their lives in their own way.



"The little girls of the Luxembourg have enlisted for Red Cross duty"

The Little Children of the Luxembourg

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "Paris Reborn," etc.

Photographs by Harry B. Lachman

ON a June afternoon seven years ago the girl and I renewed with the Luxembourg what had been for her childhood and adolescent memories and for me a passing acquaintance. As we walked by the row of statues against the wall of the *musée* and skirted the tennis-courts to find a bench in the parterre, we little realized that the girl was to add motherhood memories, deeper and more precious, and that my acquaintance was to ripen into friendship.

A few hundred yards away, in the direction of the Panthéon, a band was playing. From the opposite side of the parterre came the *pom-pom* of the *guignol*-man. Everywhere, right and left, near and far, children's feet and children's voices made

the best noise of all. Wonderful it was to us that day. We were in dreamland; a spell we did not wish to attempt to analyze possessed us. The morning's express had brought us from Marseilles. Two weeks before, in the interior of Turkey, we had been suffering the horrors of the Armenian massacre. A far cry from Asia to Europe, from savagery to civilization, from the devil in man to the God in child. That was the spell. We understand it in retrospect. Not the waltz of "*La veuve joyeuse*"; not flowers and trees and fountains; not seeing again, after a year under the shadow of Islam, people of our own kind; not a park and a bench, the old familiar blessings of Occidental city life, which one never appreciates until he has

lived away from them. The little children of the Luxembourg! The devil might rage, but the world still belonged to God because of His children. The massacres were simply a hideous nightmare; our suffering was intensified, and lasted, because we had regarded them as reality. No experience of evil, of pain, of bereavement can crush when there are children around. Life still holds everything; not some things, but *everything*, for in the renewing of life nothing is lost.

A pair of youngsters in their twenties could hardly have appreciated this great truth had it not been for the fact that a baby-carriage stood before them as they sat under the spell of the little children of the Luxembourg. It was our first purchase at the Bon Marché that morning. We had bubbled over with pleasure and pride when we had it taken right down in the elevator and out on the rue de Sèvres. For there was something to put in it, and there she lay, our three-weeks-old baby, who had already traveled in three continents.

A wee apartment was found in the rue Servandoni, two minutes' walk from the Luxembourg. We furnished it in one hour for five hundred francs—all the money we had in the world. That was why I had to write something quickly. While the girl was getting supper that evening, I unpacked my type-writer from its battered leather case, drew a sigh of relief that nothing was broken, and put it on our one and only table. Before giving way to plates and knives and forks, there was time to make a start at least. I typed out the title, "The Little Children of the Luxembourg," and just then the girl called for me to run out and buy some butter. Back at my work, I started in: "It was—" A can of peas had to be opened. The girl confessed that this was a mystery to her, and I found that it was a trick requiring time and thought on her husband's part. Then the table was needed, and the type-writer went to the floor.

It ended there; other things came up. In those days continuity of effort had no

place in the vision of a *littérateur* who saw the goal shining so brightly that the way to get there was obscured. After all, there was nothing particular to say about the little children of the Luxembourg without grinding it out, and the girl sympathized with the *littérateur* in confusing inspiration and application. Editors, who appreciated neither poems nor essays, were anathema to her, too.

Seven years! Bored with the general "bum feeling" of a cold in the head, the *littérateur*, who had evolved into one of a hundred newspapermen in Paris, was trying to find some novel form of amusement to while away an afternoon's absence from his office. He picked up a bundle, labeled "Articles to be written," which had not been untied since the golden days of the rue Servandoni. What could be more fun than to go through them? The paper came to light: "The Little Children of the Luxembourg. It was—"

With the years, pleasant changes had come, and I knew more about the little children of the Luxembourg, summer and winter, spring and autumn. I knew more because the three-weeks-old traveler in three continents was now the eldest of four. A brother and sister played with her in the Luxembourg, and there was still a three-weeks-old baby for the carriage! I knew more because there is no truth in the old maid and bachelor saying that parents think only of their own children, and have no time for, or interest in, those of others. Let spinsters and bachelors say all they want; they don't know, that's all. The more kiddies you have yourself, the more you appreciate other people's kiddies. And other people who have kiddies do not need to be assured that this is true.

To grown-ups the Luxembourg means a delightful and embarrassing choice of places to sit. Every bench, from the pear-garden at the rue Vavin entrance to the fountain of Catharine de' Medici over by the Odéon, has seen me unfold my "Temps" of a summer evening with a sigh of contentment as I sniffed flowers and grass and leaves. Every nook from



“ The children reflect the spirit of the nation ”

the kiosk of the old woman who sells the best hoops at the upper rue de Vaugirard entrance to the shady wall of the Ecole des Mines by the Boul' Miché has welcomed me to the joy of an undisturbed hour with my book. And yet, when I go to the Luxembourg, I never know where to sit. Even an Englishman would find it hard to become wedded to one spot where all are alluring. Oh, this bother of choice! I suppose that is why I have never resented the mob of a Sunday afternoon; for then the problem of choice does not confront you. *If* there is a place, you sit where that place is.

To children the Luxembourg means a delightful choice of things to do, and choice is not a problem to them. They are free from the torture of decision. What comes first they tackle, and then go on to the next thing. If children did not get tired once in a while, perpetual motion would have been discovered outside of the laboratory. As it is, parents are nearer finding it than physicists. It is lucky for me that the older I get the less inspired

the “Tems” is, and the less I feel the necessity of reading all the news for fear something escapes me. It is lucky for me that the older I get the less I hold to book knowledge. After all, the *summum bonum* of much knowledge (in the objective form) is to feel that it really is a weariness to the flesh. The infallible sign of intelligent growth in wisdom is an increasing inability to take oneself seriously. If I regarded my duties and my own importance in the scheme of things as I used to when I first thought I was shouldering responsibilities, I should long ago have broken down under their burden. Physicians have made much money by having to bother with people who have never come to themselves. But would they not rather have done without the fees? The near-sick are the soul-squeezers of the practitioner.

What I wrote about sitting in the Luxembourg refers to the past and not to the present. I am glad that I feel as I do about the “Tems,” for there is no longer one wee baby who “stays put” in her car-



"Everywhere the children have organized themselves into armies"

riage and demands attention only from her mother. Three husky, rollicking children claim me the very moment I appear. I might avoid them, but, funnily enough, I do not want to, even to secure for myself the luxury of sitting on a bench, biting the end off a *carré à deux sous*, and reading. The match-box stays in my pocket; so does the "Temps." I am taken in tow, and appropriated for definite purposes; then begins the round that never tires. It is always the same; but it never tires.

First the beehives, where the story must be told of how honey is made and why the honey-makers had better be left untouched. That does n't last long. Children are as keen for action in papa as editors for action in stories.

The *allée* leading from the rue de Fleurus to the *grand bassin* means nothing to the tourist. His eyes are fixed upon the dome of the Panthéon, framed by the half-mile of foliage that shuts out everything else. He looks neither to the right nor to the left until he reaches the parterre. To the children that parterre is the end of

a half-day's journey, for here, in the *allée*, are the *balançoirs*, the *chevaux de bois* steeplechase, the *chevaux de bois* merry-go-round, and the *guignol*. Here also are the kiosks for *pain d'épice* and the waffle-man.

Were you justifying your existence by the work you did to-day in your atelier? Not a bit of it! The children show you how absurd a thought that was. The world would wag on just as well without your work; not a living soul would miss it. But here, to three precious living souls, papa's strong arms to put them on the wooden horses are indispensable, and more indispensable still the sous from papa's purse to pay for the fun. Titine and Lloyd and Mimi choose their steeds. Titine, ever a cautious baby, has a preference for Madame Giraffe. The neck is thin enough to give a feeling of security, since little arms can encircle it, and this is more than can be said of other animals who have been tried and passed up. From the first day he made bold to ride, Lloyd has been fascinated by the very yellow



"One has only to look at the children's faces"

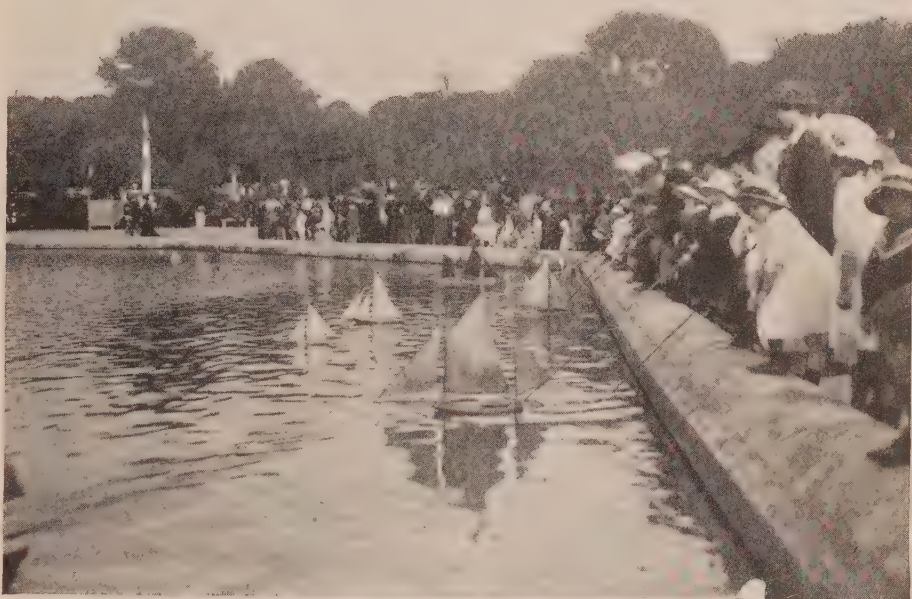
Monsieur Lion, whose neck is frozen in a turn, and who grins reassuringly at his rider. Only this last month has Mimi graduated from the ignominious safety of the chariot with red plush cushions, which rests on half-swans, to the daring of a whole animal. She is trying them all, and has not settled upon one to cling to. But already—how immediately independence asserts itself!—she resents the straps, those shameful symbols of babyhood.

The merry-go-round, however, is by no means just for fun. Play with children has invariably a serious purpose, which is more than one can say of work with their elders. Grown-ups have lost the art of play because they have forgotten how to be sincerely serious—serious by instinct. We are serious by effort; ergo, we are clumsy and half-hearted in our play. It is heresy, dreadful heresy, to say it, I know, but I often think that here is the secret of the craving for alcohol. Man wants to get away from his stupid, habitual self as evolved, the sad product of repression of instinct and expression of volition.

When the music starts, Titine and Lloyd fall to grabbing rings and hoping for the brass one, which means a stick of candy. Look at their faces, and be convinced that children are lucky wild birds until they get in the cage of our educational system, bred of convention and breeder of mediocrity. From the Irish mouth under Mimi's turned-up nose comes a chortle of glee that cannot be drowned by the wheezy organ-pipes. Her freckles shine with joy, and her red hair is tossed in the pride of being 'way up there on the great big zebra. She looks down with contempt on frightened babies who refused to ride, and lost

The good they might have won
By fearing to attempt.

The mother of the merry-go-round is wise in her many days and three generations. She learned long ago not to discriminate, and that is why she has made her fortune in catering to children. A stick of candy goes with the brass ring, but every other kid gets a stick of candy,



"Boats there are in the *grand bassin*"

too. The worst break I ever made in my life occurred six months ago. I doubt if I have yet been quite forgiven for it. I had been off to the other end of Europe on one of my too frequent trips, and the first day at the Luxembourg, after my return, I had forgotten all about those sticks of candy. I lifted Lloyd from his horse, and, heedless of the protest he was trying to make, took him out of the inclosure before, from his burst of heartbreaking sobs, I realized that I had forcibly prevented him from going to the old woman for his candy. I simply could not make it up to him. To my son I was as the Germans are to the Belgians. Atonement is not in a child's scheme of things, and he indignantly refused a franc's worth of sweets, purchased despite his mother's dismay at a near-by kiosk. I ought not to have done it, that was all. I ought not to have done it.

The swings and steeplechase and merry-go-round are only the beginning of the afternoon's work. Now comes the *guignol*, greatest of Paris institutions, and

unique joy of Paris children. We leave behind the stirring music of the merry-go-round, and with each thump of the drum we are approaching, joy is manifest from feet to curls. Wee hands clasp big sous, and the children are off along the well-known way, mingling with other *tabliers*, to push in beyond the magic rope for a seat at the Punch and Judy show. There is no "first come, first served" at the *guignol*. There is no fear of not getting a good place. Monsieur and Madame know their business as well as the most famous impresario. I doubt not that many a New York or London manager would be glad to have their bank-account. The seats are all in front of the stage and graduated. There is no need for signs. Kids cannot read signs. But the seats are none the less reserved for their particular clientele. Big kids never crowd in ahead of babies. From the three-year-olds in front, they mount to the ten-year-olds in the rear rows. When there is room, a few grown-ups are allowed in.

I shall not attempt to tell about the



"A veteran of 1870 . . . explains the campaign in the Argonne"

show, nor how it is received by the children. An impression of the *guignol* cannot be conveyed by writing or by painting. Only the camera catches it. Standing outside the ropes and listening to the same old story and watching the same commonplace antics of Punch, Judy, the policeman, the thief, the soldier, the maid-servant, the butcher's boy, and the pawnbroker, I wonder to myself how and why it amuses for six or seven years, certainly for four or five. Perhaps variety is not the spice of life with children. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating. One has only to look at the children's faces and listen to their laughter to realize that Punch and Judy and the others are "delivering the goods." Titine is in her fifth *guignol* year, and still comes for sous. Mimi is just starting, and her eyes brighten, and her laugh rings out to prove that it works, and is working, with the thousands of Titines and Lloyds and Mimis who give their sous to the man with the drum.

With other fond parents, the girl and I

were standing for the several hundredth time (I ought to begin to be saying the thousandth now) outside the ropes.

"How do they get away with it?" I asked the girl. "Day in and day out, year in and year out, generation in and generation out, how do they find enough change of topic to interest the same clientele?"

The girl looked at me with amused tolerance.

"You write a newspaper article every day," she said. "How do you get away with it? Why do your readers stand for it? There are only seven keys on the piano, and yet all the music in the world has come from them. It is a question of permutations and commutations—endless, just as in algebra."

Now we make for the *grand bassin*, where the greatest sport of all is awaiting us. As we pass under the trees to reach the steps, the girl and I look with interest at the clever croquet the old men are playing. We must stop a minute to watch some of the strokes. It is as skilful as billiards, this game, and nowhere can you



"Another veteran drills seriously every day the younger boys from the Lycée Montaigne"

see such split shots as here, and as in golf the hazard of uneven ground prevents the game from becoming too mathematical. But the kids tug immediately. To them the game is stupid. Titine has more than once expressed her astonishment and disgust that grown-ups should so waste their time.

The world of kiddies is all their own, peopled with little folk. When they walk with their elders, they are oblivious to grown-ups. But they never miss seeing children, and they have the keenest interest in all other members of *their* world. A child would no more fail to see other children in the street than a dog would fail to see other dogs. I have tested this.

"Whom did you see in the Luxembourg to-day, Titine?"

"Lots and lots of kids. There was a little boy—" and so on for half an hour.

"Were there many grown-ups? Tell me now about the grown-ups you saw." Silence and an embarrassed laugh.

"Papa's a joke," declares Mimi. That settles it.

Since the war began, however, there is an important exception in Paris to this axiom of child psychology. The children have taken the soldiers into their world. So it is that, when we go down the steps to the *grand bassin*, the two soldiers on guard in front of the *palais* are spied.

"*Voilà les sentinelles!*" cries Titine, Lloyd salutes, Mimi yells, "*Soldats! soldats! Là, Maman! Là, Papa!*" Standing rigidly by their *guérites*, with fixed bayonets gleaming in the sun, their presence contrasts strangely with the background of flowers and the foreground of hoop-rolling girls and boat-sailing boys. They have always been in front of the Palais du Sénat, but now they seem different in their habitual setting. Their immobility, their very presence here, is unreal. How can valid men be spared from what we call "out there," fighting for France?

I had not intended to speak of the war. One always resolves, when he writes, to forget the war. But even in the Luxembourg, when you are with, and engrossed in, the children, the war enters, for it is

an essential factor in our life. It is our war. We cannot rid ourselves of the thought of it, of the burden of it. The children accept it, and, as with all the serious things of life, incorporate the war in their play.

Boats there are in the *grand bassin*, all sorts and conditions of them, just as one always finds them on a good afternoon when the wind is blowing gently. And eager faces are gazing intently from the stone coping. But the game is different in these days of war. Yachts are no longer sailing for a prize. Battle-ships are going out after the enemy. The hunt is one-sided, however, as few boys are willing to sacrifice themselves for the common good by having their boats fly an enemy flag. In the *grand bassin* the German flag is as scarce to-day as it is in the North Sea.

If physical activity be a criterion, the grandfather who boasts of having rented boats to men to-day admirals in the Mediterranean and members of the cabinet is still good for another twenty years. When Lloyd goes to choose his boat in the fascinating shipyard, I often chat with the ship-owner. He never fails to tell one that he stopped growing old when he reached sixty. To-day he asked his new joke (new, since he has been repeating it for only fifteen months, while the joke before the war had been tried for fifteen years).

"Let me see, you want a German boat, is it not?" he asks, bending over with a toothless grin.

"No!" shouts Lloyd, tense almost to tears. "The Germans are—"

Why repeat it all? I try to remain cosmopolitan and to call myself a neutral, but my son is neither cosmopolitan nor neutral. The letter of boats nods approvingly, and pats the boy on the back. Lloyd, mollified, admonishes him with a "*Pas de blague!*" For a franc Lloyd gets a boat big enough to require papa's assistance.

From naval warfare we turn to join the army. The donkeys, drawing empty carts, shake their heads mournfully. They do not understand their loss of popularity, which, I find, is due to their exploiter's

lack of appreciation of psychology. Early in the war the children saw that the donkey-man would stand for no nonsense. He did not want his carts used as ambulances, dragged around after the advancing battle-line; so, save on Sundays, his pickings are poor. He would gladly be a good sport now, but the children have boycotted him. He is even suspected of being a *Boche*.

We climb the steps of the parterre, and walk along the alleys of the Observatoire on our homeward way. Everywhere the children have organized themselves into armies. Big trees are fortresses. It is possible, even inside the iron gates, to storm redoubts and trenches. For workmen have been laying a gas-main from the rue de Vaugirard to the Boul' Miche'. Mercifully they are doing it slowly. The opportunity is splendid; real trenches are at hand.

Near the upper gate a group of older boys (older means from ten to thirteen) are gathered around a veteran of 1870, who, tracing the battle-field with a cane in the sand, explains the campaign in the Argonne. Another veteran drills seriously every day the younger boys from the Lycée Montaigne. Convalescent soldiers join in the training of the next generation.

Girls have their prominent and essential place in the play armies. The wee women of France are not shelved by the masculine sex. Equality begins in the nursery. Jumping-ropes and hoops have been laid aside for happier days. Even diabolos is losing ground. Tennis-rackets gather dust on the upper shelf of the hall closet. Dolls are wounded soldiers, and doll-carriages, if used at all, are ambulances. Like their older sisters, the little girls of the Luxembourg have enlisted for Red Cross duty, and follow the armies to give first aid on the battle-field. Park benches are improvised hospitals. Set forth on them, bottles, cotton, and bandages show their stern reality of the play. The nurses wear the regulation headgear, with the cross upon the forehead. Smaller boys, who can be bossed, are impressed into service as stretcher-bearers.



"War is revealed to one at every turn"

The children reflect the spirit of the nation and the work of the nation. The war has first place in the minds of all, it has first place in the efforts of all. Is not play at its best an imitation of what the grown-ups are thinking and doing?

And in the Luxembourg the other side of the war is revealed to one at every turn. War means glory and immortality only to poets and orators; to the rest of the world it means suffering and death. I am reluctant to go with my children to the Luxembourg these days, for it seems like flaunting my immunity in the face of everybody. Other fathers are at the war—or are not. Children's guardians are grandfathers. Black is the prevalent color in dresses.

Soldiers there are a-plenty. Some, vigorous and bronzed, are *permissionnaires*, home on eight-days' furlough after a year in the trenches. How they treasure the precious moments with wife and babies! But by far the greater number in uniform are wounded and convalescents. In every *allée* one meets the maimed on crutches;

or the blind, who are learning with hesitating footsteps a new dependence on cane or loving arm. As they pass, the *chers blessés*, the children pause in their play and salute them silently. Tear-filled eyes and lips that have scant respite from quivering bear witness to the children's knowledge of what war means. They are not allowed to idealize war as they would instinctively do; in the enthusiasm of earnest play the glory of war should be uppermost. But then the *chers blessés* pass, and pain, none the less intense because it cannot be analyzed by them, grips little hearts.

Were it not for the very fact itself of little children in the Luxembourg, this would be too sad to write about. The blessing, the healing virtue, the inspiration of the Luxembourg is not in flowers and trees, in fountains and fresh air. It is in the children, the hope of the nation.

So when a young woman passes, carrying a dog and cooing to it, one has reason to believe that a heart is lacking, else it would break.



"The working-man in Wales and elsewhere had made up his mind"

The Working-man in War-time

By HARRISON SMITH

Heading by Harry Townsend

THIS narrative is the plain account of one who became interested in the attitude of the laboring class toward the war, and who sailed to England in the steerage to tramp over the hills of Wales to the mining towns that lie hidden in its bleak valleys. It has little to do with statistics or official reports, partly because they do not touch the human heart of the question, and also, I am not ashamed to confess it, because the author cares little for such matters.

It was in the second week in August that the Dutch liner *Rijndam* sailed from Hoboken. The steerage-deck, at the very stern of the ship, overshadowed by the great pier, seemed to me dismal enough, and I turned from the ecstatic hat-wavings of three friends to survey with many

forebodings the strange people who were to be my comrades for nine days. As I watched the young woman beside me, who, it was within reason to imagine, might present her native land with a prospective citizen before she arrived there, and the curious antics of a tall man in a white jumper who was trying to make a girl on the wharf above laugh at him, I felt a melancholy satisfaction in considering myself a lonely exile in an unknown land. With an education and experience far different from theirs, I wondered if I could discover anything in common with them, or even disarm their suspicion of my being there among them.

The solid pier began to move past us; the woman above burst into tears, as if the sight of her lover's gamboling had

wrung her heart. We were herded below to dinner, where we sat back to back on narrow benches, and guzzled, smacked our lips, and cried, "Good! good!" over the solid Dutch food. The tables were set in an open space under the latticed hatch, and the checkered sunshine did its best to gild the plain steel and battered wood-work. Even the mingled smells that are part of the personality of every ship proved to be not the least unpleasant, and before the rice pudding, thick with raisins, had been served to us out of a shining pail it was apparent that nearly all had thrown from them anxiety and the grief of recent parting.

We became positively hilarious. Chunks of bread and honest Dutch jokes, translated to me out of pure courtesy, were hurled with unerring aim. With such warm-hearted critics it was not difficult to win one's spurs as a wit by satirizing the fat *obermeister* or even to have the pleasure of hearing my poor jests repeated in three languages by these polyglots.

To many on board the future must have seemed black indeed. The German girls returning to families bereft of men, with their pathetic savings wrung from their toil in America; the pale woman with six children, bound for war-ravaged Poland; the men of Holland conscripted into the army—what reasons could they find for happiness? Yet they abandoned themselves to those long days of warm sunshine and smooth seas as if they expected to be fed and cared for the rest of their days. The sickly babies took a new hold on life, and were eternally crawling into the most perilous situations and having to be rescued by their mothers. The band of Dutch boys turned into irrepressible small animals, while their elders lounged about the deck, shoeless and coatless, playing absurd practical jokes, testing their muscles in mock-heroic combats, and laughing immoderately at the least excuse.

I had expected that it would be impossible to like these people, but I soon found that the fault was with me, in that I could not repay them in their own way for their generosity and friendliness and

their impulsive confidences. I felt myself cold and unmannerly, a stranger to the warm current of their emotions. In the aggregate they were a small segment of the labor class; concretely they were human beings whose delightful eccentricities and lack of conventionality would have made them lovable to the coldest nature. Inside of twenty-four hours I would not have traded my hard bunk among them for the captain's cabin.

Of the humors of the voyage I do not purpose to speak. The gay-hearted and amorous baker from Amsterdam, the philosopher, and the merry fat woman must remain unchronicled; but as long as I am able to recall the young cabinet-maker who had worked in many lands and who tried stumbingly to express the artistic pleasure that he felt when his sharp knife slid through the silken grain of precious woods, I can never think of labor as a mass of dull, dingy people. The baker, too, knew the joy of creation, for he proudly displayed photographs of himself in the act of frosting half an acre of cake.

Many of the men had left good positions and fair wages to obey the summons of Holland, which was mobilizing its army. They were men who knew the world of labor and the slender foothold that separated them from the abyss of destitution. When their country needed them no longer they would cross the seas and begin life over again, a hazardous, perilous business for a family man. What was it that drove them to this supreme act of devotion? It did not seem to be what we call patriotism, for more than one had lived long away from their mother country and could analyze its faults as coolly as they could the shortcomings of other lands in which they had worked.

The cynic who called an empty purse the greatest friend of the recruiting-sergeant was only partly right. It is rather the dullness of the routine of their toil that saps the energies of men and their very love of life, the sordid domestic troubles and the longing for new horizons. Patriotism, of course, has its share in fill-

ing the world's armies, but it plays, despite its pretensions, a small part compared with the discontent and feverish unrest of the daily lives of working people.

On the afternoon of the ninth day the *Rijndam* sailed into the quiet harbor of Falmouth. Placid, smooth hills ran down to the narrow bay, and under the setting sun a white lighthouse shone like a jewel in its brilliant green setting. Clustered on the slope of the highest promontory, a square mass of soldiers' huts and tents was tangible evidence that England was at war. On the distant shore groups of naked soldiers sunned themselves on the brown rocks, while scores of tiny specks on the uplands beyond drilled and marched for the glory of the empire.

Falmouth itself was crammed with troops, a jolly set of bronzed youths, apparently without a care in the world. At night along the broad streets of the old watering-place they walked up and down, singing like so many college boys, or flirted decorously in shady spots with maidens of the town. No girl here was so ill favored that she might not have a khaki-clad lover, or several of them if she could manage it. A small part of England, at any rate, could give thanks for the blessings of war.

The orderliness of the country-side and the absence of anything to indicate the strain of a world war were enough to induce a rank pessimist toward the stolid optimism and confidence apparent everywhere that one went. At this time, even the press, except for the bitter internecine war that divided it, was externally almost somnolent. Labor was smoothly working under the Munitions Act, the Russians seemed to be successfully luring the German armies toward eventual annihilation, and there was calm on the western front. In fact, aside from the unfortunate fact that most of the world was fighting, there was not a cloud in the sky. England, wearied by a year of unwonted excitement, slept soundly, as she may never sleep again until the treaty of peace is signed.

A book might be written of the curious

rumors that arose and spread over the country like wild-fire. There were stories of supernatural happenings and divine interventions that might have come straight from the Middle Ages. Shimmering angels had routed the enemy in more than one battle, and aerial bowmen had fought for the English at home. In the trains and at restaurants one heard about such miraculous events.

On the way up to London a gentleman with a long beard—a "commercial" for a lace house—insisted on reading aloud the book of Daniel to prove that Germany was doomed to defeat. The attitude of these worthy and credulous people was so amazing in its utter self-complacency that I came to suspect some of the younger believers in supernatural agents of deciding that if the heavenly hosts had been enlisted, there would be no need of mortal recruits. A people starving for intelligent news will inevitably manufacture news for themselves, and who can blame them for painting it in brilliant colors?

The war had at least broken down a part of the Englishman's armor of reserve. In the course of long walks through the streets of London and country lanes and across an industrial region engaged in turning out munitions I discovered that this delightful serenity of mind belonged almost exclusively to the tradesmen, shopkeepers, and small business men who make up a large part of the middle class.

Labor was distinctly in a state of unrest. The poorer class, the workmen and their families with whom one largely comes into contact in going from town to town on foot, were neither optimists nor pessimists about the war. Since the ranks of the army were recruited largely from their millions, they were in too close physical contact with the hardships of war to harbor any illusions about angel allies or unnatural victories.

Few of them were not fully aware of the danger that menaced England if she were defeated. The English press seems to hold the opinion that the working-men are ignorant of what is going on about them, and are absorbed in their own affairs

to the exclusion of the interests of the nation. True, they cannot talk as glibly as the shopkeeper concerning affairs of state and the policy in the near East, but they know the true inwardness of the meaning of war and defeat, and perhaps that is all that really matters.

That they are selfish and blind is a fallacious belief that is widely used as an explanation of the strikes, the maintenance of trade-union rules, and, above all, of the opposition of labor to conscription. If it were true, this would, nevertheless, be a most encouraging and facile explanation. Unfortunately, the root of the matter lies deeper than that.

In the mental attitude of the working-man toward the enemy one could see a direct reflection of that of their comrades in uniform who had seen service. They were willing enough to curse the kaiser and the Germans fluently and they had not forgotten Belgium, but as to the valor of their enemy and the efficiency of their organization they had not the least doubt. They even exaggerated it, and manufactured out of thin air diabolical weapons of German invention. More than once I have heard some artisan or soldier who had been in the trenches opposing and silencing a bitter civilian's attack on the courage of the German common soldier. A great part of my admiration for the English Tommy has come from incidents of that kind. Only a brave man will take the trouble to champion the bravery of his foe.

Under the surface of every question that related to the working-man lay a feeling of uncertainty or of blind confidence. People could not understand why there had been strikes in shipyards and docks and in the mine-fields. War was at the throat of Great Britain; was it possible that so large a class of Englishmen could be unpatriotic?

Suddenly reports of another strike in southern Wales grew within three days from unrelated rumors to the certainty of another conflict. Angry men spoke of it in the street, varying in their expressions from the vague "something ought to be

done" to that of the choleric persons who would "jolly well fix the blighters" by sending regiments to southern Wales to shoot them down.

In company with three soldiers home on leave from a training camp, a bricklayer, and a gentleman who advertised that he had something to do with horses, I traveled to Cardiff. We talked eventually of the strike. The soldiers seemed to care very little about the matter; their job was fighting, and they left everything else to civilians. The cockney horse-dealer was virulent in abuse of the miners, and the bricklayer contented himself with swearing into the neck of a thick bottle. There was very little to be got out of any of them, and as the train rushed through the dusk I began to fear that my trip to Wales was a wild-goose chase and to wish myself back in London. There few seemed to know or care a great deal about the labor situation, but at least they could talk heatedly on that or any other subject. Also, I had a mistaken idea that the Welsh miner on his native heath would prove as uncommunicative as a Scotchman.

The train skirted the coast and began to run through endless lines of cars filled with miles of coal. We were nearing England's great coal metropolis. Cardiff, a mushroom city, ugly and overgrown, with tramway lines and dark stone buildings, proved to be non-committal and dull, but the little mining villages at the bottoms of the narrow valleys that run from the rugged mountains at the north toward the sea were eloquent of the reasons for the action of British labor during the war. The Welsh miner happens to be a convenient figurehead to represent the sort of man of whom the English Government demands unrelenting labor in factories, shipyards, and mines during the war or actual enlistment in the army or navy. The men that I met tramping over the hills of eastern Wales were expected voluntarily to give up their class war, to surrender their trade-union restrictions, and to submit to the presence of women and unskilled labor in place of the skilled men who had gone to the front.

If there were no complications to this simple admonition to fight or work, if it had concealed no contemplated treachery on the part of capital, it would seem to the fair-minded man of any class to be a just and honorable demand. After all, a man must sacrifice something for his country in its hour of trial, even though that country has given him little beyond the food and shelter he must have to keep himself alive. A Welsh miner, for example, for ten hours' work or more a day at monotonous and perilous labor, gained, before the war, about twenty-six shillings a week, barely enough to make ends meet, to pay the tax to his labor-union, his sickness insurance, and to buy an occasional bit of finery for his wife and a continual supply of tobacco and drink for himself. They are intelligent men, on the whole, who have a practical knowledge of labor conditions, who read the papers religiously, and who have gained a rude conception of socialistic theories through constant debates in the public houses scattered throughout every hamlet and town. There is no other class in the community, not excepting august members of Parliament, who spend so much of their leisure time talking and thinking of serious topics as do these men.

Let me visualize the mental attitude of a British working-man toward the three things that have most concerned him in the last eighteen months, the war, capital, and his own work. We will assume that he is a miner, though he might as well be a longshoreman, a riveter, or a harness-maker as far as the essential facts of his life are concerned. This man lives, let us say, in a two- or three-roomed house which is exactly like that of five hundred of his fellow-townsmen, in an ugly town built at the bottom of a narrow valley which is exactly like the half-dozen towns stretched along the course of that and the next valley. He tramps every morning two miles to the black hole at the top of the vast slag-heap that he has piled up day by day and month by month. At night he walks wearily back, his face and hands as black as a negro's from the long toil in

the shaft half a mile underground, his clothes hard and gritty with coal-dust. Before he can rest or eat he must strip off his clothes and wash in the combined kitchen and living-room of his tiny home. He is a man over thirty, and there is a constant babel of fighting and crying children about him, until he can endure it no longer, and goes off to the public house for the remainder of the evening. Here is his true pleasure in life. The long disputes, the occasional drinks, the jokes, and the warmth create in him a feeling of well-being; for the first time in the long day he assumes the characteristics that differentiate him from a hard-working plow-horse, and he becomes a social and thinking animal. The public house is his parliament. Here he weighs the acts of ministers, the strategy of generals, and debates heatedly on the eternal and never-solved problems in his relations to his employer.

It was this man and the thousands like him who were faced on the fateful August morning with the glaring head-lines that told that his country was at war. The announcements pasted up at the post-office and the arrival of a recruiting-officer were perhaps the first intimations of the relation of the conflict to himself. The sessions at the public house every evening and the meetings of the union became the absorbing events of his day. The spirit of war filled the air; on his way to work, in chance encounters at the depths of the mine, nothing was talked of but Germany's dastardly invasion of Belgium. His position as a laboring-man and the age-old war against capital were obliterated in the overwhelming magnitude of that great event. In Wales and all over the rest of Great Britain during the first months of the conflict labor was at peace with itself and with its employers, stunned into forgetfulness.

The young men began to drift into the office of the recruiting-sergeant; even the older men with children felt the surging impulse of the great adventure. But little by little, his old habits of thought revived and began to adjust themselves to the new conditions. There had been unnecessary,

stupid announcements issued by the mine-owners urging the men to lay aside their old strife, to work to their utmost in order that the navy and their Allies might have steam coal. A discordant note began to creep into the debates in the heated bar-room; strange, unpatriotic speeches were made at the union meetings; violent disputes broke out. The miner felt that it was a disgrace, but sentences crept insidiously into his mind and could not be rooted out. This was a capitalists' war, he was told; it had no relation to his own life; it was an instrument to crush organized labor finally. Everything of this nature that he heard fitted in with the theories that had been pounded into him all his life. The absurd logic of the patriotic speeches at the recruiting meetings in the public square became evident to him.

Then suddenly he awoke to the realization of the fact that the ugly rumors that were in circulation were true. Capital was undoubtedly raising the price of commodities, for his food, clothes, everything cost him more. In some districts even the rents had gone up. It was proved that fabulous prices were charged by steamship-owners for the transport of the coal that he had been urged to mine for the benefit of his country, that in London there was a charge of twenty shillings a ton over the contract price for the poorer grades of stove coal. The workmen knew that that meant sickness and destitution to hundreds of poor people. The logic of it all was unavoidable. The owners were getting rich out of the war, while labor became poorer. His old suspicion and fear of the power that controlled him awoke from its lethargy. There was no statement so bitter and prejudiced now that did not seem to have its measure of truth.

Organized labor met and urged the facts on Parliament—damning facts which every working-man's paper published. Due to exorbitant freight charges, wheat had risen twenty per cent. over the normal price. On January 14 the Workmen's National Committee re-issued the demands it had announced on the last week in October. They asked for protection

against exorbitant prices and the commandeering of supplies by the nation wherever possible. Food prices by this time had risen from twenty to thirty per cent. over the pre-war level, though the slowly increasing wages affected fewer than two hundred thousand workers out of the whole nation, while a decrease in wages had actually occurred to 150,000 workers in November alone. This condition was unendurable; no amount of patriotism or stoic endurance could blind their eyes to its significance.

On February 11, Parliament debated on the menace of the rise in prices. The attitude of the Government in this debate and the one that followed six days later was one of the immediate causes of the labor unrest of that spring. "Wait till June," said Mr. Asquith, and comforted the labor world by announcing that things were not half as bad as they might be. It is difficult to tell exactly what labor expected of its law-makers at this time; perhaps an outburst of indignation at the discoveries that the Price Committee had made, at least sympathy and immediate palliative measures to establish maximum prices on the necessities of life, leading to their eventual control by the Government. They were told to wait as a child is silenced while its elders talk. "Don't bother us," droned the honorable members of Parliament from their sleeping benches; "we are meditating higher things than the price of food to fill your stomachs."

The effect on working-men was immediate all over the country. Thoroughly awake to the significance of their position, filled at heart with patriotic pride at the way in which their younger brothers and sons had entered the army, they were in so sensitive a condition that if the Government and the capitalist had shown at the beginning a desire to aid them, their unrest might have been stilled until the end of the war. Instead, they were met with stupidity from their rulers and with what seemed to them to be treachery on the part of their employers. In every working community in Great Britain the suspicion and bitterness which had been bred by

years of struggle against capital aroused again the formidable monster of class hatred. Every public house and labor meeting became a bar of indictment against the sins of employers. Through the winter months and early spring the facts of the case were piled up, and added to them were Heaven knows what malicious and incredible tales. There was proof positive of what has been called "an unholy alliance of profiteers," of ship-owners, employers, and merchants.

When June came, and the Government instituted its Munitions Act, which promised that war profits were to be taxed, that labor was to receive an extra wage, and asked in return that there should be no strikes, it was already too late. The working-man in Wales and elsewhere had made up his mind. The young men were flooding into Kitchener's new armies in an undiminished stream. In his willingness to sacrifice himself on the battle-field, the laborer had not changed, but in everything that concerned his work and his attitude toward capital there had been a revolution since those first three months of war. How great that revolution was may be judged by the labor disputes that grew up over the country like evil mushrooms. In the June before the war there were 118 strikes; in July almost 50,000 men were involved, all of them in minor disputes, a low average in times of peace. In August came the war, and the number of strikes dropped from 99 to 15, with fewer than 2000 men concerned. By January there had been only 107 strikes in five months, with 15,828 men directly involved. But two months later there were 26,129 men who struck work during the month, and in March there were 74 strikes. The labor committee of investigation and the somnolent debate in the House of Commons had indeed borne fruit. In May there were 6000 more workmen on strike than there had been in the June before the war.

This represents only the graver disputes. In every industrial region there were scores of cases in which strikes of imposing magnitude were diverted only

by the sudden submission of the employers or through the medium of the trade-union leaders and the Government. Outside of the mining districts, the gradual admission of unskilled men and woman labor was beginning to cause discontent and irritation in the ranks of organized labor.

In all this growing confusion the country at large seemed aware of only one source of disturbance, that in the great shipyards along the Clyde. Against the thousands of workers engaged on admiralty work there were vague charges of neglect, wilful slowness, drunkenness, or anything in the world that could prove the laborers engaged on work vital to the safety of the nation were unpatriotic and hostile to the war. The nation could not comprehend why Scotch workmen toiling at the pleasant task of building battle-ships should behave so outrageously that 9000 of them should dare to strike at the same time. The press began to invent the phrases which now come readily to the lips of men who wish to express their feelings toward organized labor. The Clyde workers were "a stain on the honor of Scotland," though at the same time the Scotch workmen who had enlisted were proving themselves the finest fighters in the army.

It is an anomaly that cannot be solved unless you conclude that the man who has entered the army and the striker are of the same kind and have the same feelings toward their country except that the man who has gone to the firing-line has chosen by far the easier task. The choice between the work of forcing hot rivets into the sides of a battle-ship, breaking coal in a mine, and fighting the Germans for the honor of the nation is incomparably to the advantage of the last. If you know the conditions under which the British working-man lives and his bitterness toward the men who are growing rich from the war, to ask him to cease his conflict with capital is as futile as King Canute's command to the sea. The British laboring-man is not, and never will be, a domesticated animal, like his brothers across the North Sea.

Despite the warning furnished in February by the Clyde strike, the nation was unprepared for the upheaval in South Wales in July. That strike, involving the united action of the entire coal-field, awoke England and nations across the seas to the true state of affairs. It is unnecessary to relate the history of the strike. The world knows too well its complete success, and the humiliating position into which it forced the Government by revealing that the penal clauses of its new Munitions Act were unworkable and that a single united labor-union could force the nation to its knees. The second strike in Wales was over a mere technicality as to whether the enginemen and surface-workers should receive the war bonus promised by the Government, and although it concerned only the eastern and central valleys, it threatened to stop work in the entire coal-field if the Government had not yielded again.

As I tramped over the hills of Wales and along the endless streets of mining towns I found an absolute confidence in the men I met as to their power to win that strike or any other that might come in the future. Not one miner of all that I saw seemed to question in the slightest their right to stop work in war-time, though there was a good deal of dispute over the advisability of anything less than united action on the part of the whole field. Their feeling toward the hostility of the rest of the nation other than their own class was almost one of contempt. A group of miners would read a certain scathing editorial which I had cut from a great newspaper and burst into laughter over it or cheerfully curse the man who had written it. It seemed the height of absurdity to a miner whose brother was at the front, and who was thinking of leaving wife and children to go himself, that any one should think him unpatriotic; and as for being a "slacker," it was the men of wealth who in his estimation were the slackers, and not those who worked ten hours a day for a weekly wage of less than thirty shillings.

I have emphasized the situation in

Wales because it is proof of the impregnable position in which the British working-man found himself at that time. The power of organized labor is not only unassailable, but it is increasing steadily. If the attitude of the Government and of capital remains hostile to the working-man's interests, if they do not coöperate with him to keep down the cost of living and to stifle the profiteers who are making fortunes out of the war, there is every evidence that this new-born power will assume a most sinister significance. It has already weakened England's position in the war by a grave restriction in the normal output of mines and factories. If its patriotic attitude, its willingness to send its men to the armies that must be recruited should turn into indifference and aversion, it may prevent the ultimate victory toward which England looks with stoic assurance. Labor might readily become a greater danger than the German armies.

There has never been a long-continued period in Great Britain when the employer and the working-man understood each other, and the rift that began to destroy the brief harmony at the beginning of the war is widening every day. To one who watches the current of affairs there comes an ominous foreboding and fear of what the future may bring, for the assumption becomes unavoidable that labor is preparing itself, either after the war or during it, should it be prolonged, for some stupendous struggle with capital. Already, in the few months since the beginning of the war, it has gained what it needed most if it was to defy its masters—a new assurance of its vast power, a common purpose, and a clear vision. That is an alarming statement, but it is borne out by my personal observation that their class struggle is assuming a larger significance, is of greater interest to them, than their war with Germany. "What is the use," I have heard a railway worker say, "of England's winning this war if organized labor is smashed by capital as its result?" A miner on strike spoke to me of treachery at home, and meant not treason to the

state, but unfaithfulness to the cause of labor and to the thousands of workmen in the trenches. Incidents like that speak more eloquently than volumes of official speeches and reports, because it is the mental attitude of the common laboring-man that counts; not what he has already done, but what his mind may impel him to do in the future.

Since the Welsh strikes there have been a great number of minor disturbances; a munitions plant has struck work as a protest to the transference of skilled labor from the army to the workshop, and under the threat of strike higher wages have been granted to railway men and government employees. Though there are no figures in evidence to establish it, there can be no doubt that the rank and file of labor has not been faithful to its agreement with the Government, and that it is purposely restricting its output, forcing the skilful worker to slow his pace to that of the average. During the Trades Union Congress in September, at which labor adopted its unanimous edict against conscription, Lloyd-George gave concrete examples of this slowing down of production on materials vital to the army and navy. Little has been done to remedy this condition, and, indeed, what can be done when the

working-man knows that the Munitions Act is an empty threat that cannot be fulfilled?

Grave as these incidents are, the appalling feature in the labor situation has been the change in the mind of the mass of working-men, and the gradual consolidation of organized labor into a vast army of men who are beginning to think in common and may some day act in common.

The unity of labor in its opposition to conscription is the most obvious sign of its strength. The unanimous decision at the Trades Union Congress was a proclamation of this to the nation, but there have been other signs of their determination not to endure conscription, though the country is split in the process or the war is won or lost. In the House of Commons, J. H. Thomas, a representative of the railway-men, stated that "on the first day that conscription was introduced, the Government would be compelled to deal not with compulsory service, but with industrial revolution." More and more it has become evident that his statement was not an exaggeration, and that unless labor swings suddenly to the opposite pole, conscription can be introduced only as a perilous expedient, a last resort.



The Fountain

By CARL BRANDT

IN the still water of the fountain
 I see the moon
 Prinking,
 A débutante preparing for her party
 Before a mirror.

A trembling of the water
 Scatters the moon's face into twinkling hexagons of light.
 The surface boils, the mirror breaks,
 And the fountain casts its heart to the night.



Children of Hope¹

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-XII

AURELIUS GOODCHILD, a visionary American, having received a legacy of a hundred thousand dollars, sails for Europe with his three attractive daughters.

On the advice of John Holland, they take up their abode in the Pension Schwandorf in Florence, where Euphrosyne, the second daughter, begins her novel-writing, and Thalia takes up her art studies with an elderly Frenchman. Reginald Dux, a rich young American, with whom she has fallen in love, appears on the scene. A young Italian officer in a crack regiment, impressed with Euphrosyne, makes their acquaintance, and a young Englishman at the pension attaches himself to Aglaia's train. Learning that her voice has been ruined, Aglaia gives up her ambition to be a great singer, and marries the young Englishman, hoping, through the influence of his family, to gain at least a certain degree of social prominence.

Meanwhile the love-affair of Euphrosyne and the young Italian officer advances propitiously. Despite her protest against his taking the risks, he begins a practical study of aviation. Thalia continues her studies with the elderly teacher of painting until one day, enraged by his love advances, she leaves his studio in haste, and thereafter continues her painting without an instructor. John Holland again appears in Florence, and later Reginald Dux. The father of the girls, left to himself much of the time, progresses in his acquaintance with certain doubtful characters of the city.

Later the entire party attends the carnival ball, and Reginald Dux, who has been moved by Thalia's beauty almost to the point of asking her to marry him, persuades her to leave the ball secretly and drive with him in a park; but having angered her, on her insistence he takes her to her pension instead of back to the ball. The next day he leaves Florence, knowing that he will see the girl no more.

CHAPTER XIII

JOHN HOLLAND BRINGS HIS WORK IN
FLORENCE TO A CLOSE

THALLIE managed to persuade her father and Frossie that she had not been taken down with cholera. Mr. Goodchild decided that this prostration had resulted from the carnival ball: always highly strung, she was suffering from

those too-violent vibrations that had filled the opera-house. Frossie, however, was less easily relieved. Watching the still face averted on the pillow, she suspected a condition worse, in her judgment, than physical illness—a lovers' quarrel, the jeopardy of Thallie's dearest hopes, perhaps an irreparable break with Reginald Dux.

But even next day Thallie made no

confession. Bedtime came round at last, and Reginald had made no sign. The dread of seeing him gave place to fear lest he might not appear to-morrow.

Late the following afternoon, while Frossie and Mr. Goodchild were out walking, Thallie intrusted to the little door-porter, Domenico, a note:

Come and forgive me for the words I did n't mean.

Domenico brushed his boots anew, polished the tiny brass keys on the collar of his gray frock-coat, saw to it that his linen was quite clean,—for the door-porter of the Pension Schwandorf ought to look his best before the porter of the big Hotel Alexandra,—then he trotted away toward the Aino, delicately holding between two fingers the missive of the *carina*, the *simpatica*, the *adorabile* Signorina Thallie. And presently he trotted back, into the house, up-stairs to the dear Signorina Thallie's bedroom door, which she, having seen him cross the street, was holding open. But the note that he presented was her own!

"He is not there, Signorina. He departed yesterday with all his baggages. He is entirely gone away, to Sicily, or something like that."

Closing the door, staring and open-mouthed, she leaned her weight against the panels, as if trying to keep out this news.

"No! no! it 's impossible! It 's too hideous to be true!"

Frossie, returning, found her in hysterics and learned the truth. And that same night Frossie, almost as much shaken as if this catastrophe had been her own, was forced to tell Mr. Goodchild that Reginald and Thallie, after a misunderstanding, had parted perhaps forever.

In the days that followed, Thallie, without the wish to live or the energy to die, said many a time to herself and to her sister, "He has broken my heart." But as time passed, she found that one may survive even such an injury, though the broken heart that has been healed does not for a long while absorb its scars.

However, her convalescence was not slow, considering that before it was completed she seemed to have been made over into another person. Her intellect, formerly restricted by the optimism of good health, saw the whole spread of life in a new light when her vitality was lowered by despair. She came to know the pessimism of youth whose vigor has been exhausted by its tragedies, an immature cynicism than which there is none more bitter, more greedy for confirmation of its melancholy fancies. Listless on her long-chair covered with monkeys and pomegranates, beside the warm stove of yellow porcelain, she read again the novelists whose dreary views had once repelled her. But now, at some passage meant to show the cruelty and worthlessness of life, she felt a pang of pain and satisfaction mingled, as who should say, "That is true; I have found existence like that." Or else: "All these vows of love, what irony! In the last chapter we shall see that they were lies; otherwise this writer does n't deserve his reputation."

When she began to go about again, one now and then surprised on her face the look that she might wear at forty. For her beauty was altered, too, like a garden of roses the details of which, hitherto lost in sunshine, grow cold and clear beneath the first gray sky of autumn.

She now preferred to take her walks alone. In those dismal days of March she revisited the spots where he and she had laughed together, at each return aware of a twinge in which misery was fraught with the strange pleasure of a martyr. She contemplated such places with the melancholy of one who reviews the regions where he was happy in his childhood. And somehow, whenever she had refreshed her memory in those surroundings, she could think of Reginald more kindly, as if he who had laughed with her there was a different person from the Reginald who had run away. Perhaps that was why she kept returning to those scenes.

At nightfall she regained the pension, enervated by her thoughts and the Italian winds, pale, with deep shadows beneath



“‘An’ you do nozzing? You are a *signore*, a *gentilhomme*, a—how zall
I say?—a meester at your ease?’”

her eyes, her rich-hued tresses showing a diminished luster. But next morning, moved by a nervous restlessness, she set out again to hug her anguishes and apprehensions in the solitude of crowds, to sweep the picture-galleries with an unseeing gaze, to sit brooding in empty churches, to lean over the parapet of a bridge, watch the swift current, and reflect with a shudder in which two fears were blended, "It might even come to that?" But presently she was able to stop thinking of the river.

Yet she felt that to go on living it was necessary to find some anodyne for life. She remembered her old dreams of art, put up her easel, for hours sat staring at an empty canvas. Finding the very thought of legitimate, sound work too great a tax upon her brain, she wondered if she could not resume her painting with pictures in the Post-Impressionistic style? But her mind was unable to direct her "even to the execution of a Post-Impressionist picture." All her talents seemed to have evaporated with her happiness; her hopes of artistic fame were shattered, like her confidence in love.

So she resumed her listless wandering about the city, weighed down the more by inability to divert her mind with work.

Sometimes, while returning to the pension in the dusk, she was overtaken by John Holland.

Nowadays, if joined by another man, she would have walked faster in order to be rid of him the sooner. But with "Mr. Holland" she felt, instead of repugnance and suspicion, an instinctive respect, a confidence peculiarly soothing to her overwrought nerves.

He failed to ask her why she looked so blue; he did not seem to notice anything extraordinary in her new behavior; he refrained from objecting to her involuntary pessimistic comments. Yet when their walk was ended, she felt for the moment less despondent, and at the pension door said good-by almost with regret. For there are personalities which so generously irradiate strength and calmness that words are scarcely necessary for the

relief of distracted souls with whom they come in contact.

As for Aurelius, Florence exhaled round him a magical, sweet soporific. Something within him that had always longed for nearness to the well-springs of romance and beauty was satisfied at last, and even the vision of Rome was veiled by the mist-like, golden softness of this Tuscan air. "Later," he told himself, when that vision had shown itself most clearly—"later, when I have assimilated and translated into words what Florence is trying to tell me." And at the writing-table in his bedroom overlooking the garden of the Pension Schwandorf he sat with pen in hand, his spirit hovering between the indolent present and the dynamically active past, his breast expanded by an inspiration too splendid to be reduced to black and white. Some afternoons he was forced to tear up all his day's scribblings, so inadequately did they express the fervor of his thoughts.

"Yes, art is long," he murmured to himself while slowly descending to the pension parlor for his cup of tea.

John Holland dropped in occasionally at that hour. This celebrity, who knew so many interesting persons, who had surely moved in all sorts of imposing circles, displayed in the pension a homely satisfaction.

He talked with Aurelius about the Outwall legacy, of which payment was now almost due.

"And have you decided how to invest the money?"

"Invest it? You mean, promote some worthy enterprise?"

"I mean put it in good securities, with assured principal and interest."

"It's true, I've been thinking of certain projects in which I might be tempted to engage if this fortune were to remain in my possession. But stocks and bonds? Wall Street has always seemed to me a perilous place. But, after all; so far as the investment is concerned, I suppose that will be for the children to decide."

And Aurelius, smoothing down his bushy beard of red and gray, sat back with

a cheerful smile, his high, white forehead tranquil, his kindly, sunken eyes fixed benevolently on space.

John Holland shook his head.

"In my opinion," he said, "if you're determined to relinquish the whole sum, you had better place it in the hands of a reliable trust company, which would pay your daughters a fixed income. Thus one is sure of the principal remaining intact."

"And what is the return on such investments?"

"Usually four and a half per cent."

"Let me see. Is n't that rather small?"

"On the other hand, it is virtually safe."

"What a pity it seems! For myself, I care little about it, but I should like my children to have still more money. If only it were possible to find an opportunity for one of those great coups we read about! I admit I should like to double, yes, even triple, the amount before turning it over to the girls."

"Take my advice; dismiss that idea from your mind at once."

But Aurelius regretted that his promise to M. Farazounis prevented him from telling of the treasure buried in the pyramid. How a historian of dead races would have enjoyed that tale! And maybe Mr. Holland would have abandoned his dislike of all investments beyond the range of "sound trust companies" had he known that off there in Egypt lay a vast wealth of gold and silver, of pearls and rubies and what-not, all waiting for those who should equip a desert caravan, a train of camels in sufficient numbers, to bring off that fabulous hoard?

Was it by telepathic influence that these thoughts impinged so sharply upon Mr. Goodchild's brain? That very day Constantine Farazounis returned to Florence. The following afternoon, spying Aurelius through the plate-glass window of the Café Hirsch, the Greek dashed in through the doorway with a rapturous cry, and almost embraced his friend before the interested patrons.

"My gentleman! To think that I rejoin your sympathetic company at last!"

"Yes, you have been away for ages."

"My travels, ah, let us not talk of them, my sir! The life of a dog! But see; all in my wanderings your gift was in my hand!" And M. Farazounis thrust forward dramatically the cane with the golden sphinx's head, his Christmas present from Aurelius.

"Meanwhile," the latter responded with a shy smile, "I've worn your scarab."

"It is so! What friends we are, we two! Otto! Is he still here, that Otto? Black coffee, Otto, and plenty of pastry, and a pack of Giubek cigarettes. Remember, to-day I pay the bill!"

"Black coffee, pastry, Giubeks," moaned Otto, as his short legs, bending from an exhaustion due to chronic melancholy, bore his fat little body slowly away to the buffet.

"You have not yet found an associate for that enterprise?" asked Mr. Goodchild, timidly.

"Ha! Who can I trust so much? Excuse me, the world are not all like you, my gentleman. But enough for now! Here comes Otto, the spy perhaps of German archæologists, with those big ears of his."

And as the lugubrious little Swiss waiter scuffled to the table with his tray, M. Constantine Farazounis, humming an exotic tune, looked innocently out through the plate-glass window upon the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele.

But suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise. A woman had just passed along the street, a raven-haired, striking-looking person of many curves and undulations. Mr. Goodchild's mouth fell open. It was the International Star!

"What," he exclaimed, "you know that lady?"

M. Farazounis gave Aurelius a swift look of speculation, then craned his neck elaborately after the departing vaudeville actress. With a laugh of vexation he responded:

"Something funny is the matter with my eyes to-day! I took her for a Sicilian contessa who once bought from me some

trifles of antique jewelries. But this lady is familiar to you, my sir?"

"I have seen her and admired her performance on the stage. Her name is Madame Nella Tesore. I'm sorry that you don't know her; you might possibly have asked her permission to present me for a moment's chat. I should have taken much pleasure in complimenting her exceptional artistry."

The Greek, after staring at Aurelius for some seconds as if in a trance, wagged his head with profound regret.

"I, too, am verree sorry that I have not the honors of this madame's acquaintance."

When it was time for them to part, M. Farazounis promised faithfully to return to the Café Hirsch the following afternoon. And this he was kind enough to do, so that Mr. Goodchild's romantic friendship with the adventurer began to flourish as before. Otto, to whom the Greek had taken an antipathy, now seldom found the chance to droop beside the marble-topped table and pour out his troubles to Aurelius.

One day, however, when Farazounis had not yet appeared, the rotund little waiter confessed that he was nearly ready to give up the struggle of life.

"*Ach*, but I am tired of it all, Mr. Gootschild—the same black coffees always to and fro, the same sore feet, the same artists and penny-a-liners *mit* their penny tips, the same prison-valls around me! Only a vaiter, yes; but in here, in my bosom, -is something yet! Here is still stewing and bubbling the old thoughts what I had when I was young. And some days, when all this boils up in my heart, I could take off my apron and throw it in the face of the proprietor, and shout out before the whole Café Hirsch: 'I am done! I am a human soul, not the slave of a *Kaffee-Haus*-keeper *mit* so small a genius what I would n't allow him to peel vegetabbles in an hotel of mine. I am finished *mit* you all, *mit* you, *dumkopf* chef, who have never in your life served up a *crêpes des gourmets*, or a *faisan à la financière*, or a *poulard Albufera*, and *mit* you also, sqvalid clientele, who have never eaten

such things or know as they exist, and *mit* you, pig-dog of a world, what permits me to die unsatisfied in my honest ambitions!'"

Aurelius protested:

"My poor Otto, with those words you seem to give me a clue to your misfortunes. Perhaps in upbraiding the world, in feeling this hostility to your associates, you repel the favorable influences of the universe. By your bitterness you shut out the divine benevolence; your despair isolates you from the current of celestial supply; in short, you are out of tune with the infinite. But smile on humanity, and see how quickly it will smile on you! Replace your sense of lack with an expectation of prosperity, and note the change in fortune! 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' We are all the makers of our lives; the remedy lies with ourselves in this, as in every other karma."

And Mr. Goodchild, his lean, black-clad body erect against the mirror-lined wall, his ascetic, bearded face illumined by a missionary's zeal, preached for the little waiter's benefit the doctrine of New Thought, strongly flavored with theosophy, as he heard it nowadays from the lips of Princess Tchernitza. For his acquaintance with the obese Bulgarian had not ended at the carnival ball.

With April creeping northward, with a blander sunshine covering the hills, Thallie was often forced to stay at home, in her long-chair by the open window, motionless beneath a vast lassitude, oppressed by what seemed to her an eternal hopelessness. With a thrill of anguish she heard the first provocative notes of questing birds. Ah, if only spring would stay away—this cruel, sweet spring, in all its manifestation so poignantly suggesting the hours that would never come again! Its sounds, its pure scents, its delicate colors and soft caresses, caused the half-healed wounds to reopen, as if this maimed heart, like all the rest of nature, were automatically swelling with the old fervor.

But the others did not let Thallie have many of those wretched hours. They drew her out with them on fresh excursions.

sions into the country, where spring, alas! was more evident than in the city. The Easter season came round; on Good Friday they packed her off to Grassina, a little town not far from Florence, where at twilight, down from the church amid a blaze of torches, wended a humble, pinchbeck cortège to illustrate the Passion. On Easter day John Holland took them to a window overlooking the Piazza del Duomo, where, to the banging of fireworks, a mechanical dove, emerging from a tall car, rushed sputtering on a wire into the cathedral and straight up to the high altar.

Then the opera season began at the Politeama Fiorentino. And there, of all places, Thallie had to sit listening to the music of Puccini.

Between the acts they noticed a big man with a pear-shaped face and a black, fanlike beard. John Holland pronounced his name. It was Valentino Mughetto, the singing-teacher who had sentenced Aglaia to a life of silence. And through the rest of the opera Mr. Goodchild thought only of his poor Aggie, in far-off Devonshire.

If he could just feel sure that she was happy there!

As a matter of fact, Aglaia was as happy in England as she had expected to be. Even before her marriage to Cyril Bellegram she had felt that serious dilemmas awaited her at Twelve Chimneys, Devonshire. She had taken it for granted that she would encounter there the famous "insular prejudice"; she had anticipated the resentment of an established family forced to admit a nobody into their circle; she had even been prepared to have the animosity of the Bellegrams leveled at her alone. In none of these presumptions was she altogether disappointed.

She found her new relatives polite, but cool. She immediately perceived that they considered this union a misalliance. And at dinner on the night of her arrival it was evident that her father-in-law, the baronet, had determined to procure as soon as possible a berth for Cyril in some foreign land.

Aggie had no objection to that plan. She had never intended to remain at Twelve Chimneys longer than was absolutely necessary. Though impressed despite herself by England and the Bellegrams, Aggie was not the one to long for a lifetime of subservience to either. Since she had invested, so to speak, in Cyril; she wanted to develop her new property without patriarchal or conventional interference. All the ardor with which she had once aspired to be a prima donna was now diverted to the alternative, the desire to become the helpmate of a diplomatic attaché. Her weeks of humdrum country life in Devonshire strengthened, instead of weakening, this intention. So the baronet, by placing Cyril in some distant post at the disposal of the foreign office, would be doing her the greatest favor in his power.

This is not to say that Aggie made no effort to change the Bellegrams' attitude toward her. Indeed, her nature almost rejoiced in the problem of abating their distrust and prejudice. From the hour of her arrival at Twelve Chimneys she went to work with all her wiles, employing one general method for the women, another for the men, and yet using against each person a still more special manner of appeal. In consequence, the Bellegram family began to change their minds about her; and when it became known that something highly interesting was going to happen before long, the general thaw was resolved into a freshet of friendliness.

As for Cyril, he redoubled his demonstrations of gratitude and awe. Even in familiarity, this fragile creature of pale tints and subtle graces remained for him the epitome of all his dream-girls.

His emotions never failed to interest Aglaia. Still, in the midst of the most fervid expressions of his love, she sometimes felt a curious pity, for herself as well as for her husband, because she was forced to feign the commensurate enthusiasm that he could not evoke. Would her sisters, she asked herself, suffer that same disillusionment? She wondered if Frossie, for instance, would find behind the veil of

Aphrodite's sanctuary something that she had missed. For there was no doubt in her mind that Frossie would soon be married to Camillo Olivuzzi.

Indeed, Camillo and Frossie were of the same opinion.

Their romance was peculiar in that there had been no actual proposal of marriage. Long since, in their tête-à-têtes, there had stolen over them a feeling of curious familiarity, a satisfaction so nearly perfect that they seemed to have been gravitating toward each other from the beginning of the world. They were, indeed, less like newly found affinities than lovers who had come together after a long separation. All the preliminary petitions and avowals appeared to have been made in the remotest past, far beyond the border-land of memory, and now, as if on the verge of a predestined reunion, they moved with more than youth's assurance toward their future.

Indeed, while considering the future, they often fell to talking as though they were already married. Camillo, whose early years in the wild hills of the Abruzzi had implanted in him much of the simplicity of nature, was incapable of the evasive thoughts which make many engagements seem the prelude of an immaterial relationship. Frossie, who had once been the most prudish of the Goodchild family, felt her reticence already giving way to frankness when she planned with this inevitable mate the details of their life in common. Her healthy longings were thoroughly permeated by the maternal instinct now, and with one clear look she would promise Camillo not only love, but also in brimming measure its perennially legitimate rewards. Those two harmonious young persons even got so far as to agree on the upbringing of their children.

"It must be soon," they told each other, gaze melting into gaze, as their very souls seemed to swell forward, impatient for that final interminglement.

And again Camillo wondered if he ought not to inform his father of their purpose.

The old Count Olivuzzi, a gentleman of exquisite punctiliousness despite his rural life, would certainly think it needful to journey from his rickety old hill-fortress down to Florence, inspect the bride-to-be, and approach Mr. Goodchild with a ceremonious proposal. Camillo, though his admiration for everything American suggested a less formal course, was too fond of his father to deny him this exercise of dignity. On one point, however, the young lieutenant was privately determined to defy tradition: there should be no argument about a dowry.

"Here is one marriage, at least," Camillo decided, "that shall not be called a dollar-hunt. All Florence, and as much of the rest of Italy as cares to look, shall see a man who pays his American wife the compliment of wedding her for herself."

But since his father would be sure to object, and at the top of his voice, to any such generosity, Camillo, out of reluctance to begin that altercation, still postponed sending off the news. Nevertheless, they had decided to be married in June.

Love, far from interfering with her writing, had acted on it as a tonic: the impulse to create had stimulated even the immaterial function of artistic effort. Her literary endeavors were now informed with a new clarity and ease; the pen glided more surely than before; when the day's work was done there were fewer torn pages in the waste-paper basket. Frossie believed that at last she was on the road to solid accomplishment. After studying all the technical books provided by John Holland, she had finally abandoned the field of historical fiction for the realistic style.

Now and then she read one of her chapters to Camillo.

"Why, look here, that is you and I!" he would exclaim, with sudden excitement.

"Yes, perhaps it is you and I; but it is life, too."

"Ah, that! I should say so! And beautiful as well."

"And beautiful as well."

"How happy they are!" thought Thal-

lie. "A whole lifetime of happiness before them!"

Indeed, Frossie and Camillo behaved like two persons who possessed a talisman to open all the treasuries of life. In time she was to become a great author, to entrap between the covers of her books the essence of alien countries as successfully as Mme. de Staël in "De l'Allemagne" and "Corinne." He was to rise from rank to rank in the Italian army, until, on a day of field-manœuvres, when the landscape was covered for many miles with floods of steel, he paced a hill, in the gold braid and blue velvet facings of the general staff, beside the king!

Meanwhile it did not in the least daunt Camillo that he was still a mere lieutenant of the Magenta Cavalry, or that he had not yet won the military brevet for aviators.

His examination for that honor was to take place in May. Three or four times a week he rode out to Baron di Campoformio's hangars near Quarto to take his lessons in the management of *aéroplanes*.

Frossie and Mr. Goodchild sometimes appeared to watch the flights. Aurelius, at least, did not understand why Thallie would never accompany them to the Villa Campoformio, especially when the baron was kind enough to put his motor-car at their disposal. And such a fine motor-car! The limousine, evidently designed in the first place for a lady's use, was upholstered in plum-colored cloth as sumptuously as a little boudoir! Thallie did not even show herself on the balcony when they were entering that vehicle.

Campoformio's lean, weather-beaten face expressed that cordiality which seems an attribute of country gentlemen everywhere. His attire as well as his manner made them forget his title: he wore his old shooting-coat; his thin hair was blown by the breeze. When he had discussed with Aurelius the prospects of the flower-garden, he led his guests into the house for tea.

He apologized for the appearance of the drawing-room, which, because of its amplitude and light, had been ruthlessly

converted by the baron into a den. The place was plainly one of those famous bachelor lairs that servants are under strict orders not to tidy up. Frossie, gazing round her, felt an almost overpowering impulse to set everything to rights. She regarded the baron compassionately, as if he were a child that, left to its own devices, had made a mess of its surroundings.

"Poor man!" she thought. "Somebody really ought to marry him at once."

Then Camillo arrived, and Frossie forgot the baron's pressing needs.

When they had drunk their tea, they set out for the flying-field. Camillo rode beside the motor-car, a brave sight in his gay uniform without a speck or wrinkle. His large, lustrous eyes glowed with expectancy in the shadow of his patent-leather vizor; his white teeth flashed beneath his uptwirled black mustaches; and Frossie wondered if ever any other girl had won so debonair a cavalier.

But she admired him still more when he strode out from the hangar in his flying-suit, his strong, compact torso muffled in a cowhide jacket, his creamy pallor accentuated by a padded helmet of black leather. She looked at him with awe as he confidently approached the biplane, which the baron's men had pushed out upon the turf. Yet when he climbed into the driver's seat she always felt a thrill of fear.

"Do be careful, now!" she would cry.

"He is always careful," the baron would assure her.

"You 're sure you 've tested the thing all over?"

"Every wire."

"You 've—you 've got enough gasoline?"

Laughing assent, Camillo raised his hand, then dropped it upon the throttle. The propellers whirled round; the engine racketed; the *aéroplane* glided forward, skimmed the ground, rose into the air, swiftly dwindled against the blue. The mechanics, still fascinated by this strange new thing which had come into the world, stood motionless, staring with grave eyes.

They muttered comments to each other: "He goes well to-day, the Signor Tenente."

"A good turn. No more of those narrow circles."

"Figure of eight! Eh, he could take his tests now!"

Presently the biplane seemed to expand in that pellucid void. The drone of the engine swelled into a clatter. Suddenly those explosions ceased, and Frossie's heart stood still. But the machine, slipping down with the assurance of a great insect on poised wings, alighted with an appearance of fastidious grace, ran toward them, delicately trembling on its wheels, and stopped a dozen yards away. There he sat, safe and sound, as if he had never left the earth!

After all, thought Frossie, what could happen even in the midst of space to a man who wore that conquering mien, who met one's eyes with a look which seemed to say, "You see, I have vanquished the air, as I shall vanquish all the future, for your sake."

Yes, this was the one thought that moved him nowadays.

Every night, in his small white room in the cavalry barracks, he studied map-reading, the principles of meteorology, hygrometry, barometrical pressure, temperature, clouds, winds, and air-resistance. His old boon-companions, Azeglio and Fava, saw less of him than ever.

One day, when they had confessed to each other that they were greatly bored with life, Azeglio and Fava encountered Mr. Goodchild in the street.

They shook hands with him effusively, exchanged a hopeful look, invited him to take a little walk. Aurelius consented gladly. The lieutenants flanked him like a guard of honor. Three abreast, they set out through the sunny thoroughfares of Florence, the long, wrinkled broadcloth coat in interesting contrast to the dapper tunics of the Magenta Cavalry. Whenever they passed a private soldier,—and the streets seemed a-swarm that afternoon with troopers, bersaglieri, infantry of the line, and grenadiers,—Mr. Good-

child, out of courtesy, emulated his young friends' acknowledgment of the salutes by raising from his domelike brow the famous black felt hat.

There approached them on the footpath a woman bearing a green parasol, rather smartly dressed in an excessive way, a raven-haired woman of many curves and undulations, from the lobes of whose ears dangled two enormous imitation pearls. Aurelius was face to face with the International Star.

"Bah!" cried Lieutenant Fava in delight. "It is our old Nella!"

And in a trice the young soldiers had presented Mr. Goodchild.

Nella Tesore, her face thickly white-washed, her forehead ornamented with a glossy, jet-black bang, was one of those almost flagrant-looking creatures who are capable of filling a whole music-hall with perturbation. More bizarre than handsome even without her make-up, she produced by the very singularity of her appearance a sensation which other vaudeville-artists could not cause with more conventional charms. Her inky eyes were set too close together, her nose was negligible, her rouged mouth was excessively large; yet in combination these defective features seemed to promise many men something at once extraordinary and familiar, for which they had searched in vain all through maturity. And possibly because many a poor fellow had told her so, the incomparable Tesore greeted all men with a wide smile of amiable expectancy and generosity.

Thus she greeted Mr. Goodchild, while giving him her large, plump hand, which seemed to be bursting from its glove. Nor was she put out when Aurelius stammered that he was still ill at ease both in Italian and in French. As befitted an international star, she responded gaily in her full, hoarse voice:

"All-aright; zen we zall allaways spick Engilish, you and I!"

Mr. Goodchild was still more dazzled by this versatility.

The Tesore, it seemed, had only recently returned from a phenomenal suc-

cess in Rome. In two weeks she was going to delight the Florentines once more at the Alhambra. Meanwhile one could find her in her old quarters at the Hotel des Grands Ducs, in Via de' Leoni. She trusted that all her friends would call on her—after telephoning to make sure that she was in.

While the others rattled on, Aurelius strove to arrange the long-premeditated speech in homage to her art that he had dreamed of proffering to the Tesore. But self-distrust, an ailment natural in the presence of dramatic genius, reduced his thoughts to incoherence. His hat clutched between his hands, his narrow shoulders bowed, his sensitive face displaying a dazed look, he stood on the narrow footpath like a tall image of humility, while passing pedestrians kept bumping him about.

All at once he realized that the Tesore was saying good-by. Again putting out her hand, dilating her near-set eyes in a languorous, pleading way, she asked him:

"Alzo you, Signore?"

"I beg pardon, ma'am?"

"Alzo you, Hotel des Grands Ducs, Via de' Leoni?"

"Thank you; indeed I will!"

His hand half lowered, he stood staring after her as she wended her way up the street, her exuberant yet flexible person undulating under the green parasol, the imitation pearls dangling regally from her ear-lobes, her high-heeled shoes bending outward from the ankles. The fascination of the stage transfigured her, amid the ordinary crowd, as if with a faint nimbus.

"And now," asked Azeglio, nudging Toto Fava, "who owes the vote of thanks?"

"I!" cried Aurelius, fervently. "I, sir, a thousand times! You have done me a favor that I shall not forget."

"One sees," said Fava, laughing, "that you are not insensible to brunettes."

"But," Mr. Goodchild protested, "do you hold, then, that polarity has any influence on one's appreciation of fame?"

And he looked at them with so naïve,

so academic, an interest, that both of those young rascals dropped their eyes, as though in search of ribald entertainment they had blundered into a monastery. Soon after that, indeed, they excused themselves and slunk away, if any one may really seem to slink while clad in such a jaunty uniform as that of the Magenta Cavalry.

How kind fate was, Aurelius told himself, to bring him at last into touch with the associations he had always longed for! Only a year ago it had seemed as though he were not to gain contact with the great figures in the world of art until his daughters had won renown themselves. Nevertheless, he already knew, in Mme. Bertha Linkow, a celebrated prima donna, in the International Star a rare ornament of the Italian theater, and in John Holland a serious author of the highest reputation.

"Mr. Holland! I must certainly tell him of my good luck in meeting Madame Tesore!"

But an unexpected occurrence prevented Aurelius from imparting this news to the historian.

That same afternoon John Holland was sitting at a desk in the Archæological Museum. By this time in the whole building there was no relic that he did not know as well as if he himself had made it; he had long since finished with the work which excused his stay in Florence; his present occupation was about as useful to his current book as if he had been playing with a picture-puzzle. Just now he was trying, more idly than most men who had tried before him, to decipher some fragments of the mysterious Etruscan language.

He pushed aside the folios, threw down his pencil, stared out of the open window at the April sky. A small, thin Italian of twenty-seven or eight, with clever eyes and an inquisitive nose, looked up from a neighboring desk.

"What success, Signore Holland?" this young man inquired pleasantly.

"I think I shall call it a day."

The young man jumped up with a laugh.

"I, too, shall call it a day. Eh, this

spring air! Besides, I danced till two o'clock this morning."

"It 's good to find a student of archæology so gay."

"Oh, as for that, Signore Holland, it seems to me that I caught you at a carnival ball not long ago!"

"I did n't see you."

"Say, rather, that you did n't recognize me. I was charmingly disguised. I wore a pig's head of papier-mâché."

John Holland laughed.

"And no doubt had some interesting adventures?"

"I observed an interesting one. But judge for yourself. In a certain box there was a young girl with red hair, evidently an American, but beautiful enough to bring tears into the eyes. I know that, because for a moment she took off her mask. In her party were three of those insufferable cavalry lieutenants, and a fair youth, also an American, I think. Well, in the midst of the ball, this fair youth takes my little beauty out for a motor-ride in the Cascine Park, and presently returns alone, with a visage—how shall I say?—like that of *Jason* in the eighteenth canto of our Alighieri's 'Inferno.' And though I have not seen him since, I have seen her in the street, and, by Bacchus! her look is changed also! For if he reappeared that night like *Jason* in the eighteenth canto, now she resembles, perhaps, the maiden *Hypsipyle*? Ah, yes, the carnival ball has furnished that poor little one, at least, with an adventure!"

After a while the historian slowly turned his rugged and inscrutable countenance toward the other.

"My friend," he said quietly, "if I were you, I should not repeat that story."

The young man flushed.

"No doubt you are right."

John Holland rose to his feet. His big shoulders were slightly bowed, possibly from too much of this recent desk-work that had led to nothing, yet he towered above the young man like a colossus. He went to a clothes-tree, took his hat and cane and gloves, laid a hand upon the door-knob, then paused to say:

"By the way, if I don't see you again before I go, good-by, and many thanks for all your services. Since my work is done, I shall probably leave town to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XIV

CAMILLO WINS THE HIGHEST OF ALL MILITARY BREVETS

JOHN HOLLAND's sudden departure from Florence saddened Aurelius. Unconsciously, the latter had come to depend on the historian for something like stability of thought. His mentor gone, it was as if a more or less efficient gyroscope had been removed from Mr. Goodchild's brain.

To be sure, John Holland had not left without repeating his advice about the legacy, of which the payment was now due. He had even given Aurelius a letter to a trust company in New York, with instructions how to place the money in that corporation's charge. Indeed, he had drilled Mr. Goodchild in the necessary procedure till an error seemed impossible. But, unfortunately, the check did not arrive at once.

Meanwhile, in the Café Hirsch, Constantine Farazounis continued to irradiate the glamour of one who knows the whereabouts of buried treasure. On none of those afternoons when he and Aurelius sat together at their coffee did the Greek neglect to whisper of that precious hoard. His dramatic recital conducted Mr. Goodchild swiftly across seas and sands, down into the black entry of a pyramid the tip of which pierced a pallid moon, along damp corridors crowded with monstrous shadows like the outraged, impotent wraiths of ancient kings. Then, in a chamber scarred all over with the chisel-marks of long-dead artisans, one peered through a crevice into the vault that human ingenuity had imagined sealed forever; and suddenly a faint ray of light revealed more wealth than Cræsus showed to Solon!

"It 's like a dream," Aurelius stammered.

"A dream that you and I could make

come true, my gentleman," replied Constantine Farazounis, more softly than the serpent in the Garden of Eden.

No wonder that the conservative trust company seemed tame to Mr. Goodchild!

There was now another influence at work in opposition to such staid prospects. Aurelius had begun to ask himself whether Otto, with a modest capital in hand, might not become a successful hotel-keeper, after all.

At first this idea had been merely one of those benevolent fancies which are enjoyed without the slightest cost. Aurelius had reflected, "If this legacy were to remain at my disposal, which of course it is n't; if I had no other thoughts about investing it, which of course I have, what a pleasure it would be to give this poor, hampered soul a lift to his desires!" His imagination, always active where the formation of altruistic pictures was concerned, reveled in the scene where he, dashing off a check for a few thousand dollars, proposed to the little Swiss waiter an informal partnership. But the more Mr. Goodchild considered this agreeable rôle, the greater was his regret that he could not assume it.

He was even tempted to put Otto through a quiz about the management of "chic hotels."

Otto responded with an avalanche of data, through the dust of which, so to speak, Aurelius glimpsed a splendid dining-hall exclusively patronized by grand dukes and princesses of the blood, a pagentry of exotic foods and wines, Gipsy bands in a fine frenzy, bills as long as Chinese banners, and in the office a cascade of bank-notes pouring into the till. It appeared that the profits of a "chic hotel" could be enormous.

Mr. Goodchild was learning that affluence has its problems as well as poverty: new anxieties were replacing the old dilemmas of Zenasville, Ohio.

"Zenasville! How far away it seems!"

Every day, though letters from Zenasville now came to him but rarely, he awaited the postman with cheerful anticipations. Nor was he cast down when

Domenico, the little door-porter of the pension, informed him with a sympathetic smile, "It looks like there is nothing this time neither, sir." "To-morrow, then," Aurelius exclaimed, his confidence leaping forward in undiminished strength toward the receding goal-post. To-morrow! To-morrow! What disappointment could the Fates contrive to quench the optimism of Aurelius Goodchild, Esquire?

Sometimes, however, his expectations were rewarded by a note from Aggie.

She, too, was becoming restless about the payment of the legacy. In fact, she had written to the executors of the estate, who had replied that the money would be turned over to her father sometime in May. Had he received it yet? How soon might she expect to have her share?

Her anxiety on this subject was greatly increased by a catastrophe in Devonshire.

It appeared that the Bellegrams' relative in the British foreign office had not put himself out to get a diplomatic post for Cyril. The waiting-list for such appointments was a long one; the requirements were strict, and while influence might possibly overcome these obstacles, every one at Twelve Chimneys finally perceived that the foreign office functionary was for some reason averse to making the attempt. Indeed, that gentleman at last suggested for Cyril a "more suitable" position in the consular service.

At this proposal, it was as if a brutal hand had stripped from Aggie's person the three plumes, the long tulle veil, the court-train which composed the feminine insignia in the British diplomatic corps. In one dreadful moment the imaginary state apartments, glittering with a thousand candles, full of coronets, golden epaulets, and diamond orders, receded, grew dim, were absorbed by the prospect of an opera-house, which now trembled with the confused radiance of a mirage far beyond the horizon of Aglaia's hopes.

Poor Aggie! It was too bad that this last bolt should fall upon her now. She expected to be a mother in September.

This particular piece of news created a

sensation in the Pension Schwandorf. Aurelius to become a grandfather, Frossie and Thallie aunts! It seemed so strange! Mr. Goodchild, beside himself with joy, wanted to rush down-town at once and buy some linen picture-books, a silver mug, a miniature drum.

"A drum! But suppose he does n't turn out to be a boy?" Frossie inquired, laughing.

"Oh, let 's hope it is n't a girl," said Thallie, with a bitter smile.

"The idea! Why not?" Mr. Goodchild retorted warmly. "What could be nicer, I should like to know?" He gathered in his own two girls for an old-fashioned hug. "Just think, my little Aggie! And I can remember when she herself was so tiny that you could hardly find her, snuggled by her mother's side!" His face changed as he continued softly: "What a thing life is, to be sure! Some are coming, some are here, and some have gone on. But just like Alpine climbers, struggling up to a pinnacle with ropes around their waists, we are all bound together by invisible bands of interest, of love. Well, some day, please God! we shall all be together on the summit!"

And he raised his large eyes, full of awe, as if he already saw a beautiful young woman in a short, quaint jacket stitched with jet, in a coiffure of bygone days but with the face of Thallie, leaning down to help him up beside her on those radiant heights.

The sunshine was bringing out the most reluctant foliage now: the garden displayed its daintiest regalia, like the waking princess in a fairy-tale. All Florence, indeed, seemed permeated with the shy enterprise of spring. One specially inspiring afternoon Aurelius ventured to call on the Tesore.

She received him as if there were a little joke between them.

Nella Tesore wore a pale-yellow negligée which appeared to be diaphanous, though it was really opaque, which pretended simplicity, although it was composed with an insidious sophistication, which, in fine, while feigning to be a sort

of modern house-gown, would have suggested to any one but Mr. Goodchild the habiliments of Venusberg. Her cheeks were as white, her lips as red, her black bang as glossy, as ever. And as she stood with her unsymmetrical face upturned, smiling at him in that hospitable, generous, yet enigmatic, way, Aurelius seemed to see condensed in this one personage all the thrilling abnormality of genius.

"But 'ave a sit, Signore!"

He sank upon a sofa.

It was the sort of private parlor, once on a time as tricky as the setting of a Palais Royal farce, which has been occupied by so many artistic temperaments or naughty children that the proprietor no longer gives a thought to renovation. The rug bore blotches from coffee-cups and ink-wells. The marble fireplace and the shabby piano were prodigally scratched by matches. All the arm-chairs were adorned with circular stains. And here and there on the walls appeared a penciled cartoon, with some such inscription as, "Lina Valiardi, who sings like a crow." Or elsewhere one discerned the tremulous outline of a heart, confining the words, "Imalda and Bruno, June 7, 1901, a happy day." But since none of the Tesore's predecessors had been giants, the high ceiling still showed, undefaced, its rather inappropriate fresco of a well-nourished lady stopping her ears against the insinuations of some cupids.

Mr. Goodchild's attention, however, was wholly taken by the International Star.

"Zo you live here in Firenze?" she asked him, soothingly.

"Yes, ma'am, in a manner of speaking."

"An' you do nozzing? You are a *signore*, a *gentilhomme*, a—how zall I say?—a meester at your ease?"

"At present," Aurelius admitted, with a blush, "I 'm composing some verses inspired by this fair city."

"La, la! You mus' be very reesh!"

"Well, ma'am, I would n't quite say rich. We are comfortable, my girls and I. Yes, comfortable is the word."

Letting her undulous shape lean gradu-

ally forward, she wagged her finger at him playfully.

"No, no, no, no, no, no! You are one of zose American meelionaires!"

And she laughed at him softly, with the look of a little girl peering into a confectioner's shop-window. Whereupon, since laughter is contagious, Aurelius plucked up sufficient courage to smile himself.

The west wind, entering through the open window, lifted from the piano-top some sheets of music, which fluttered over the floor. Mr. Goodchild jumped to pick up the scattered scores. But in the midst of this task, struck motionless by apprehension, he blurted out the words:

"Is it possible, ma'am, that I interrupted your practicing?"

The Tesore assured him that while she had been running over some songs, his call had not interfered with anything important. It was very difficult, for one who depended no less on gesture than on the voice, to rehearse without an accompanist.

"Perhaps," Aurelius ventured, "I might excuse my intrusion by being of some slight use in that respect. Mind, I don't say that my piano-playing is *Al—*"

He stopped, flushed and struck dumb by his effrontery; but Nella Tesore clapped her hands together in delight.

"A musician!"

"No, really, I assure you! Yet I should consider it a great, yes, a very great honor, to be of assistance even for a moment to so fine an artist."

Forthwith the Tesore led him to the piano-stool and spread a sheet of music on the rack. As if in a dream he ran his fingers up and down the keys. Involuntarily his face expressed dismay.

"Sometime would you permit me to tune this instrument?"

But she, in the middle of the room, was busy pinning up her skirts around her ankles.

"*Pronto!* All-a right! *Allegretto moderato!* One! Two!"

Straight-backed on the piano-stool, his long broadcloth coat-tails hanging down behind, his patriarchal beard swaying gently to the time, Aurelius Goodchild, phi-

losopher, gentleman, and father of a family, played the accompaniment of a song which had been crowned by the Neapolitan riffraff in last year's competition at Piedigrotta. Behind him, Nella Tesore, darling of the Alhambra Music Hall, postured and stepped about in the pale-yellow negligée, her silken ankles flashing, her arms revealing their statuesque whiteness to the shoulders, her red smile embracing the dilapidated chairs as if each one held an adoring, yet not unhopeful, spectator. Her full, slightly husky voice blended in a pleasant way with the tinkle of the old piano:

"They call me now *la Bella Pastorella*,
leru-lè,

And innocence in love is my best part,
leru-lè,

When all would own a corner of my heart,
leru-lè,

And say, I love you so, oh, *Nina Bella*,
leru-lè!

Each morning as I take my way,
Lads who pass me say,
Ninetta, so divinely fair,
Tell me if I dare!

Carina, surely there must be
One little kiss in store for me?"

Other verses followed, relating in the true Neapolitan manner the sentimental progress of *la Bella Pastorella*, and the finale left no doubt of that amiable young person's charity. The words, however, were Greek to Mr. Goodchild.

But if only he were sure enough of his accompaniment to turn his head!

The Tesore sang again—"Life without Love is Nothing," "The Signorina on the Tramway," and "Ah, What Love will Do!" Aurelius, exalted by this collaboration with a veritable lady of the stage, displayed a virtuosity that he had not known for years. The rehearsal ending, he was more at ease than if he had paid the International Star a dozen calls.

So at last he was able to deliver the long-meditated speech in appreciation of her art.

She listened with the utmost patience

to this oration, her pliant body so luxuriously relaxed in the warm current of praise that there was about her something curiously feline; one might nearly have expected her to purr. But in the end her eyes became sad as she made the comment:

"After all! Out zere I 'ave not receive' ze joostice due me."

"America would be at your feet."

"Si?"

She weighed his words; without moving, she studied him intently; her gaze seemed to pass straight through him in secret speculation. But when he picked up his black felt hat and ebony cane, she made a gesture of astonishment.

"You go?"

"I fear I 've already encroached too long on your valuable time."

A smile touched her lips. Slipping her large, plump hand into his palm, she murmured, this time without dilating her near-set eyes:

"You come soon again? We zall meck ze *musica*, we zall spick of America, an' togezzer, like in ze '*Stornelli del Cuore*,' we zall bose find

*nell' anima gemella
Un' cara ingenuità!*

In other words, in a twin soul a rare ingenuousness.

Aurelius, descending to the street, was entranced by this last evidence of the Tesore's warm and simple womanhood.

He was impatient to relate his adventure to his daughters, but in Via Tornabuoni he encountered Fava, who, on hearing where Aurelius had been, began to look uncomfortable. After hemming and hawing, the lieutenant besought Mr. Goodchild to say nothing to any one about that visit; for since the Tesore was a vaudeville actress, such intimate acquaintance with her would be misunderstood in Florence.

"What," cried Aurelius, aghast, "the Florentines are as bigoted as that!"

Fava laid his head on one side, raised his shoulders, and pressed his eyelids together.

"Unfortunately, everybody in these

parts has not reached a proper plane of thought. One judges the individual by the majority."

"But this is outrageous, sir! That good, kind woman, wrapped up in her profession!"

"The more reason why we should protect her name. Come, you will promise, at least on her account, that nobody shall know?"

Mr. Goodchild agreed to seal his lips for Mme. Tesore's sake.

So it was that Toto Fava, after yielding to a mischievous impulse, escaped the consequences which his rather cynical judgment of human nature had not been able to anticipate. Aurelius made no mention of the International Star, Camillo Olivuzzi did not quarrel with his two brother-officers, and Thallie was not informed that Fava had been playing pranks on the gentleman he hoped to make his father-in-law.

As a matter of fact, Toto Fava had now proposed to Thallie half a dozen times. He had told her that she was killing him. He had dropped upon one knee in a secluded corner of the moonlit garden, to the detriment of his dress-pantaloon. He had seized her hand, had gasped out phrases in English, French, Italian, and Sicilian, had raised his unfortunate countenance toward her averted face, which appeared in the moonbeams like the visage of an angel. Yes, at such times he loved her much more than the dowry which would undoubtedly go with her. And his failure to move her inflamed him and enraged him so that he longed at one moment to lock her up forever in a room to which he alone possessed the key, and at the next, to devour her instantly, with one big gulp. Ah, *corpo di Diana!*—ah, body of Diana—what sweet punishment would he not visit upon this lovely torturer if once she weakened!

But Thallie had no intention of weakening.

A year before, she would have reveled in such romantic scenes; to-day she wanted to avoid them. Then she would have listened with bated breath to these senti-

mental speeches, like one who hears at last the formula long pondered in the awe of ignorance. But now the most vibrant phrases failed to infect her with the slightest thrill, unless, as she compared them with the utterances of another on a certain night of rushing lights and sibilant darkness, she felt a tremor of rage. All alike, so poetically entreating in their speech, so hideously violent in their thoughts, so tender at first and afterward so cruel! In fine, the dream was shattered, and fate had prevented the reality from giving place to a renewal of illusion. Thallie, whose heart had throbbed so hard in expectation of love, now asked nothing better than to be left alone by men.

Sometimes, when she had composed herself to sleep, tiny pictures floated against the screen of her closed eyes. She saw Reginald Dux as she had first seen him on the boat-deck of the ship, and as he had looked that night at the Politeama Fiorentino, and as she had afterward imagined him, in a garden at Taormina, bending over a chair half hidden among Bougainvillea-flowers, to kiss the black-haired woman of the Cherbourg tender.

And the worst of it was, she knew now who the Ghillamoors and the Duxes were, notable members of the American plutocracy, who would have regarded a union with the Goodchild family as a disaster.

"Fool that I was!" she sobbed, sitting up in bed, beating her fists against her breast, racked by an agony of shame. "Fool! Goose! Ignoramus!"

And as Frossie, in the other bed, awoke with a start, Thallie threw herself face-down upon the pillows, to smother her weeping.

But she felt plump arms about her, soft kisses on her neck.

"O Babykins! still the same thing? Won't it get any better?"

"It's not that," gulped Thallie. "It's not love any more. Love! Ugh! It's just that I'm so disgusted with myself."

It was true; at last love had been supplanted by chagrin.

She believed that he now recalled her merely as a fatuous little thing of vast

presumption. How she longed to give him a different idea of her! If only she could realize her old expectations of fame, force the world to respect her as a genius, make Reginald admit some day, "By George! I was mistaken in that girl!"

She resumed her painting with a feverish energy.

The theories of the Post-Impressionists now obsessed her. She had read, in an article by Picabia, "The musician's studies are from his brain and soul; my studies are from my brain and soul. Painting nature as it is is not art, but mechanical genius. The old masters turned out by hand the most faithful copies of what they saw; but we have outgrown all that. Their paintings are to us what the alphabet is to the child." So Thallie strove to express herself naïvely; that is, like one who has never seen a painting. And, to her great satisfaction, it was soon impossible to find in her canvases a trace of Titian's, Ingres's, Manet's, or any other old foggy's influence. As for that, nobody in the Pension Schwandorf had ever seen such pictures.

Erect in her painty gingham apron, the gay palette on her arm, the brush clenched in her hand, she suggested a fair Amazon armed for an esthetic fray, a sort of studio Joan of Arc defying all conventions for an ideal. But when her sky-blue eyes were filled with that visionary light, when her cheeks, round which the auburn curls had tumbled down, showed their old-time rosininess, she seemed once more so young, so full of youth's bravado, that her sister did not have the heart to argue with her.

"All right, Lovins," said Frossie. "No matter if an old stupid like me does n't quite see it yet. In the meantime, a walk might be good for both of us."

So they would sally forth to walk through medieval streets, across the Arno, and sometimes even in Cascine Park. At last Thallie had given up trying to avoid that spot.

Camillo often accompanied them on their promenades. Passing strangers looked with interest at that trio, the two foreign girls tripping in their dainty

spring dresses, the dapper cavalry lieutenant pacing beside them happily.

There was a place in the Cascine where two ilex-trees stood far apart, from which one could view the northern hills. They stood, so Thallie thought, arrayed in gold and purple like Etruscan kings, studded with tiny white hamlets that resembled ornaments of pearl. And veils of rich air, impregnated with sunlight, softened that distant spectacle till it assumed the vagueness of an exquisite hallucination, till it seemed to express the very spirit of a region which had cast a spell of beauty over all the world. Here was the perfect subject for a Post-Impressionist picture!

Thallie sat down upon a marble bench to fill her eye with the color of that view. Frossie and Camillo strolled on; it was the chance for which they had been waiting. As the hedges concealed them, their hands touched, their fingers twined together; they walked in silence, with faces upturned toward the tree-tops, where the birds were warbling.

The world was such a sunny, fragrant, peaceful place; life was so full of happiness! Just to live, just to tread these flowery alleyways, was almost too keen a pleasure. With an unsteady laugh, Frossie murmured:

"If the future holds anything much better, I 'm afraid I sha'n't be able to bear it."

"You 'll find that it does, *Carissima*," he answered, squeezing her hand. "Also, you will be able to bear it."

And as they strolled still farther into the green labyrinth, they contemplated that future as serenely as if they knew all its secrets and had found all beneficent.

He told her that at last he had written to his father, who would presently arrive to make the formal call on Mr. Goodchild. But, as Camillo had declared for a June wedding, the old count would not be likely to appear just yet, because of the expense of staying on in Florence till the ceremony. Still, he might possibly be tempted into such extravagance in order to see Camillo win his military brevet.

The aviation trials were scheduled to take place within the week.

"And I wish they were over," was Frossie's comment at this point.

"But I 'm quite sure to pass," Camillo protested. "Everything that 's required I have done many times."

"But if anything went wrong!"

He stopped and faced her.

"Look at me," he said. "Do I resemble a man who cannot take care of himself?"

His winning smile, his lustrous, almost romantic, eyes, his creamy pallor that many an Italian woman would have envied, did not detract from the native vigor of his face. His body, under the smooth blue-black tunic with magenta facings, expressed a graceful and indefatigable force, such latent muscular energy as one observes in panthers. Indeed, his whole personality seemed so alert and competent, so replete with coördinate intelligence and strength, that it was impossible to imagine him vanquished in a grapple with any man or horse or refractory machine.

"I suppose I am foolish to worry."

"Yes, it is folly to doubt for a moment. Life owes us too much."

They came to a spot where the foliage was dense on every side and overhead, where a low bough still swayed from the leap of a departed bird, where a sound of running water rose scarcely louder than the beating of their hearts. Camillo told her:

"Some day when we visit my old home you and I will hear all through the night that sound of water whispering over the rocks far below our open window. Perhaps Carducci felt as I do at this moment, when he sang, in his 'Mattinata,'

"From nests to budding branches, hark! soft notes and clear:

Come, let us love, love, love, for spring is here!

The breath of tombs sways new, bright blossoms spread above:

See, spring will pass, so let us love, love, love!"

But the last two lines, with their suggestion of mortality, chilled her. For a moment the sunlight seemed to fade, the birds to combine their limpid tones into a threnody.

"What 's this?" asked Camillo, smiling. "You don't like that sentiment?"

His eyes reassured her, full as they were of confidence and tenderness, so vital that it seemed as if they could never cease to glow. She replied:

"Here is something just as appropriate, without any mention of tombs." And she uttered the lines:

"How eloquent are eyes!
Not music's most impassioned note
On which life's warmest fervors float
Like them bids raptures rise!"

"Eh," he assented, "that is good, too. Who made it?"

"Shelley."

"That is n't all of it?"

Gazing at him through the pince-nez that they had both forgotten, she went on:

"Love, look thus again,—
That your love may lighten a waste of years,
Darting the beam that conquers cares,
Through the cold shower of tears.
Love, look thus again!"

But her voice failed; even the verses of her own choice ended in a minor key. Slipping her arms around his neck, she pressed against his breast, against the scraps of ribbon which were his reward for braving death in Tripoli.

"Camillo!"

"What is it, dear?"

"I don't know."

Laughing, he kissed her on the cheek. Her eyes still clouded by uneasiness, she breathed almost fiercely:

"No! To-day I want you to kiss me really and truly."

It was a request still foreign to Italian courtship: the air of Italy is reputed to assist in noteworthy combustions at that special contact. Camillo hesitated, then gallantly did as she had asked. It seemed

there was some sense in that old superstition! She said:

"Let us go back."

They rejoined Sister Thallie. The rest of that walk was silent.

Finally one long-awaited morning dawned—the day of the aviation trials. Through the influence of Campoformio and Camillo's colonel, the tests were permitted on the baron's flying-field. Bright and early a military examiner, with two aides to mark the distance-flights, arrived at the Villa Campoformio. The sky was cloudless; the breeze blew gently; everything seemed auspicious. Camillo, riding out with Fava, Azeglio, and several other officers of the Magenta Cavalry, was confident of success.

Outside the hangars, the biplane stood glistening in the sun. Without waiting so much as to unhook his sword, Camillo examined the machine all over. The engine had been completely taken down, cleaned, re-erected; the cast-iron cylinder-heads were new; in front of the cylinders a more powerful fan had been installed. But a propeller ordered from Paris had not arrived.

"What 's the matter with this propeller?" inquired Toto Fava.

Camillo, running his hand down one of the walnut blades, replied in an undertone:

"If you look close, you 'll see a little crack in the wood. We noticed it some time ago. To be sure, it 's no bigger than at first, for all the flying we 've done. But I should n't like the blade to break this morning."

"Or any other morning," Fava ejaculated in dismay. "Capers! In such a case you might fall?"

"Oh, no doubt, if I allowed her to run on, the machine would tilt, the engine would be torn loose from the fusillage, and everything would go to pieces. But I assure you, the moment the blade broke up, I 'd simply cut off the engine and plane down. The only trouble is, my trials would be interrupted."

"But I see another aëroplane in there. Use that propeller."



“‘Look at me,’ he said. ‘Do I resemble a man who cannot take care of himself?’”

"Impossible to change."

And Camillo explained that the other machine, a monoplane, was furnished with an engine which, like its propeller, made twelve hundred revolutions a minute. On the other hand, the propeller of the biplane, being larger, made nine hundred revolutions. In consequence, the gyrative action of the biplane was negligible.

Fava, pulling at his rat-tail mustaches, squinted more hideously than ever at these details.

"Well," he exclaimed at last, "I am a horseman, not a bird. All the same, Camillino, I should drive the monoplane to-day."

"No, I'll stick to this old wagon, which has never failed me yet."

Slapping his comrade on the back, Camillo went briskly to put on his flying-suit.

Just as he reappeared, accoutred for the air, the Goodchilds drove up in a barouche; to-day the baron's motor-car was at the service of the examiner and his aides. In courtly fashion Aurelius assisted his daughters to alight. Their white linen frocks were instantly hemmed in by the uniforms of the Magenta Cavalry. But Frossie, glancing between the military caps, sought Camillo with an anxious eye.

As soon as she could speak to him apart, she said:

"You're sure you feel quite well?"

"But when did I ever feel otherwise?"

"I hardly slept a wink all night."

"Come, now, a soldier's bride, and worried by a thing like this! Look at the others, how jolly they all are. One could almost call it a *festa*."

The flying-field had taken on a gay appearance. Near the biplane sword-scarbards flashed; Thallie's flowered hat kept turning from one direction to another; Mr. Goodchild's moistened finger was raised to test the wind. Behind the hangars browsed the sleek horses of the officers, attended by a group of orderlies. Beyond the fences peasants from near-by farms were gathering in crowds.

Down from the villa two of the baron's servants came bearing a hamper of re-

freshments. A burst of laughter resounded. A fox-terrier, which had followed one of the lieutenants from the barracks, began to run around in circles and bark.

At last the examiner made a sign; the spectators scattered; mechanics in overalls approached the *aéroplane*. Camillo climbed into the driver's seat. Motionless, alert, his gloved hands on the throttle and control, he appeared in his helmet and goggles scarcely human, like a part of the machine that pent him in, a Frankenstein whose members were the great wings, whose nerves were the complicated rods and wires. All stood silent in the face of this phenomenon.

"Ready?"

The answer was a clear, sharp call:

"*Avanti!*"

The engine roared. The propeller became a shining disc. The biplane skimmed the ground and rose into the air. The fox-terrier returned panting from his vain pursuit.

One saw the machine diminishing rapidly, like a gray bird, a hand's breadth, as it seemed, above the western horizon. Soon one could scarcely discern it through the dazzling air. At last, when it had become invisible, all poses were relaxed; the spectators began to chatter:

"How fast he goes!"

"When can we expect him back?"

"Where shall we look to see him returning?"

This first test was a triangular distance-flight. There was nothing to do but be patient for half an hour at least.

Yet all those present, except perhaps the military examiner, showed a certain nervous tension. Baron di Campoformio, his hands tightly clasped behind his back, wore a travesty of his customary hospitable smile. Fava, for once oblivious to Thallie, paced to and fro some distance from the rest, his neck bent, a particularly strong Toscana clenched between his teeth. Mr. Goodchild drifted about with watch in hand, as if everything depended on the movement of that bulbous time-piece.

Frossie, afflicted by a growing weakness, had gone to sit in the barouche. There the baron joined her. They raised their eyes above the western sky-line.

"You are pale, Signorina," he said presently. "May I fetch you a glass of wine?"

Without lowering her gaze, she made a gesture of refusal. But soon the words escaped her:

"Up there, all alone, separated from the earth, invisible! What folly it is, after all! Men were never meant to do that."

"Courage, Signorina! It is not really dangerous any more."

"It is folly," she repeated sharply; "it is wicked folly! Men were never meant to be tempted into such danger." And she gave Campoformio a sick look, full of resentment.

Averting his head, he stared with a pained expression at the ground.

Mr. Goodchild walked slowly toward the barouche, like a somnambulist. After patting Frossie's arm in an absent-minded way, he inquired of the baron, with extraordinary earnestness:

"Excuse me, sir, but have you the correct time? I set my watch this morning by the Campanile bells, but possibly—"

A rattle of china reached their ears: on a long wooden table near the hangars the two servants were setting out plates and bottles. The rest of the company began to brighten at this sound. The young officers, in an access of appetency, lighted fresh cigarettes. Those surrounding Thallie began to venture jokes. But Thallie, urged by an uneasiness which had nothing to do with aviation, turned to look behind her. There, watching her inscrutably, stood the baron's chauffeur, Antonio.

At that moment some one shouted:

"Here he comes!"

And they saw a tiny speck floating in the southwestern sky.

"It is he, sure enough!"

"So soon!"

"He must be breaking a record!"

Already one could perceive the breadth of the machine, a hovering gray flake of exceeding thinness, which, without seem-

ing to advance, grew clearer every second. From the fences round about a muffled cheer went up.

But all at once the fox-terrier, bounding over the grass, pounced upon something with a snarl. His eyes glaring, his muzzle wrinkled with ferocity, he shook his head from side to side.

"He has caught a field-mouse!"

The words were repeated, with laughter and applause, by the officers, the mechanics, the orderlies:

"Brave doggie! He has caught a field-mouse!"

For the moment, all, with one exception, looked in amusement or disgust at this tragedy in little.

Suddenly a scream rent the air, shrill, prolonged, blood-curdling. In the barouche Frossie was standing bolt-upright as if frozen stiff, her eyes, enormously dilated, fixed on the western void.

The sky was empty.

There followed an instant of stupefaction.

"Where is he?"

"He has planed down?"

"An accident?"

The dreadful cry rose again, but now articulate:

"I saw him fall!"

Round the hangars broke loose a babble of shouts, a trampling of horses, the clash of spurs and scabbards. The officers, scrambling into the saddle, were off break-neck across the turf, putting their mounts to the fences, scattering over the fields. Along a road roared the baron's motor-car, leaving behind it a long trail of dust. Last of all went running the mechanics, the servants, the peasants, young and old—all frantically striving toward the scene of the disaster, which was miles away.

Only Thallie and Mr. Goodchild remained with Frossie. She lay on the cushions of the barouche, as white as death, her eyes half-closed, her body shaken by a chill. "Take me to him!" she moaned from time to time, as if delirious; but this they were afraid to do. Finally a lieutenant on a lathered horse arrived at a gallop with the news. Camillo had fallen

far beyond Peretola. He was not dead, but a physician from a neighboring hamlet had said that he could not possibly recover. A priest had already administered the *Santissimo*.

While the young man was speaking, a cart drove into the flying-field with the new propeller from Paris.

CHAPTER XV

A SCENT OF DYING FLOWERS, MELTING WAX, AND DUST

THE moment he learned that Camillo Olivuzzi was still alive, Mr. Goodchild ordered the coachman to drive at full speed to the place where the *aéroplane* had fallen. They had not gone far, however, when they met a mechanic returning on a borrowed bicycle. The man told them that Camillo had already been taken to the military hospital in Florence. So the *barouche* went racketing toward the city.

Frossie stared straight ahead. She was unaware of Thallie's arms about her, of Mr. Goodchild's broken utterances, of the warning cries that rose from the wayside. Her soul had rushed on, was now striving to mingle once more with the soul of Camillo.

"Faster!" shouted Aurelius.

Once more the coachman railed at his horses and laid on the whip. The bony hacks, extended like a runaway team, raced through the suburbs.

Mr. Goodchild groaned:

"If I had started in the first place, we would be with him now! But I was afraid! I wanted to spare you!"

She did not hear him.

The *barouche* careened through the broad Viale Principessa Margherita and into Via Cavour. The goal came into view, a long building set opposite a little park. Before the gate stood Campofornio's motor-car and half a dozen cavalry-horses. The noon sunshine gilded the threshold, worn smooth by the passage of much pain and grief.

They found themselves in a cool, white, stone-paved vestibule, trying to evade the extended arms of a door-porter. A sur-

geon, clad in duck, came forward protesting. At that moment there passed in quickly, behind their backs, an elderly man, smooth-shaven, in a peculiar uniform—the chaplain of the Magenta Cavalry. Then they saw, in a corner of the vestibule, a young officer sitting on a stool, his cap on the pavement, his face buried in his hands. It was Toto Fava.

Mr. Goodchild, escaping the door-porter, ran to the lieutenant.

"Fava! For goodness' sake, sir, speak to these people! Make them let us pass!"

Toto Fava slowly raised a countenance the color of clay. A sigh issued from his throat.

"No use. The doctors are busy. None of us can see him now."

"But it is for Frossie! Surely they won't keep Frossie from him!"

Fava looked up at Aurelius in vague amazement.

"But they keep me out, too, Signore—I, who was his classmate at Modena, at Pinarolo, at Tor di Quinto, who have loved him for many years. I have shared his mess and his tent, his joys and sorrows; we have had one purse and one heart, and now I am not allowed to touch his hand. They say it makes too many in the room!"

His squinting eyes grew moist, and suddenly a tear ran down his bony visage on each side of his rat-tail mustaches. But he spoke so quietly, there was in his voice so simple a tenderness, that a hush descended over all of them. And even Frossie, leaning on Thallie's shoulder, bowed her head as if listening to the words of eulogy that are spoken over a tomb when he went on:

"Think of it! He has always been the best of us. His sword was not brighter than his honor; there was about him something that we others did not have—something strong and sweet, like the breath of the clean mountains. And so I say, Why should it have come to him? Why should it not have been I, who am not worth his little finger? But no; it must be the good one, while the idler, the wastrel, the buffoon, is left to grow old. That is how

our famous Heaven manages the earth! Ah! ah! Do I not understand to-day the feelings of that poor Rinaldeschi, who threw mud at the fresco of the Annunciation long ago in Via del Corso!"

And he began to swear softly and ferociously, glaring before him, quivering all over with a sacrilegious fury. But soon, realizing that there were ladies present, he stopped, and rose to his feet. His cheekbones smeared with tears, he went to Frossie, supported her to a bench that stood against the wall, and, when he had seated her, reverently kissed her hand, as though she were Camillo's wife.

Even at this unexpected homage, she was not able to weep. For a long while she sat there, her back against the cold wall of stucco, her foot on the cold stone pavement, till her limbs seemed permeated by the chill of death. The door-porter, a wizen veteran who wore the Garibaldi medal, gazed at her with the expression of an aged dog that wishes to display his sympathy. At the end of a long, bleak corridor one saw Azeglio and some other lieutenants pacing back and forth.

At length Azeglio came and whispered to Fava. All followed him through the corridor to a dim room, smelling of iodoform, where several persons were standing round a bed. Frossie sank down, leaned close, pierced the gloom with a poignant look. But the shadowy head on the pillow did not move.

A physician whispered in her ear that Camillo, because of his vitality, would probably live till the arrival of his parents.

They lifted her up and gave her into Mr. Goodchild's charge. As Aurelius led her to the door, she passed close to one who turned his face away. She recognized the old shooting-coat of Baron di Campofornio.

Outside the sick-room she became aware that somebody was kneeling before her, kissing her skirt and sobbing; she saw at her feet, through a black mist, a man in a private's uniform, with the appearance of a peasant.

"Pray for him, Signorina! Pray for him!"

"Who is this?" she cried out, recoiling with a convulsive shudder.

In a hoarse voice the fellow answered: "You don't recognize me, Signorina? Why, I am his orderly! Many a time I held his horse at your door. It is I who was to serve you when you were married."

All down the corridor the sobs followed her:

"Pray for him, Signorina!"

Afterward she remembered begging them to let her stay in the hospital; surely there was some little corner where she might wait until the end? But she seemed so weak, and looked so strange, that the doctors objected to this course. Aurelius took her back for the present to the Pension Schwandorf. The news of any alteration for the worse would be telephoned immediately.

Her bedroom seemed odd, like the room of another person sure of a happy fate. She felt, indeed, confused in regard to her identity: how could it be she upon whom this tragedy had descended? When finally they left her alone as she desired, she rose, went to the mirror, scrutinized her reflected features, and said: "Who are you? What wrong have you done to deserve this?" The face in the mirror, extremely pale, so ravaged by these few hours that it seemed the countenance of an unknown, returned her look inscrutably. She reflected, "Perhaps I'm losing my mind?"

How tired she was! Dropping down again upon the bed, she stared at the painted griffins, harpies, and mermaids which composed the decoration of the ceiling. Every figure recalled some thought that had come to her while lying on this bed, when the morning sunshine crept through the shutters to herald another day of joyous expectations.

She felt her heart pulsating slowly, even steadily. She laid a hand against her breast and wondered: "Why should it go on beating? Does n't it know that everything is over, that my life is finished?" And presently, "I must have a black dress." And after a longer period of torpor: "Violets were his favorite

flower. But how shall I get violets late in May? They must be all gone, every one." She was scarcely suffering now; her mind was numb. Nature often provides for the victim of a great mental shock such an anesthetic as was stupefying Frossie.

A breeze stole in through the window. She seemed to float, half-disembodied, in the perfume of the garden. At least, that afternoon in the Cascine he had pressed one kiss upon her lips.

But as the sun declined, this lethargy wore off; her senses awoke to the nightmare of reality. He was there, on the point of leaving her forever, perhaps already gone, and she not with him! How could they have been so cruel as to trick her into this desertion! Struggling to her feet, she perceived that she was not alone: Mr. Goodchild and Thallie rose quickly from the chairs covered with butterflies and monkeys.

"What is it, dear?"

"I am going to him now!" And when they protested, she wailed, in a voice that they had never heard before, "Get me a cab, or I'll run all the way through the streets!"

Aurelius implored her:

"My little girl, you don't know your condition! At any rate, drink this bromide of potassium—"

"Ah, my God!"

She pushed past him. There was nothing for the others to do but follow. In the cab Thallie drew a scarf around her sister's bare head—the same scarf that Frossie had once used to see what sort of bridal-veil best suited her. Mr. Goodchild, on the folding-seat, still clutched in his hand the tumbler half full of potassium bromide.

They regained the hospital.

This time they were ushered into an anteroom boasting an uncomfortable-looking leather couch, on which the surgeon in charge advised Frossie to lie down. It would be impossible, he said, to see Camillo at present. The patient was still unconscious; to disturb him might be immediately fatal. Aurelius pleaded that

Frossie only wanted to sit beside the bed in silence. But the surgeon, after glancing at her again, clicked his tongue by way of polite refusal.

"Later," he promised, "when the signorina is in a calmer state of mind."

Somehow Aurelius had got hold of a time-table. Running his finger along the lines of type, he murmured:

"The telegram must have been delivered hours ago. If they caught the three o'clock train—"

But the time-table shook in his hand so that he could no longer read it.

Shadows crept into the anteroom: dusk was falling on this day that had been longer than a century. The old doorporter brought in a lighted lamp, and, carefully lifting up his feet, withdrew with a sigh. Out of doors, young men passed, singing, from their work, gay, brisk, assured of many years of vigor.

Those in the anteroom became aware that the surgeon was standing before them.

"He is conscious. I see no reason to hope that his parents can arrive in time. Signorina, I am not going to keep you from him any longer. You would like to see him alone for a few moments, perhaps? Then for the present I will ask you, Signore, and the other young lady, to wait here. Give yourself the trouble to come with me, Signorina."

Again she passed through the long corridor. She reëntered the sick-room.

Camillo was stretched on his back, the coverlet pulled up to his chin, his head turned toward the door. In his countenance, unscarred, but curiously emaciated, and whiter than the pillow, his large, dark eyes, wide-open, burned with a desperate anxiety. But when he perceived that it was Frossie who had come to him, his look changed; the lines across his brow relaxed, on his ashen lips appeared the vague likeness of a smile.

Now her face leaned close to his; his eyes expressed something more awesome than an earthly ardor; their breath mingled as the almost inaudible utterance was exchanged:

"Once more!"

And she pressed on his half-open mouth the second kiss, which evoked, in the midst of their dolor, a thousand whirling scenes of bliss that they were never to attain.

"My Camillo! My Camillo!"

She wrapped her hands around his head; she kissed him again and again, with a frantic greediness that strove to wrest from Death enough sweet agony to last a lifetime. Her breath entered his throat: she wanted to inform his shattered body with all that was vital in her, so that he might live and she die, or, at least, so that he, in passing on, might take something of her with him. Then she fastened her mouth to his as if in that way she could keep his spirit from escaping. But soon, raising her head, she cast upward a glare of wild defiance, ready to match her love against those great invisible forces that were loosening his mortal bonds. She encountered the eyes of another.

Beyond the bed a nun was sitting, coiffed in white linen, a prayer-book in her hands. The restricted oval of that face divulged a puerile beauty wherein worldly experience had left no mark; one saw the features of a congenital devotee, who had made contact with the violent passions only in such hours as this. Now, however, one surprised in her a look more complex than pitying, more subtle than remonstrative—a look of rapt, frightened speculation, as who should dare to say, "This that I see is terrible, yet is it nothing more?" But the pale young nun was no sooner aware of Frossie's gaze than she averted her eyes dilated with that forbidden wonderment. And before the other could have read her thoughts, her lips, which trembled slightly, were once more forming the Latin phrases of the prayer-book.

Smoothing from Camillo's brow the crisp, black curls, Frossie whispered:

"I want you to know that there will never be another! I swear to you that these kisses are the last!"

His voice, as if coming, by a miracle, from far away, responded:

"No, you are young."

"I have always been yours. I shall be yours forever. There are not two loves like this in life."

"You are young. I make you free. I want you to be happy."

"I shall never be happy again."

All his remaining strength seemed to permeate his voice as he replied, louder than before:

"How can I go with that thought? I have brought you so much misery when I meant only happiness! I must think that some time it may be repaired. A little home, an honest man, good children—you were made for that. I am not jealous. I am past such things. There is nothing left in me now but love and anxiety for you."

As a result of this speech his forehead was beaded with sweat. The light in his eyes seemed to flicker and grow dim, till she cried in breaking accents:

"I shall come to you as I am!"

"Yes," he panted, "let us hope for that meeting. But, after all, who knows what lies over there? Perhaps I can believe, if you will hold my hand. Ah, I forgot—"

And he cast a blind glance downward toward his body, inert, seemingly diminished beneath the coverlet, shrouded to the shoulders.

"Poor Campoformio! Do not blame him!" Presently, lifting his eyelids, he went on more rapidly, in staccato tones: "I telephoned to the railroad station: they said it had not arrived. But mama will bring it. She must hurry, though, for I'm going to confer with the king. Hark! Is that he already? Turn out, the whole platoon! *Plotone, presentat' arm!* Trumpeters, the royal fanfare! His Majesty is coming with my brevet!"

The nun rose to her feet. Camillo's roving stare was arrested by her white coif. He said gently:

"What are you doing here, Sister? You ought to be back in the field ambulance. Here the bullets are as thick as bees. Aim lower, *ragazzi!* A carbine is n't a telescope; there are no Arabs in the moon! Ha! There it goes at last: saddles and

lances! Now, then! Stirrup to stirrup! *Avanti! Savoia!*"

The nun went quickly to the door and called the surgeon. Frossie turned Camillo's head between her hands, so that his wandering gaze might rest on her. His glistening visage softened at her touch. He murmured:

"As late as that? We have been happy enough for one time, is it not so? Now, dear, let us go to sleep."

His eyes closed. His breathing was almost imperceptible.

The physician remained aloof, leaning against the door-post. The nun, kneeling down on the stone pavement, repeated the prayers for the dying. There entered through a window, from the darkness, the faint hubbub of the city. Near at hand, a confused, pervasive rustling swelled forth, the sound of many branches swaying in the evening breeze, like the rumor of innumerable softly moving wings. After a while, from the artillery-barracks to the west, came faintly a bugle-call, the *ritirata*. But even at this sound Camillo did not stir.

So finally Frossie gave the last kiss of all, a kiss so long, so clinging, so full of the agony of loneliness, that Camillo, wherever he had gone, must certainly have felt it.

All that night and all the next day she lived in a daze. Faces appeared and disappeared before her; voices whispered, "If only she would cry!" They brought her food, which she refused, and visiting-cards. She read the names, "Tenente Benevenuto Fava, Cavalleria di Magenta; Tenente Ruggero Azeglio, Cavalleria di Magenta; Colonnello delle Bande Rosse, Cavalleria di Magenta," and so on. But when she saw the card marked with a baron's coronet and inscribed, "Di Campoformio," she slowly tore up the bristol and let the fragments flutter to the floor.

The old Count and Countess Olivuzzi had arrived in Florence. Aurelius asked Frossie if she could bear to meet Camillo's mother.

"Is it necessary?" she asked. "Can't I see her at the funeral?"

Aurelius told her that there was to be a military service in the duomo, and afterward a cortège through the city to the cemetery; but among the Italian nobility it was not the custom for ladies to attend such obsequies.

Frossie pondered this information for a while.

"So they want to shut us out from that? But the man who killed him will be present, I suppose?" Soon she asked, "Is his mother with him now?"

"Yes, poor woman!"

"Then I won't disturb her. I had him living; I ought to let her have him dead. Besides, he is not there."

The second night, also, Frossie scarcely slept. The dawn found her at the window, listening for the duomo bells. There she suffered a collapse; for Thallie, waking, found her huddled in her night-dress on the red tiles. Reviving, she asked for her slippers and a kimono, so that she could go to him at once. They put her to bed and sent for a physician. When the latter had gone, she asked:

"Did you send the flowers?"

After that she seemed to doze.

But when Mr. Goodchild had been absent for an hour, all at once she sat up in bed, alert, staring at Thallie.

"Hark!"

She had heard the faint tolling of the bells.

"Come, help me to dress. I am going to the church."

"Oh, Frossie! You heard what dad said!"

"What are rules of etiquette to me?"

Ten minutes later she was on her way to the duomo in a cab.

The bells were still tolling when the cab reached the center of the city. But suddenly the coachman reined in his horse. Down the street, from the direction of the duomo, was wafted a muffled blare, the sound of a military band.

The cortège had already left the church.

There came scuffling along the roadway a herd of shabby men and children in advance of the procession. Behind them followed the band of the Magenta Cav-

alry, afoot, playing the funeral march. The notes of the horns rose high, then sank to a profound vibration through which one heard the pathos of flutes and the despondent thud of drums. Again the brass instruments emitted their melodious wail, as if expressing an irremediable sadness. And that measured rhythm was emphasized by the tread of many feet in unison, as ranks of dismounted troopers, swaying from side to side, passed slowly by.

Now the music was mingled with a gabble of voices: brown monks came dragging their sandaled feet and voicing responsive prayers. Each held in his hand a wax torch; the inky smoke, caught up from the fat flames, was swiftly dispelled. On high a silver crucifix flashed in a shredding cloud of incense.

The Florentines, packed on the footpaths, began to doff their hats; the catafalque appeared, its tall canopy of black velvet oscillating, the silver fringes quivering. In front paced an elderly, smooth-shaven man in a black three-cornered hat, a short black apron, and black knee-breeches and stockings. He was the regimental chaplain.

The catafalque was passing. At the four corners, where slender pillars, wound with silver, ascended to the canopy, the curtains of velvet were gathered in, so

that the interior might be revealed. There, rising from a mass of fading flowers, an oblong, rectangular bulk showed its outline through a velvet pall, on the top of which lay a long, straight sword and a lancer's brass helmet, high-crested, bearing across its front the cross of Savoy.

Behind the catafalque, in advance of still more troops, came walking at random many men in uniform and mufti: Toto Fava, Azeglio, and others of the Lancers of Magenta, Campoformio in a black coat, his thin hair tousled. But in the place of honor two went arm-in-arm, their uncovered heads bowed forward—Aurelius and a thick-set gentleman with white mustaches brushed straight up from his lips, who stared into space like an old lion that has received his death-blow.

But Frossie, leaning from the cab, still peered after the departing catafalque, in which the brass helmet glimmered amid the smoke of incense. A low cry burst from her:

"I can't even see my flowers! I left my glasses at home!"

And at last she began to weep. And she continued to weep when the cortège had passed into a haze of dust, and all the while that the cab was bearing her back through the city to the Pension Schwandorf.

(To be continued)

The New Motherhood

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

IF she had lived a little while ago
 She would be wearing tranquil caps of lace,
 Withdrawing gently to her quiet place,
 Sighing remotely at the world's drab woe.
 To-day she fronts it squarely as her foe,
 Not from the ingle-nook, but face to face,
 Marching to meet it, stoutly keeping pace,
 Armored in wisdom, strong to overthrow.
 This is the work she always understood—
 The world in terms of home. Set free to flower—
 Unhindered now, her own brood long awing—
 In broader, all-embracing motherhood,
 Calm with the years and ardent with the hour,
 Indian summer with the urge of spring.

CURRENT COMMENT

America's Golden Age in Poetry

THERE is no more hopeful sign of the advancement of a new age of artistic appreciation in this country than the recent genuine renaissance of native and vigorous poetry, blazing new trails for itself in realism, fantasy, form, and method.

The best of this work is based upon the craftsman's knowledge of his craft and his clear-sighted study of the poetic "old masters," though the modern poet shows his individuality in two distinct ways. He is either a merciless and challenging realist or weaves new and gorgeous patterns upon the loom of fancy, rejecting old poetic phrase, the age-long-pigeonholed "fit expression" for a given theme, shaping out of the flexible, slang-accreted language of the day a new poetic diction full of pith and "brimmed with nimbler meanings up." Thus, mixed metaphorically, some idea may be given of his enthusiastic and hearty modern method. The question of form I shall soon touch upon.

No image, no elate speculation, no new vision of old commonplace, seems too slight for the modern poet to commit to the written or printed page. And this is well. As Edmund Gosse has said in verse:

If we could dare to write as ill
As those whose voices haunt us still,
Perhaps we too might make our own
Their deep enchanting undertone.

The modern poet is not in the least afraid of seeming absurd or extravagant. He welcomes the rapier of the humorist, the bludgeon of the dogmatist. He demands of his poetry that it have his own life in its veins, not the galvanization of Cheops dead or a thin essence from the veins of the ghost of Keats. It must vibrate, for better or for worse, with a living personality. So form is less to the modern American poet than it was to most of his forefathers. Not that breaking

through forms is anything new. Why, it was Marlowe's "Tamburlaine" that began a reaction against the "jigging vein of rhyming mother wits" in Elizabethan England! And already in America the new vigor of its poets has produced four books at least successful in experiment, intense in individuality, and a nucleus for further enterprising poetry of the future: these are "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed" by Amy Lowell, "North of Boston" by Robert Frost, "The Congo" by Vachel Lindsay, and "The Spoon River Anthology" by Edgar Lee Masters. The writer believes sincerely that work as daring and distinctive as this is more a product of the modern spirit in America—far more—than a mere imitation of modern English or European forms and methods, though something be owing to the latter. There is an intoxication about the way our contemporary poets fling themselves into a dauntless quest for self-expression. One sees it in the intensely modern work of James Oppenheim, Louis Untermeyer, Conrad Aiken, and Carl Sandburg; and, on the other hand, in the quite classic work of Thomas Walsh, whose recently published "Pilgrim Kings" contains those tapestried narratives of the Spanish painters El Greco, Goya, Velasquez, several of which first appeared in this magazine, narratives revealing the psychology and humanity of the subject with deft touches that make the reader recognize another ardent and subtle individuality mounted in the lists.

For, after all, the only thing necessary to make a book of poetry enthralling is that the true, particular flavor of an unusually keen observer's personality inhabit its pages. Then we can choose as we choose dishes at the table. But what I insist upon is that the modern American poet is far more than ever before a student of his own particular possibilities. He will do anything rather than conform to any

set standard, write in a copy-book way, "revere" the popular pantheon of old poets. His sense of humor is too healthy. Even though he cling to classical methods, he insists in throwing the intensity of his own personality upon the screen in all the rich, fresh colors which, to him, it possesses.

I shall name no more persons. There are a hundred good poets in America today, excellent craftsmen, vivid adven-

turers, known and unknown. Publishers no longer scoff at poets. There is now a growing clan of small magazines devoted entirely to the printing of poetry and the discussion of the same. Miss Harriet Monroe is the liberal pioneer of this field. And lastly we have that studious yearly assayer and anthologist of current poetry, Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite, a true servant of the lamp and of all who are slaves of the lamp.

Industrial Mobilization

THE requisites to physical preparedness for successful war—and unsuccessful war is as inexcusable as the literary-dramatic masterpiece that fails to "get" its message "across" the footlights—are trained men, direction, equipment, and organization. Most phases of the problem can best be examined and solved by our professional experts. These trained men can provide the country with the mechanics of defense, if the country will back them. The War College and the general staff should be the architects and builders of American security. And when the edifice is ready for us, a great gymnasium in which national virtues may be exercised into strength, we shall find the benefit of the exercise extending into every department of life. The mathematical Teuton mind has estimated that the military training of the young man has added sixteen per cent. to the efficiency of German industrial life. France, the home of creative intellect and painstaking honest workmanship, credits her military system with an even greater gain to the peace community. One of these countries we call militaristic in contrast with the pacific character of the other. But it is clear that in this era of growing international competition—the present war simply marks a gap that will soon close—we cannot afford to abandon to our rivals the benefits of a well-proved industrial and economic training.

Incidentally, the training that adds to the industrial power and the wealth of a nation fortifies that nation's ability to defend itself.

Yet we seem hardly to have considered the immense importance to any scheme of defense of a definite organization of our industrial power for effective mobilization. We have learned one distinct fact by the great war, which is that a modern army could not exist, the war could not go on one day, without gasoline. Information, air service, communication, and the transport of ammunition and provisions and the care of the wounded—all are accomplished by virtue of the magic essence.

A little more than a year ago a middle-aged aristocrat was called to the telephone in his country house in the middle of France. A moment later he summoned his fastest automobile, said good-by to his wife, jumped into the car, and whirled away through a choking cloud of white dust. An hour later he sweated and swore at the flies swarming in his office and wondered, when he had time to wonder, if his over-driven mind would desert him. But it did not slip; it had been trained for this very crisis, the mobilization of the motor reserves in that district.

Eight hundred motors rolled in during that afternoon: roadsters, limousines, touring-cars, motor-cycles, and motor-trucks, whirling up storms of dust and a strangling atmosphere of burned gasoline. Some of the trucks were driven by exquisites in the evening clothes of last night's party, and some by men in overalls pulled on over night-shirts, for no time could be lost; war was in the wind.

But the plans had been laid beforehand.

Before night those eight hundred cars and several thousand men were arranged in order. Lodging, food, gasoline, and oil supplies, even uniforms, had been provided, and the prearranged military numbers had been stenciled on the cars. The organization was adequate to its appointed task. In the night those cars went away on the roads in their properly organized and officered sections, ready for the work that has never ceased. Moreover, the middle-aged man had done the job with such thoroughness and despatch that he was promptly required for bigger duties. He is now in command of the motor transport service in half of France. If he were to be confronted to-day by the same problem, hardly a single bead of perspiration would be started on his capable brow. Such is the value of practice that the work would do itself almost automatically.

All this organization is based on the individual skill produced by training, and on the devotion to an ideal that is fostered by common, implicit obedience to the expressed will of the community.

If every owner of every automobile in America should consider himself the trustee of an instrument that in a contingency would be valuable to the defense

of his country, he would gladly register his car, keep it up to yearly inspection standard, and hold it for the instant use of the Government. He would become a living American citizen instead of a duty-dodger. And we should have at once, grouped in convenient territorial divisions, the framework for the sort of transport system without which modern war cannot be waged.

In the same way we could have a real remount service. The Masters of Foxhounds Association proposes to register for government purposes all the horses owned by the hunters of the country. The horsemen themselves offer to place in the service of the Government their own expert knowledge of horses and their undoubted honesty. The offer means five or six thousand ideal officers' mounts and scores of the shrewdest buyers in the country to be had at need for the asking.

In like fashion our manufacturing plants and experts, our great carriers and producers, ought to be classified, registered, and made ready for community use. Our industrial power must be organized into the tremendous defensive weapon which it can be, but which it can become only through the operation in every one of us of a living sense of duty.

True Preparedness

SINCE the European War shocked us into a sense of insecurity there has been much discussion about the ways and means of preparedness. A general feeling prevails that we must take the utmost precautions to guard against aggressions. We have weighed our army and navy in the balance, and they appear inadequate for our safety if we must face the gigantic horror of a modern war. So the nation has been making up its mind to lay out on guns and ammunition and battle-ships much more than it has ever spent before. The idea seems to be that if we spend half a billion dollars on these things we shall have achieved the highest pinnacle of preparedness. In perfect security we can then pursue the peaceful tenor of our national existence.

That is all very well as far as it goes. If Germany had been prepared with men and guns merely, she must have succumbed to the starvation of her industries and her people before the war was a year old, and the representatives of Russia and France and Great Britain would have dictated their terms in Berlin. The war has shown that it is not guns or even the men behind the guns that can win to victory or stave off defeat. The decision lies with the strength of the nation as a whole, and that nation is best organized for war that is best organized for peace.

Europe has been learning about preparedness from Germany. Virtually since the outset of the war Germany's foreign trade has been wiped out, and she has been confronted by the problem of being wholly

self-sufficient or giving up. This problem has been met successfully because Germany was ready for it. Her remarkable internal organization, built up laboriously through a period of forty years, was able to stand the strain. So whatever we may think of Germany's ruthless war logic, we must study her system of preparedness carefully if we, too, would be prepared.

There are two important factors in the German system: one is the conservation and care of her human resources; the other is the policy of national coöperation in industry, agriculture, and everything that tends to promote the general welfare.

The German system of preparedness begins with the child. The child in Berlin gets about fifty per cent. more school training in a year than the child in New York. In addition, the German schools look after the health of the children; they feed the children of the poor and they conduct holiday camps for those who are run down. The utmost care is taken to produce healthy, efficient citizens. An imperial law compels employers to grant time for workers between fourteen and eighteen years to attend continuation-schools. The result of this system has been the passing of illiteracy in Germany, and in large measure the passing of the unskilled worker.

Having trained her people, Germany displays equal zeal in seeing that they have employment. The right to work is emphasized in the common law. Bismarck made it a key-note of his policy. "A man," he declared, "is entitled to say, 'Give me work,' and the state is bound to give him work." Employment is secured largely through coöperative labor exchanges throughout the empire. In times of stress work is also provided by the starting of large public enterprises and through other agencies. In the eight years ending with 1911 unemployment in Germany ranged from 1.1 per cent. to 2.9 per cent. of the total wage-earning population. In New York and Massachusetts, for a similar period, it ranged from 6.8 per cent. to 28.1 per cent. In New York City last winter, in a Federal census of nearly

100,000 wage-earners, 16.2 per cent. were out of work. Obviously we have much to learn from Germany in this respect. It has a direct bearing on preparedness, for a man habitually unemployed becomes unfitted for any work, including that of the soldier, and it is impossible to transform an army of the unemployed into an army of fighting men.

Of late a few of our States have been adopting some form of compulsory working-men's insurance, though most of our lawmakers still consider this a form of socialistic madness. In Germany working-men's insurance has been compulsory throughout the empire for over thirty years. The worker is insured against illness, accident, and old age, and if he dies, his widow and orphans are provided for. The insurance scheme embraces clerks and office employees, short contract and itinerant laborers in agriculture, workers at home, teachers, and tutors. The German Government has spent more money on this than it has on the German fleet.

Under the German electoral system the urban population is grossly under-represented in the Reichstag. Since 1871 there has been no reapportionment, despite the remarkable drift of population to the cities. This discrimination is directed against the Socialist-Democratic party, which flourishes particularly in the towns. Though this party is numerically the largest in Germany, it has never administered the affairs of a single parish. Despite this, municipal socialism is the rule in Germany. Perhaps it might be unwise or inexpedient for us to emulate the socialized German cities, but at least we have much to learn from them in assuring the welfare of our urban populations.

The interests of the farmer are as carefully conserved in Germany as those of the city-dweller, for the farmer is a most important factor in preparedness. The German Government has paid out hundreds of millions of dollars in subsidies for the farmer. It protects him against foreign competition. It has subsidized an army of chemists to increase the fertility of his fields. A model system of inland

waterways, run in collaboration with the railways, assures him cheap transportation. In times of stress special railroad rates are granted to save him from disaster. Expert personal advice is furnished for his smallest problems, and care is taken to insure a ready market for his products. Coöperative associations provide for the small farmer the most modern machinery at a moderate rental. If he has to borrow money on mortgage or to make a short-term loan to get in his crop, a system of land-bank associations assures him easy terms. He pays between three and four per cent. for his money on mortgage, and about five per cent. on short loans.

The American farmer who can obtain money at double the German rate is lucky. We permit a chaotic system of distribution whereby the farmer gets only a third of the value of his product, the rest being swallowed up in transportation charges and by the numerous middlemen.

The result is that while Germany has doubled her agricultural production in twenty years, with virtually no increase in acreage, we have been declining steadily to agricultural unpreparedness. The German farmer's acre of worn-out soil has been made to yield twice the product of our young field. In the five years ending with 1884 our exports of food-stuffs in crude condition and food-animals exceeded the imports by \$453,000,000. During the five years before the European War our food imports exceeded exports by \$374,000,000.

The transportation policy of Germany has helped to solve her problem of preparedness. Bismarck declared in 1884 that the railways "are intended rather to serve the needs of trade than to earn a profit for their owners." Germany solved her railway problem by government ownership. We may meet ours in some other way, but it is still to be solved. One sixth of our railway mileage is represented by bankrupt roads operated under receivers. The railroads are subjected to forty-odd brands of regulatory statutes in the different States. Our laws tend to restrict the railroads to small, competing units,

when the general welfare could best be served by a single coöperative machine. The rebate and the special rate, which have been found useful in building up industry in Germany, are forbidden by our laws. We permit reckless manipulators to loot our roads of millions of dollars.

The railroad problem is closely allied with that of big business. Back in the eighties the movement toward industrial combination was investigated both in Germany and the United States. The German Government adopted a policy of watchful encouragement. Our legislators gave us the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. In this country the rise of the Standard Oil Company put an end to wasteful competition in the oil business. The Government, with the idea of restoring this competition, had the company dissolved. In Germany similarly hurtful competitive conditions prevailed in the potash industry. The Government ordered the warring units to combine. The Standard Oil Company has been accused of unfair practices. The German Government made sure that the potash combine would play fair, even going so far as to fix maximum prices for its products for the domestic market. In Germany it has been recognized that big business units are essential for the successful capture of foreign markets. Our Government has consistently pursued a policy of breaking up big business units, even if they did play fair, simply because they were big. The German in foreign trade has not only a business, but a nation behind him. Too often the American in foreign trade not only has to fight his competitors abroad, but his Government at home.

True preparedness is part of a series of problems—problems of human welfare, problems involving agriculture, industry, banking, transportation, all interwoven together. Our statesmen must face these problems squarely and intelligently if we are to be prepared for war. For this we must find men who are capable of thinking in terms of the nation instead of in terms of little localities, of little businesses, of little political advantages.

IN LIGHTER VEIN



Black Jitney

The Autobiography of a Ford

(A twentieth-century revision of "Black Beauty")

By LAWTON MACKALL

THE first thing I can remember was being shoveled out of a great incubator, called a factory, along with several hundred brothers and sisters. All the men in that factory wore diamond shirt-studs.

While I was wondering at this, an old motor-truck named Mercury said to me with feeling:

"Ah, if all the workmen in the world could be as well off as the ones here, there would be no more poverty, and no people so poor as to have to ride in fords!"

I was loaded on a freight-car and carried many, many miles. The car jolted so terribly that I should have gone all to pieces had I not been built for jarring. None of the train-crew showed me any sympathy. They were wicked men, and used language that frequently sent a tinkle of shame to my mud-guards. I did not then know, as I do now, that the purest-minded automobile has to endure all its life words and tones of the most shocking sort.

My first master was a careful and conscientious man. He had a large garage full of fords, and he always kept a sharp eye on the door to make sure that nobody who walked out carried off one of us.

One day a man came in with a twenty-dollar bill that he wanted changed.

"Sorry," said my master, "but all I have in my cash-drawer is \$2.69. I'll have to give you the rest in fords."

Whereupon he handed him me and one of my brothers and three extra tires, which just made up the amount.

This new master, whose name was Mr. Pious, was very good and humane. He drove me with a gentle foot, and he would say to his children: "Be kind to Black Jitney. Never scratch him or bend him." The chubby little fellows grew so fond of me that before long they would trot sturdily beside me.

Their mother, however, was a cold, imperious woman. She cared nothing for the feelings of a ford. She would drive me at a grueling pace till my radiator was parched with thirst and my gears fairly cried out for oil. Speed was her one desire, and naturally I could not satisfy her. Even when I ran so fast that the effort made me shake from top to tires and I was in danger of losing my lamps, she would call me "ice-wagon" and "rattle-trap" and other cruel names, and refer unkindly to the fact that she could count the palings of the fences that we passed. Finally, this hard-hearted woman prevailed upon her husband to sell me and buy a big sixteen-cylinder Pope-Gregory. This car, as I afterward learned, was so vicious that the very first time she took it out for an airing it assaulted three helpless chickens and a pig.

My next master was a young man whose private life was such as no well-

brought-up automobile could have approved of. Every evening, after he had kept me in the garage all day long fuming with impatience and spilled gasoline, he would make me carry him for hours and hours with some young woman who ought to have known better.

What sights and sounds I had to endure—I who had always kept the strictest decorum! Worst of all, his deplorable conduct began to affect me. I found myself thinking thoughts which I had never permitted to enter my mind before, and looking with more interest than I should at seductive, satin-trimmed limousines. My morality was in danger of skidding.

One evening while my master was dining with a young woman at a roadside inn I was left to wait in the adjoining garage. But I was not alone; for close beside me stood a little French landaulet, the most disconcertingly alluring car I had ever seen. Her lines were exquisitely shapely; she was a goddess on wheels.

"Good evening," she sparked enticingly. "Are n't you the car that stood next to me at the country club last Thursday night?"

There was a daredevil gleam in her lamps which set my carburetor a-splutter.

"Yes," I answered, infatuated.

"I knew you, even though you tried to hide your name. Was n't it lovely—just us two in the moonlight, touching tires!"

A quiver ran through me. I knew that unless I could back out in a hurry, I was lost. I tried hastily to reverse; she had me completely short-circuited.

Heaven knows what might have happened had not my master entered at that moment and saved me. The instant he laid hold of my crank I gave vent to my pent-up emotions in a way that nearly burst my muffler; and when he pressed down the pedal, I fairly leaped through the door in flight.

As it was, I was seething with nervousness. My motor throbbed so violently that I could hardly hold still while the young woman climbed into her seat.

Off we sped down a dark and narrow road. I had no control over myself, and

neither did the people I was carrying seem to have control over me or over themselves.

All at once my left fore tire exploded violently, veering me aside into a mile-post. My master and the young woman landed in a clump of bushes, but *I* was maimed for life. Bad example and bad association had ruined me. Many an innocent, unsophisticated car is thus driven to destruction all because its owner fails to live up to his moral responsibility.

I lay there all the rest of the night, while my gasoline ebbed away drop by drop. In the morning some men came out from the city and dragged me in. They performed a most painful operation on me, amputating various shattered members and grafting on several feet of tin.

Then, before I was really convalescent, I was sold to a new master. This person was a harsh-speaking, unfeeling man, who cared for nothing but money. He drove up and down the streets all day, inviting people to get in and ride; and when they did get in, he forced each one of them to surrender a nickel.

He was very cruel to me. Instead of showing any consideration for my broken health, he would say openly, "Well, I'll get what use I can out of this one, and then buy another." Not once did he ever throw a blanket over my hood in cold weather or steady my slipping wheels with chains. He was so penurious that whenever he drove me through a crowded street, he would shut off my gasoline, and make me run on what I could breathe in from the exhausts of other cars.

Wretched indeed is the old age of an automobile. Bereft of the beauty it had when it was a new model, it declines into squalid neglect. No amount of painting and enameling can restore its youthful bloom.

One day this master was driving me through an amusement park when I broke down completely. He got out, and prodded me brutally in the magneto. I had not the strength to budge.

He grew very angry, and the people in the tonneau demanded their money back.

A crowd of idlers gathered to witness my humiliation.

Becoming purple in the face, my master nearly twisted my crank off. He heaped upon me the most insulting and unjust imprecations, as though it were my fault that my health was gone, even making distressing insinuations as to my ancestry. Words failing him, he fell to belaboring me with a hammer and monkey-wrench.

The spectators looked on with indifference. Some of them even urged him maliciously to the attack.

"I 'd sell the thing for fifty cents!" he exclaimed, with a shocking oath.

Suddenly an elderly, kindly-faced man pushed his way forward through the crowd.

"I 'll give you that for it," he said. "Only stop battering it!"

My master left off hitting me. He looked surlily at the speaker and then at the crowd.

"You can have it," he said between his teeth.

Hot tears of gratitude dropped from my cylinders as my deliverer pushed me to his near-by home. From that moment to this I have never known anything but happiness.

For my dear old master is a photographer, and he keeps me basking in his sunny studio, and friendly people, many of them young couples who have just been married, come in to have their pictures taken while sitting in me. I am petted and made much of. My working days are over. But what makes me happiest is the knowledge that I can never be sold.



Unfolding

By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

UNFOLDING
Is living.

Unfolding

Is the language of growth.

It is delightful to drop little Japanese water flowers
Into a bowl

And watch as the water

Dissolves the tight tissue circlet

About the moist fire-cracker,

Allowing the thirsting bits of tinted pith

To swell with drinking,

And unfold

Into joyous, bubbling, giggling

Conceptions of happy flowers.

It is almost as fascinatingly fanciful

As dropping beautifully tinted bits of ideas

Into one's own thinking-bowl,

And lying back, dreamily absorbed

In watching them

Unfold.





“ ‘Nancy,’ he said, ‘a woman cannot have two husbands. It ’s a crime against the State; it ’s a sin against God ’ ”

Drawing by
Henry Raleigh